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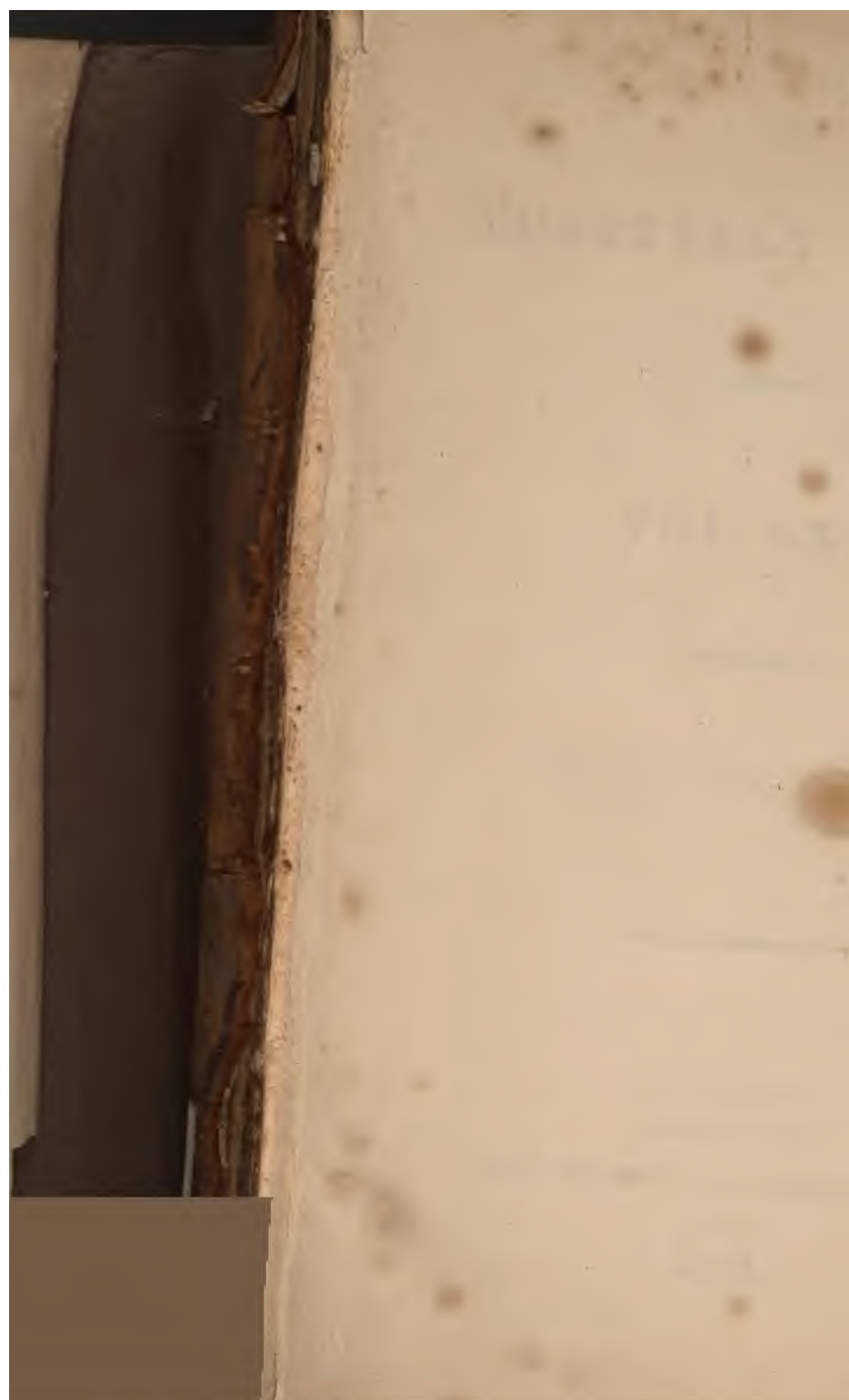
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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic of Spain.* By William H. Prescott. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1838.

IN the southern aisle of the cathedral of Granada a sombre Gothic façade attracts the eye, amid that glaring pile of white-washed Corinthian architecture. The pomp and circumstance of heraldic emblazonry, mingled with emblems of devotion and humility, appropriately announce the portal to the sepulchral chapel of ‘los Reyes Catolicos,’ the Catholic Sovereigns, as Ferdinand and Isabella are always entitled by the historians of Spain.* The interior is in perfect character; an impressive silence reigns in this dimly lighted chamber of the dead, and accords with that tender and religious feeling which the solemn Gothic peculiarly inspires. On each side of the high altar kneel the effigies of the king and queen, ‘armed at all points exactly *cap a pie* ;’ while the absorbing principles of their policy, for which they lived and died—the expulsion of the Moor, and the conversion of the Infidel—are depicted behind them in coloured basso-relievos of singular antiquarian interest.† In the middle of the chapel are placed their tombs, and those of their immediate successors. These are composed of a delicate alabaster, wrought at Genoa with the richest cinque-cento sculpture. Ferdinand and Isabella, clad in simple costume, slumber, ‘life’s fitful fever o’er,’ side by side, in the peaceful attitude of their long and happy union;—contrasting—‘the ruling passion strong in death’—with the averted countenances of Joanna, their weak daughter, and Philip, her handsome and worthless husband; while below, in a plain vault, alike shrunk into rude iron-girt coffins, the earthy remains of prudence, valour, and piety moulder with those of vice, imbecility, and despair. These sad relics of departed majesty, silent witnesses of long by-gone days, connect the spectator with the busy period, which, heightened by the pre-

* Mr. Prescott calls them simply ‘the Catholic,’ ‘because, if translated *literally*, it would have a *whimsical* appearance’ (ii. 378). Why? if *king* be not an epicene noun—*sovereign* is.

† Mr. Owen Jones brought home casts of these basso-relievos, which he has had engraved for his splendid work on the Alhambra. Mr. Roberts has introduced into his Spanish sketches the portal and tombs, Nos. 1 and 16.

sent decay of Spain, appears in 'the dark backward and abyss of time' to be rather some abstract dream of romance than a chapter of history. Every thing at Granada, art and nature alike, the lonely Alhambra, the battle-field of the Vega below, the snowy Sierra towering above, more lofty and enduring than the pyramids, form common and the best monuments of the conquerors of the Moors, the true founders of the compact monarchy of Spain. These master-minds felt their real strength: it was then, in the words of an eye-witness, 'that Spain spread her wings over a wider sweep of empire, and extended her name of glory to the far antipodes;' that her flag was first unfurled in Italy and Africa to the wonder and terror of Europe; that a new world, boundless, richer than the dreams of avarice, was cast into her lap,—discovered at the very moment when the old was becoming too confined for the outgrowth of the awakened intellect and enterprise of mankind.

A specific history of Ferdinand and Isabella, the most distinguished of their distinguished order, during an age remarkable for great characters and great events, has hitherto been a *desideratum* in European literature—notwithstanding that no period ever offered more materials of contemporaneous information. Many circumstances have occasioned this apparent neglect in Spanish as well as foreign historians. The splendour of Charles V., his magnificent extravagance of ambition, which threatened the independence of Europe, presented a more attractive theme than the domestic policy of his cautious grandparents. King of Castile by name, he was the Emperor of Germany in heart. Spain was but his exchequer and his recruiting ground; he wasted on un-Spanish objects her wealth and population. The overweening self-estimation, the eagerness for grand undertakings disproportionate to their means (a dominant feature of Spanish character), were flattered by captured kings and imperial pretensions: meanwhile, a fatal gangrene, generated in this efflorescency, was preying into the vitals of the national prosperity even at the moment of its apparent meridian; and, while the ears of Spaniards were tingling with ovations for foreign conquests, despotism stole upon them, and riveted on their hands those manacles which they thought they were forging for others. Their constitutional liberties, civil and religious, were trampled down. Spain became weak, and therefore fell. The bug-bear of Europe sunk into a laughing-stock—a thing

‘To point a moral, and adorn a tale.’

But the intoxicating influence of this short-lived prosperity made an enduring impression on the mass of sanguine Spaniards, always, as now, infants in politics, and without vitality enough to
be

be sensible of their own decay.* With more monks than soldiers; they have continued, and continue in their pitiable decrepitude, to talk with the same pomposity, as if the spirit of the mighty Charles still presided at their councils. From this, and because the political decline of almost every nation commences long before it is discovered by others, a fear of Spain, and an exaggerated idea of her wealth and power, for many years formed a settled opinion in European habits. The few Spaniards to whom the truth was evident were unwilling to reveal their humiliation to those over whom they could still assume their wonted tone of superiority. They felt that reputation, if not actual strength, is at least safety; they were all, and are always, disposed to slur over any present discomfiture, and to reconstruct a fabric of future glory on no better foundation than dreamy recollections, the solace of the effete.

But in fact no Spaniard of the following age[†] could have dared to give an honest account of the enlightened policy, foreign and domestic, of the Catholic Sovereigns; such ungracious truths, the worst of libels to their corrupt successors, would have subjected the imprudent author to the criticism of the Inquisition. Liberty and free thought are to history what the air of heaven and the light of the sun are to the plant. Those unacquainted with the literature of Spain during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries can form no idea of the mechanical and moral difficulties of printing and publishing any book whatever, not only of their so-called histories, which Spaniards so much overrate, and which are little more than materials for others to write from, but even of their local annals, which, by chronicling the marvellous, pandered to the pride and prejudices of the powers of the day. Publication was fenced around with forms, licences, and delays. The argus eye of censors, who wielded the fatal shears, watched the escape of truth, and checked the least expression of a searching spirit of philosophical inquiry; †—hence the tenuity of thought, the molenism of Spanish literature. In this thanklessness, hazard, and difficulty of publication, thought, and the desire of recording thought, of leaving behind a something of the undying mind, the *κακὸν θεία* scribendi, the 'non omnis moriar,' which flickered in hall and convent, found a vent in the private composition of works which were never destined to see the day. The libraries of Spain teem with these still-born manuscripts, cast by their authors like bread upon the waters.

* 'To boast of their strength has become a national disease.' *Ipsæ dixit.* See Gurwood, vol. vii., p. 20.

† Schottius, *Bib. Hisp.* l. i. c. 3, assigns many other reasons which deterred publication: he did not dare give the real one:

These lovers of knowledge for its own pure sake, to whom the delivery of their inner soul was sufficient reward, wrote in silence obscurity, and danger, uncheered by the honest hope of fame, unbribed by the sordid motive of profit; and in their secret outpourings truth lies incumbered under that exuberant circumstantiality, which is peculiar to this semi-Moorish, unsocial people, who, separated from the world, arrive slowly at conclusions, while their stilted grandiloquent idiom, never hammered down by practical discussion, is better suited to romance than to philosophy.

A gleam of liberty began to dawn about the reign of Charles III., one of the best of Spanish kings, who, coming from Italy, and acquainted with the corruptions of Rome, opened his reign by banishing from court the inquisitor-general; public and private records began to be examined; such men as Flores, Capmany, Cabarrus, Jovellanos, Sempere, Marina, Clemencin, Conde, Navarete, and others, ventured to pry into the sealed book of constitutional history. The benefit of these pioneering labours, although retarded for a time, was ultimately extended by the invasion of the French, by whose plunder and dispersion of libraries many works, hitherto inaccessible to Europe, were scattered far and wide,—especially in England, *then* the asylum of the liberties of the world, and whose writers have done more than those of all other nations to illustrate the history of Spain. The French have acted with their characteristic dishonesty. Some of the happiest specimens of quiet and sound criticism are displayed by Mr. Prescott in his exposition of the ridiculous errors and gross contradictions of Duponet, Marsolier, Varillas, Flechier, Gaillard, and others—clever men, as all Frenchmen are, but no degree of cleverness can invent *real* dates and facts. His just critiques tell the more as coming from an author whose predilections are manifestly favourable to France. The Italian historians, far more philosophical than the French, took only an Italian view: their leading principle of hatred and ‘*cacciare i Barbari d’ Italia*’ induced them to touch on Spanish transactions rather as episodes than as subjects of themselves: while the Germans, who now justly take the lead in learning and research, had then no literature at all. The first of our own authors wrote under the greatest disadvantages. The suspicious policy of Philip II. against the foes to his faith and commerce, long prevailed among a people where, from non-intercourse with the world, prejudices have a tendency to become inveterate. So many obstacles to a right understanding were thrown in the way, that the distant and obscure periods preceding Charles V. were either abandoned to the poet, theatre, or tale, as events which hovered midway between truth and fiction, or were treated with the contempt of a
morgue

morgue littéraire, as the rude polity of savage times, superseded by modern improvements, or as silly chronicles written when few wrote and fewer read. Even in our days, Roderick the last of the Goths, and the Cid, have been consigned to couplets; Granada and Gonzalo de Cordova have been bedewed with liquid odours under the Mantalini treatment of Florians, Chateaubriands, and the like. We protest against the romances to which the epithet historical has been misappended, especially in these days, when the ancient landmarks are removed, when we are called upon in our age to forget all we were taught to remember in our youth, when every blossom of the classics is pruned away by cold-blooded criticism: these pseudo-histories perplex the young student, who, unable to ascertain where romance ends and truth begins, is driven in despair into a literary scepticism. Subjects once monopolized by poets and novelists are with difficulty reclaimed by sober history: where fairies have danced their mystic rings, flowers may spring, but grass will never grow.

A new and better order of things is announced by the work now before us, which we hail as a valuable accession to the *common* literature of England and the United States, that indelible bond of union. The colonies of Tyre, when separated from her, kept up a connexion by their worship of a common tutelary deity. America will always cling to her common worship of Bacon, Shakspeare, Milton, Newton, that glorious company of poets, philosophers, and historians, into whose communion it must be her highest ambition to be admitted. America must glory in such predecessors; all her hereditary yearnings turn, true as the needle to the pole, by the very condition of her relative position, which no charters of equality can repeal. England must always be the Eden from whence her fathers came forth. England is the holy soil where the bones of her ancestors repose. It is our 'imprimatur' which alone stamps value on her authors, and we their arbiters rejoice like parents that our descendants should prove worthy of their sires, and of their birthright of freedom. We look with pride on the contrast presented by Spanish and English America:—the one a Frankenstein abortion of avarice, cruelty, and superstition; ignorant, poverty-stricken, turning its suicidal hand upon itself: the other, rich, powerful, free, and intelligent, giving birth to works which would do honour to the matured literature of England. Washington Irving and Prescott have repaid the debt long due to Columbus, to whose memory ungrateful Spain has never erected one poor pillar. That biography and this history of Isabella, who has justly been called the mother of America (for she was the patroness of the discoverer, and a true friend to the aboriginal natives), issue with
peculiar

peculiar grace from the pens of Americans. Mr. Prescott, coming the last in the field, has many advantages over his predecessors. The archives of Simancas and the South American documents of Seville, were denied to Robertson by the jealousy of the Spanish government, who knew their dark deeds could not stand the light. Simancas, even yet, has been imperfectly explored, and the mass of information which still lurks therein can only be compared to the unknown treasures which may lie concealed in the 'Aljamia' manuscripts of the Moriscos, or the Palimpsests of the middle ages. Already, however, the mysteries of the gloomy Escorial, and of the gloomier Inquisition, stand revealed in naked deformity.

We, in England, are too incurious, and perhaps too overwhelmed with our own unread tomes—'which come like shadows, so depart'—to be quite aware of the steadily-extending literature of our Transatlantic brethren. When we reflect on the character of their population, on the pressing demands for practical labour on everybody and in every condition of life, they have done much and well. Nations, like individuals, must be placed beyond the depressing anxiety of want or danger, before they wander into the ungainful paths of speculative inquiry. The ages of Horace, Racine, Addison, came late in the existence of the empires of Rome, France, Great Britain. The untoward circumstances under which this work was composed are modestly mentioned in the Preface. Soon after the author commenced, in 1826, he was deprived of the use of his eyes for all purposes of writing and even reading; he was driven to depend on a reader unacquainted with Spanish, and thus worked his way through a mass of authorities, until he was enabled, by the unexpected recovery of his sight, to put the finishing touch to a ten years' labour of unexampled difficulties and perseverance. It argued no common strength of mind to continue an undertaking, apparently so hopeless to a blind man; one requiring the mechanical office of the eye for references and collations.* Invention, wit, imagination, creative powers, are at best but secondary merits in the judge and historian. A poet may be blind and fanciful by prescription.

Mr. Prescott, in the mechanical arrangement of his work, has not confined himself to a strict chronological narrative: he fre-

* Mr. Prescott was furnished from Madrid with copies of rare manuscripts, and, writing in Boston, had access to the excellent Spanish library of Mr. Ticknor, long a resident in Spain, now professor at Harvard University. We have heard that this accomplished scholar is occupied with a work on Spanish literature, which we hope will add another star to his country's flag, and supersede the undigested erudition of Andres, the loose apologies of Lampillas, and the imperfect sketches of Bouterweck and Sismondi.

quently breaks the chain of events to present a whole view of particular features. His chapters are concluded with critical remarks on the degrees of merit and credibility to which the authors whom he has quoted are entitled. His text is illustrated with copious notes, too copious indeed, for it often becomes a mere peg whereon they are hung. We prefer, notwithstanding this abuse, the modern system, adopted by Robertson and Gibbon, and sanctioned by the Germans, to the continuous unbroken text of classical composition. Notes are a side-path to history, a vehicle of collateral information, albeit Adam Smith contended that they distract attention, and indicate unskilfulness in composition. The difference between the ancient and modern system is, after all, a question between the ear and the eye. The world now reads for itself, instead of being lectured and read to, except in the pleasing exception of sermons.

Mr. Prescott is a young and inexperienced author—from whose now fledged pen we anticipate works of increased and increasing excellence.* Dolts may be dismissed with the *peine forte et dure* of silence: but the gentle castigation which we are about to bestow on our beloved pupil, will without doubt be gratefully received by him as an especial mark of our favour.—We have read, and carefully *re-read* his book,—which is something; and we honestly confess that we were better pleased with the first, than with the last perusal. We were hurried on by the absorbing interest of the subject, by the extent of curious information, by the general correctness of historical details, collected from voluminous, contradictory, and ill-arranged materials; we sympathised with the author, whose heart and soul are in his task; we admired his love for liberty, his fellow-feeling for suffering humanity, his abhorrence of all that is slavish, cruel, and mean, his modest, unassuming tone. Our attention was arrested to the substance of the text rather than to its style or the notes—to generals rather than particulars; and indeed this very effect is an evidence of the talent with which the author has handled a well-chosen and magnificent subject. We returned, however, to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies—to digest these literary delicacies with that sobriety which succeeds both to gastronomic and intellectual over-indulgences. Many of his notes, into which we then looked more closely, are extremely unsatisfactory. Of the accuracy of his quotations and references we cannot speak too highly; they stamp a guarantee on his narrative; they enable us to give a reason for our faith; they furnish means of questioning and correcting the author himself;

* While these sheets were going through the press we heard with pleasure that Mr. Prescott had undertaken the history of the conquests of Mexico and Peru.

they enable readers to follow up any particular subject suited to their own idiosyncrasy,—for selections indicate rather the genius of the selector, than that of the work from which he draws. This research and fidelity appear to be the marked features of Mr. Prescott's talent, which is synthetical, not analytical. He can collect facts, arrange details, and present a faithful and agreeable picture of the shell and husk of history. He is less successful in his attempts to unravel the web, to separate causes from effects, to distinguish motives from pretexts—in a word, to catch a fixed definite insight into the spirit of the fifteenth century. He cannot abstract himself from America and 1838; he cannot pass his soul into the bosoms of the actors of his history, nor judge of their merits and demerits as they did of those of their friends or foes. He consequently is often inconsistent, illogical, and self-contradictory, from a want of some settled standard; his pleasing work, lacking one dominant motive, too often resembles a melodious, but inartificial sonata; ever and anon we find him condemning as a vice what, when masked under another fashion, he has commended as a virtue. He will find, when he has got the key to the writing on the hearts of men, that the meaning is ever the same, however the character or idiom may differ.

His style is too often sesquipedalian and ornate; the stilty, wordy, false taste of Dr. Channing without his depth of thought; the sugar and sack of Washington Irving without the half-penny-worth of bread,—without his grace and polish of pure grammatical careful Anglicism. We have many suspicions, indeed, from his ordinary quotations, from what he calls in others 'the cheap display of school-boy erudition,' and from sundry lurking sneers, that he has not drank deeply at the Pierian fountains, which taste the purer the higher we track them to their source. These, the only sure foundations of a pure and correct style, are absolutely necessary to our Transatlantic brethren, who are unfortunately deprived of the high standing example of an order of nobility, and of a metropolis, where local peculiarities evaporate. The elevated tone of the classics is the only corrective for their unhappy democracy. Moral feeling must of necessity be degraded wherever the multitude are the sole dispensers of power and honour. All candidates for the foul-breathed universal suffrage must lower their appeal to base understandings, and base motives. The authors of the United States, independently of the deteriorating influence of their institutions, can of all people the least afford to be negligent. Far severed from the original spring of English undefiled, they always run the risk of sinking into provincialisms, into Patavinity,—both positive, in the use of obsolete words, and the adoption of conventional village significations, which differ from those

those retained by us,—as well as negative, in the omission of those happy expressions which bear the fire-new stamp of the only authorised mint. Instances occur constantly in these volumes where the word is English, but English returned after many years' transportation. We do not wish to be hypercritical, nor to strain at gnats. If, however, the authors of the United States aspire to be admitted *ad eundem*, they must write the English of the 'old country,' which they will find it is much easier to forget and corrupt, than to improve. We cannot, however, afford space here for a *florilegium Yankyense*. A professor from New York, newly imported into England and introduced into real *good* society, of which previously he can only have formed an abstract idea, is no bad illustration of Mr. Prescott's *over-done* text. Like the stranger in question, all is always on the best behaviour, prim, prudish, and stiff-necked, afraid of self-committal, ceremonious, remarkably dignified, supporting the honour of the United States, and monstrously afraid of being laughed at. Some of these travellers at last discover that bows and starch are not even the husk of a gentleman; and so, on re-crossing the Atlantic, their manner becomes like Mr. Prescott's *notes*; levity is mistaken for ease, an un-'pertinent' familiarity for intimacy, second-rate low-toned 'jocularities' (which make no one laugh but the retailer) for the light, hair-trigger repartee, the brilliancy of high-bred pleasantry. Mr. Prescott emulates Dr. Channing in his text, Dr. Dunham* and Mr. Joseph Miller in his notes. Judging from the facetiæ which, by his commending them as 'good,' have furnished a gauge to measure his capacity for relishing humour, we are convinced that his non-perception of wit is so genuine as to be organic. It is perfectly allowable to rise occasionally from the ludicrous into the serious, but to descend from history to the bathos of balderdash is too bad—*risu inepto nihil ineptius*. Mr. Prescott will, we trust, live to learn that nothing is more difficult or dangerous than wit, causticity, and epigram: nothing requires more tact and temper; it must unite the sharpness *with* the polish of the lancet. Notes intended to enliven the somewhat unavoidable gravity of history must be neat, and terse: they should run by the side of the narrative like some mountain-streamlet, the cheerful fresh companion which borders the dry highway, where the sparkle of wit, like the sunbeam, may dance lightly on the crisping ripples, gladdening but not overpowering.

Another serious objection which we desire to point out to Mr.

* Dr. Dunham does history for Dr. Dionysius Lardner. His 'Spain and Portugal,' Cab. Cycl., is a delectable specimen of modesty, knowledge, and good taste. Mr. Prescott (who cannot be consistent) lauds the said compilation in his preface, and seldom fails, in his work, to give the Doctor his due quietus. See vol. iii. pp. 283, 285, 342.

Prescott is a tendency to sneer at monarchies, courts, chivalry, and all those nobler institutions, the lack of which (for their only aristocracy, joint-bankstocracy, is at a discount) forms the present weakness, and will eventually decide the problem of democracy now pending, in the United States. We lament that he should indulge in clap-trap diatribes which, at least in the old country, neither pass for novelties nor truths, about *royal* perfidy, *royal* dissimulation, *royal* despotism, '*royal* recompense of ingratitude,' &c. &c. &c. (iii. 498.) What the court of Washington may be we know not; but, without affirming that all European courts, just now, are the homes of all the cardinal virtues, we protest against the republican sneer which escapes Mr. Prescott almost as often as he introduces the word. We protest against this implied superiority of *the people*, and against that *passim* misapplied expression. We ourselves are part of the people, and so, thank God, are the court, the camp, the bar, the mart, the church, the plough, and the shop. The *people*, in the new-fangled phraseology of physical-strength philosophy, are but one and the lowest of the sections of the community: they are, as Mr. Prescott might *at least* have read, the most short-sighted, the most ungrateful, with wants more pressing, passions more inflamed, prejudices more inveterate, judgments less enlightened, impulses more monotonous and headstrong, than all the other sections put together; superior only in brute force, the credulous dupes with which cunning men work their way into the palmy places of *patriotism*!

His sneers at 'court etiquette' (ii. 460) are not only misplaced but ungrounded: it was by upholding this royal state that the Catholic Sovereigns overshadowed and overpowered their rival aristocracy; but he is equally wrong whenever *chivalry* comes into question. 'The age of chivalry,' said Burke, 'is gone! That of sophisters, economists, and *calculators* has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom.' But we hope this is not quite true, even yet, in *Europe*! Mr. Prescott is mistaken in supposing that *Rico ombria* arose from wealth, and still more in imagining that a difference of rank existed between the *Rico omes*: there was no graduation of rank among grandees (i. 224); the very essence of that dignity consisted in their equality among each other, independently of title, whether duke or count, as well as of date of creation. He has read English history to little purpose if he thinks that knighthood was regarded with more especial honour in Spain than in other countries; or that 'the service to God and the

the ladies' was ever deemed in other parts of feudal Europe 'extravagancies of the *trouvere*' (i. 40); or that the gentle pages of arms, '*los pasos honrosos*,' were at all peculiar to Spain. In our opinion, much of the generous polish of Spanish chivalry was borrowed from the Moorish court; and certainly the centre of the European system was in the court of Edward III. and of his son the Black Prince, the patron and mirror of knighthood. They differ entirely from Mr. P.'s view of the '*empty* decorations,' stars and garters of an order of nobility.' (i. 131.) Such *empty* decorations, which, forgetting the tirade, he in another place most justly calls '*solid*' (i. 265), and in next page '*most grateful*,' appeal to that desire which is instinctive in the good—

Διείν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπεύροχόν ἐμμεναι ἄλλων.

'A peerage or Westminster Abbey,'—'a crown or else a glorious tomb,' breathed life into the weak frame of Nelson. Napoleon's bit of ribbon led legions to seek 'the bubble reputation e'en in the cannon's mouth.' Mr. Prescott, who reads Virgil, will never find that the laurel wreath of the Olympic victors was gathered from the golden stock which bribed the calculating notions of Charon. What is the morbid greediness with which an nominal rank is coveted by all classes of United Statesers, but the artificial substitute for the want of a higher order,—a craving to repeal their absurd theories of equality, which are contrary to the laws of society and experience? Mr. Prescott mentions, in a note, that the '*sentimental* Bourgois found it necessary to apologise to his republican brethren for noticing such important trifles as Spanish genealogy; and with similar *sentiment*, he introduces in another note an extract from the '*lively* Slidell,' which, by so doing, he adopts: 'the effigy of Ferdinand the Catholic at Madrid seems *snugly* seated on his war-horse, with a pair of *red velvet breeches*!' Our rooster sense of propriety is shocked at this inexpressible word. These pleasantries come with a bad grace from the son, as we learn from a full-length dedication, of 'the *Honourable* William Prescott, LL.D.' We really are ignorant of the exact value of this titular pot pourri, in a *soi-disant* land of equality, of these noble and academic plumes borrowed from the wing of a professedly despised monarchy. We calculate, as all is not gold that glitters, that plush is not velvet although it be red.

In our more pleasing duty of pointing out excellencies, we shall select—for the work must be read itself—only those points and

* The only ladies in the United States are the omnibuses—or rather, as Joseph Hume called them in his Bill, the *omnibi*. These, it seems, are all *Lady Washingtons*, *Lady Jacksons*, &c. &c. We hope our author's popularity is already indicated by the existence of a *Lady Prescott*.

characters which present the peculiar interest of parallels afforded in our own history.

The opening sections discuss the rise and nature of the Castilian and Arragonese constitutions; and here very many deficiencies of previous historians are supplied. The Gothic power fell from public and private degeneracy. Spain, like Capua, avenged herself on her conquerors by her seductions; they became luxurious and unwarlike; divided amongst themselves by the rival factions of claimants to the crown, they could not stand. The persecuted Jews carried into Africa the secret of their oppressors' weakness. The African descendants of those expelled from Spain by the Romans (like the modern Moors) never relinquished their hopes of re-conquest. Mr. Prescott does not sufficiently advert to their repeated invasions,* which failed so long as the Goths were united, but succeeded at one blow when they were divided and discontented under the profligate Roderick. The Saracenic deluge, rolling from the deserts of Arabia, was checked only by the mountains of Asturias. This invasion, apparently fatal to free institutions, accelerated their growth: the fundamental principle of the nomad Teutonic system,—legislation by a national assembly, the germ of modern constitutional liberty,—was engrafted by the Visigoths on the free corporations, the civic *municipia* of the Romans. The reconstruction of the Gothic institutions by Pelayus could only be based on those which had preceded. Gothic society, in the common calamity, was reduced to the primitive elements; amid the survivors, when prince and peasant alike were poor and homeless, personal merit soon rose above hereditary distinctions. The Goths, whose only knowledge was war, fought their way inch by inch. The Moors, sinking in their turn into dissensions and indulgence, retired; their aggressive character was gone; they seldom attempted to recover their losses. At last they took up their stand, for very existence, behind the mountain-ramparts of Granada, with the sea open to their African allies. The war had been carried on by both sides with merciless extermination; the wide waste, 'eremi' 'dehesas,' the depopulated villages, 'los despoblados,' truly Spanish words, attest the deep scars of past desolation. The frontiers were purposely ravaged;† an Edom of starvation, through which no invading army could pass and live, formed the defensive glacis. New settlers were induced to inhabit these exposed frontiers, by bribes of privilege and immunities. They became asylums to refugees of all religions and countries,—

* From Antoninus (Jul. cap. 13), Severus (Ælian Spar. 64), to Wamba in 677. See *Isidore Pac.* 1, 3. *St. Isidori Hist. Gothica*, Æra 612.

† See for details—Sempere, ii, 256.

the many who were ill-used, the more who thought they were,—to serfs from distant provinces, who passed from the bitterness of feudal oppression into the personal security and dignity of the franklin. Armed for self-defence, protected by fortifications and the surer bulwark of civil rights, left to their own government and to individual interests and industry, they became rich, populous, and powerful; they obtained charters, '*fueros*,' before the merchant-cities of Italy, and preserved them longer: that of Leon was granted in 1020, and there can be no doubt, from the expressions used in the deed, that others must have preceded it. The burghers elected their own magistrates, and returned members to Cortes, the revival of the Gothic '*concilia*.' Towns were represented at Leon in 1188, which precedes by nearly a century the first English parliament, summoned by the Earl of Leicester. The members exclusively voted the supplies; taxes could be levied by their consent, and independently of the clergy and nobility, who, exempt themselves, did not foresee this real element of popular power. The Commons ratified the succession of the crown, deposed kings, set aside their testaments—watched over the violence of the aristocracy. Nobility, elsewhere a passport to privileges, was a civil disqualification; the nobles were long not permitted to reside within the walls, and when at last they were admitted into this theatre for the display of their rank and wealth, the citizens became the victims of their Guzman and Ponce de Leon, their Montagu and Capulet feuds. The citizens formed themselves into guilds according to their separate crafts; independent singly, they united into a Hanseatic league: this '*Hermidad*' in 1315 included one hundred cities. In addition to these unions, certain districts of land formed independent '*imperia in imperio*,' '*Behetrias*.'* The power of the commons reached its zenith about 1393. Henry III. of Trastamara, during the civil war (the white and red roses of Spain), was obliged to conciliate the people by new concessions; while battles and executions had grievously thinned the nobility.

The wealth of the ancient nobility was enormous; they monopolized the offices of state, the grand military masterhips, &c.; their estates were provinces—the king was the king only of the highways; their castles became dens from whence they levied black mail; they administered irregular justice in their halls, coined money, and, subject only to military service, formed the national

* '*Behetria*' is derived by Mariana (xvi. 17) from the Greek *irapian*. They elected their own rulers and changed them at pleasure; they were exempt from all taxes, recognised no authority but their own, and tolerated no resident nobility. These little republics (a subject of curious inquiry among Spanish antiquarians) were incorporated into the Crown by Don Pedro the Cruel. Covarrubias, and we think correctly, derives the name from *hetria*, which signified *disorder*.

force,

force, one less fitted for a regular campaign than for a foray, and spent in its short-lived violence. The feudal system was that of an army in encampment; the *ricos omes* were the captains, and cantoned in the provinces; they headed their clans of retainers, each of whom felt himself individually elevated in proportion as his chief was honoured. Clanship, a slender tie in cities, binds closely in the wild hills. These lords dictated to their sovereign; in each conquest they went partners and claimed the lion's share; in short, in the words of Alphonso III., there were as many kings as there were nobles. The Prince's revenues were scanty and precarious—his legislative, judicial, and executive powers limited; his only strength consisted in the disunion of his masters—his nobles and people.

The church was in reality a church militant; nobly born clerks would not sink their birth in their calling; holders of military fiefs, they owed the service of their retainers, who followed them into battle, on the terms the most agreeable to Spaniards—war to the knife against the infidel, plunder and indulgence in this world, salvation in the next: this feeling was fed by the military orders—monks in profession, soldiers in practice, men to whom the blade of the sword was a weapon, the handle a crucifix. Hence that serious chivalry, that deep religious patriotism, that proud sense of personal merit, which, enduring as the swell after the storm has passed, still marks the character of the erect, high-minded peasantry of Castile, never effectually beaten down either by Austrian or Bourbon despotism. The clergy were the depositaries of learning and the real ministers of the crown; to the influence of spiritual rank they added wealth, which they dispensed with bounteous hand: few churches can boast of having produced more exemplary or beneficent prelates than Spain.* This wealth was always increasing and never alienated; royally endowed with a share of every conquest, they possessed a mine in absolution; they had access to the dying rich in their weakest moments of mind and body, when the sinners bartered to pious uses estates which in fact belonged to their heirs, in the hopes of purchasing in the next world the happiness which wealth had (or had not) procured for them in this.

Such were the powerful bodies against which the crown, weaker than any one singly, maintained a constant and at last a successful struggle. The cities (like those in England) did

* When the monarchical power was fully established, there were never wanting advisers to suggest church spoliation to needy sovereigns. The Duke of Alva recommended to Charles V. those surplus appropriations which administered to the cupidity of Henry VIII. and the Russells of that day.—See Sempere, 'Considerations,' &c., i. 246.

not foresee the value of sending members, although feelingly alive to the expense of supporting them; by throwing that burden on the crown in 1422, they offered a pretext for interference; many omitted, and in time lost the right of returning. The Cortes, by a suicidal jealousy, limited in 1506 the number of cities entitled to a vote to eighteen, whereas in 1390 forty-eight cities returned one hundred and twenty-eight members: these eighteen were soon gained over when the crown had learnt the secret of corrupting the sources of popular liberties. When too late the Commons made head against Charles V., they were deserted by the nobility, who stood aloof by their own order, and were unwilling to support the people, whose insolent independence they resented. The nobles thus strengthened the crown, eventually, against themselves; the Cortes dwindled away, and the government was handed over to the irresponsible ministers of an absolute master.*

Such was the condition of Castile. The institutions of Arragon were more popular and very peculiar. Numantia and Zaragoza attest the unchanged resistance of the Arragonese, who, according to the proverb, drive nails into walls with their heads: they have been rebels, from Hannibal down to Ferdinand VII. Their historians wrote with the same sturdy independence: an indefatigable research into their country's history formed their passion. They spoke with a spirit of freedom even under Philip II. They doggedly resisted the introduction of the Inquisition and the shackles on the press (Mendez, 52, 54). All this Mr. Prescott must be aware of, and indeed admits (i. 102): he states, notwithstanding, that the comparative indifference of the Castilians to *their* constitutional antiquities appears to him *inexplicable!* (i. 89.)

Arragon became a powerful kingdom by the acquisition of the province of Catalonia in 1150, through a royal marriage. This gave an outlet into the Mediterranean, and led to foreign conquest and commerce. Barcelona, one of the finest cities in the world, became the cradle of the troubadour: her princely merchants rivalled those of the Low Countries and of Italy. Trade, which makes men rich and happy, for the pursuit is occupation and happiness, was never deemed a degradation in Catalonia; and, to this day, the traveller, on passing the frontier, sees, in the industry and prosperity, that he has quitted Castile, which a con-

* The inveterate weakness of Spaniards consists in their incapability of cohesion or amalgamation. 'They never would,' said Strabo, 'put their shields together' (iii. 238). 'They never would act,' says Florus (ii. 17), 'except desultorily and disunited.'

tempt of commerce has rendered the poorest, and most benighted of kingdoms. The Arragonese monarchy was most limited: the king at first was elected by twelve nobles, who, considering themselves his equals, professed allegiance only so long as he fulfilled the conditions of his election; they claimed a right, if aggrieved, of renouncing this qualified allegiance, without thereby incurring the penalties of treason; they enlisted even under hostile sovereigns, and their king was obliged to take care of their families and estates during their contumacious absence. Ferdinand, who knew his countrymen well, said that it was as difficult to divide his nobles as to unite those of Castile. They had no Moorish enemy at their gates, no 'honourable foreign war to purify their bad blood at home;' they warred, *pour passer le temps*, against their king; at the cry of 'union,' they grasped the sword like our barons at Runnymede. Their common seal bore the significant impress of *armed men kneeling before the king*.

Their Parliament dated from 1133: it consisted of four branches, 'Brazos.' The Hidalgos constituted an intermediate order, between the nobles and commons. Their rules of parliamentary etiquette were very strict: they well knew how much substance is guarded by outward form. The sovereign opened the session with an address, which, disclosing nothing, appears to have been the model of our king's or queen's speeches; the house, having appointed different committees, divided itself into two parties, monarchical and popular; every individual member possessed a veto over every particular measure, and over the whole proceedings, by the exercise of which (a sort of motion for adjournment) the session could be terminated. Person and property were secured by a chief magistrate, to whom (though Mr. Hallam dissents) powers and duties were assigned which have no parallel in ancient or modern history. He was termed '*El justicia*;' the name of the abstract quality was given to the officer by a process analogous to our '*Mr. Justice*.' He stood between the crown and the people, chosen by the king from the intermediate order; he held his office for life, and could only be removed by the king and Cortes together; he was, *ex officio*, a privy councillor; he attended the king everywhere in the quality of his adviser and keeper of the royal conscience; he administered the oath at coronations—seated and covered himself while the king knelt bareheaded before him. He was responsible to the Cortes alone for the performance of his duties, and subject, in case of dereliction, to the penalty of death: a commission consisting of four members, one chosen from each of the four estates, at Zaragoza, investigated his conduct. He possessed

possessed a jurisdiction concurrent with the Cortes, and was equal to the law itself—to interpret the laws is, in fact, to re-make them. He could stay, as by injunction, any process before an inferior tribunal; he could remove any suit, even from the royal court, into his own, by his ‘*firma de derecho*,’ which may be compared to a *mandamus* or a writ of *certiorari*; he protected the personal liberty of the subject by his ‘*manifestacion*,’ the Arragonese *habeas corpus* act, by which any person, either imprisoned by any tribunal, or apprehending that he might be, could demand his intervention. This high office obtained an increased consideration from the bold, upright, and learned magistrates by whom it was held: ‘while in the rest of Europe the law seemed only a web to ensnare the weak, the Arragonese historians exult in the reflection that the fearless administration of justice in their land protected the weak equally with the strong, the foreigner with the native; and well might their legislature assert, that the value of their liberties more than counterbalanced the poverty of the nation, and the sterility of the soil.’ (i. 88.) In those ages, legal theories were not yet reduced to exact practice, and it cannot be denied that the violence of the nobility and the aggressions of powerful kings occasionally broke down these barriers; but if we meet with such violations more frequently in the records of Arragon than in those of Castile, it is because the jurists and historians of the north were less shackled. Everything rotten in the state of England is published as carefully as similar or worse affairs are hushed up in Russia. The emasculated press of despotism deals only with the well-working and quiet of slaves, whose very chains are oiled and muffled. We are satisfied that, on the whole, a greater degree of liberty was secured and enjoyed in Arragon and Catalonia than in any other contemporary country in Europe—England certainly not excepted.

We own that Mr. Prescott has disappointed us in his silence on the condition of the middling and lower classes of old Spain; his illuminated pages glitter with kings, conquerors, cardinals, and barons—vain are his efforts to mask the sad fact—these monopolize his stage,—while the *people*, ‘huffed, cuffed, and disrespected’ are either overlooked, or put into the worst place to see the show, which they were taxed to pay for. He has told us nothing of their moral or physical condition, their manners, habits, education, religion, hopes or fears, their food, costume, occupations, relaxations. We hear how the great lived, but he lets the ‘people’ die, ‘*obliti et obliviscendi*,’ he has not been their chronicler, nor elevated to them, of whom he *says* that he is one, any sepulchre of alabaster. This, even to

us, who affect no levelling nonsense, appears wrong and silly. The middling and lower classes, in these up-heaving times, cast their coming shadows over sceptres and crosiers. The day is far spent, when intelligent men could professedly despise them.* We need not inform Mr. Prescott what a mass of materials may be collected in the chronicles, local annals, novels (especially the picaresque), and theatre; these '*rosæ inter spinas*,' these unobserved, uncollected, traits of national character, are numerous as they are sweet. We earnestly recommend to Mr. Prescott this 'unbroken ground,' and sincerely trust that he will yet clear and cultivate it with perseverance and success.

The epoch of Ferdinand and Isabella was one pregnant with gigantic consequences. The latter part of the fifteenth century was one of those perilous climacterics, when signal changes take place in the social and political condition of mankind. The thrones of France, England, and Spain were filled by three extraordinary men, justly called by Bacon 'the three Magi of Kings:' they saw the coming effect of predisposing causes, and seized the opportunity when the people, weary of civil warfare, and ground to dust by feudal oppressions, turned from petty tyrants to the throne. It was an epoch of expanding intelligence—paper, giving wings to printing, emancipated knowledge from the cloister. The needle and astrolabe had weaned creeping commerce from the coward shores. The fleets of merchants returned freighted with the germs of peace, order, and civilization; gunpowder completed the triumph of intellect over brute force; the establishment of posts led to easy and constant interchange of ideas—to diplomacy, which, uniting Europe into one family, laid the foundations of the still existing balance of power. The royal authority was then, in the words of Louis XI., released from pupillage, '*mis hors de page*.'

* P. Martyr opens his sixth Epistle with '*de populo, quem semper floccicaciendum censui, nihil ad me*.' Pietro Martire de Angleria was a learned Milanese, born at Arona: he followed the Spanish court; he was the intimate and faithful friend of both Ferdinand and Isabella; and his letters, from 1487 to 1525, detail to his correspondents, men of high rank and office, the actions and opinions of his masters. These private and confidential reports, written from day to day, and from the centre of affairs, form the most valuable source of information as to this period; yet Mr. Hallam scarcely alludes to them; the ever-modest Dr. Dunham states *his* facts in opposition to P. Martyr's. Mr. Hallam in his *Literature of Europe*, iv. 81 (relying on some nameless authority), says that these letters were not written as they profess, but at one and a later period. They are full, however, of little accidental traits of the moment—'*dum mensa preparatur*,' &c. &c.; and Juan de Vergara, who dined with him, has recorded the extent and rapidity of these ante-prandial epistles. By the bye, Martyr is not, as Mr. Prescott imagines, a patronymic. Pietro Martire became a common Milanese baptismal name from the martyrdom of Peter the Dominican, of which Titian has painted his finest picture; and De Angleria was *not* the name of the place where our friend was born, but that of his noble family.

The three great kings understood each other at half a word ; a community of interests, and many coincidences of character and position, cemented a mutual good understanding. Louis XI., a wanderer and exile in his youth, succeeded to a kingdom free for the first time, by the expulsion of the English, from internal weakness. Our Henry VII., born of an almost private family, was bred up to no royal notions. Bosworth, and his marriage with the heiress of the house of York, put an end to the desolating wars of the roses. Ferdinand succeeded unexpectedly to the sceptre of Arragon : his marriage with Isabella, who came equally unexpectedly to that of Castile, united the two kingdoms—and thus insured the final ruin of the Moors. All these monarchs had alike been schooled to wisdom by adversity ; and each proceeded to reform domestic abuses, a task more difficult than foreign conquests. United with their people, they waged war against their aristocracy, whose assistance they no longer needed, and whom, formerly uncertain allies, they now dreaded as rivals and enemies. Louis XI., cruel by nature, ‘hewed his way out with a bloody axe.’ Henry VII., averse to bloodshed, spread, by penal laws, his ‘king’s nets,’ a worse torture than the iron-cages of Louis. He broke down the entails of his nobles, as Ferdinand and Isabella did their castles. The latter resumed, moreover, all the grants which had been extorted from their predecessors. They annexed to the crown the grand-masterships ; they abolished private jurisdictions ; they instituted an armed police, ‘La Santa Hermandad,’ a civic and rural gendarmerie, obnoxious, indeed, to barons and banditti, but popular to all sons of commerce and peace. This safeguard of public order, cheaply bought at a small sacrifice of public liberty, always most difficult to establish either in an imperfectly or highly civilised condition of society, demonstrates equally wisdom and strength : deep-fanged prejudices cannot be extracted without a painful wrench. They next elevated the royal person to be the fountain of honour, the centre of a system round which their nobles, shining by a reflected light, should move mere satellites. Majesty, like a robe pontifical, was never seen but in worship. To be seated in the presence was an honour reserved to the conqueror of kingdoms and the discoverer of a new world. They thus established that magnificent etiquette of Spanish ceremonial, not from any personal pride, but from deeper policy ;—in all their maintenance of state *

* Shakspeare, by one little trait, marks this habit of state, a second nature in their children. Catherine, divorced and dying, at peace with all, forgiving all, even Wolsey, forgot all, save that she was a queen, and daughter of a queen. Her Castilian blood boils at the omission of the usual ceremonial by the messenger ; nor will any excuse appease her : ‘But this fellow let me never see again.’—*Henry VIII.*, iv. 2.

of necessity to the crown, and becoming more and more to their maker and only support. They were more for the absoluteness than for the weakness of Louis XI. employed menials,—Olivier le Daim, the French Machiavelli, and Foxes; Ferdinand took a Spanish interest to Spanish prejudices; and they were all the more the resentment of their nobles. La Ligue du bien public' put forward the cry of reform and private tyranny and ambition under their support of pretenders: Ferdinand was rejected by his Castilian grandfather, and his Flemish husband of his daughter. They were their own prime ministers; busy in their close minds, few were admitted to their secrets; they spoke little, and then with open words which concealed thought;—'mon conseil dans sa tête';—adable and condescending—in those naughty times. Henry VII. of England, by ingratiating themselves, and the vulgar test of success (the vulgar test of success) extended their reputation and were unjustly suspected, and from which they neither anticipated nor were they from overcunning, and from which they had overreached themselves. Charles VIII. by Louis XI. conspired to dissimulare ne

plots and counter-plots: an ambassador was, Sir H. Wotton said afterwards, 'an honest man who *lied* abroad for the good of his country.' 'Ils vous mentent bien,' wrote Louis XI. to his envoys; 'mentez vous bien aussi.' To tell a lie, and find a truth was, says Bacon, a Spanish proverb, in which is condensed the policy of that age. According to Bayle,* when Quintana told Ferdinand that Louis XII. complained that he had deceived him twice, the answer was,—'He lies, the drunkard; I have imposed upon him more than ten times!' We doubt the truth of the anecdote, not from discrediting the mendacity of Ferdinand, but from thinking him far too wise to commit such a blunder; in possession of the substance, he would have despised the triumph of an empty boast. In those days all men were liars, not in haste, but from well-considered malice prepense;† but the French have termed him *The Perfidious*, whereas the plain truth was, that Ferdinand, in an age of universal political dishonesty, played his game better than his opponents. In his youth he was frank to indiscreetness: he committed himself by saying that he was not to be put in leading-strings, like many of the kings of Castile. He, indeed, forgot this saying; but his nobles remembered it for ever. 'Let princes beware,' said a yet wiser man, 'of short speeches, which fly abroad like darts shot from their secret intentions: their long speeches are flat things, and not noted.'

We have extended these remarks because Mr. Prescott, having no clear fixed opinion, at one time sneers at Louis XI. for 'descending to trickery,' at another, commends his 'consummate policy';—blames one prince here for what he condemns elsewhere in another;—and indeed is so in the dark as to the real state of things, that he seems to adopt the old absurdity of making Machiavelli the parent of political perfidy. Thucydides says of the Athenian Downing-street, 'τα μὲν ἡδὲ καλὰ νομίζουσι, τα δὲ ζυμφεροντα δίκαια' (lib. v. 105). Louis XI., who, at Peronne, could 'cry content to that which grieved his heart, and frame his face to all occasions,' was buried ere this 'inventor' of perfidy had left school. This 'pander to tyranny' was a foe to the emperor and the Medici: he was a republican and patriot, not after the present degraded fashion, but a true lover of his country, for itself, not for himself. He wrote an *Italian* book, neither intending

* Art. Amelot.

† Charles V. and Francis I. bandied to each other that compliment. The latter, the model of French chevaliers, broke the solemn treaties of Madrid and Cambray with 'an artifice,' in the words of Robertson, 'unworthy of a king.' Yet this was the man who could 'prate unnecessarily' at Pavia about having lost all except honour. What that meant, beyond the *honour* of being soundly beaten, we know not. He was taken prisoner when the *Waterloo sauve qui peut* was out of his power.

to invent nor to advocate anything unusual, immoral, or impracticable; nor was it ever thought to do so in his age. If he taught princes to become tyrants, he instructed the people how to destroy them. Borgia, Sforza, and their compeers, are dead; the book remains, and Machiavelli, '*tanto nomini nullum par eulogium*,' is made the scapegoat of modern detestation for an odious obsolete policy. The great laws of right and wrong are indeed immutable; but, in the changeable customs and fashions of erring men, vices often assume the forms of virtues, and virtues of vice. To judge fairly of the actors of that period, we must try them before their peers—not according to modern notions, but by those codes which were then in force: how otherwise can due honour be rendered to Ximenes, Columbus, and, more than all, to Isabella?

Ferdinand, maddened by the popularity of Philip after the death of Isabella, and the torture to a proud mind of being rejected and outwitted, forgot her memory. This most politic of kings, in the folly of anger, would have married even her niece and rival, the '*Beltraneja*.' The nation revolted at this indelicacy. He then allied himself to the *youthful* Germaine, a relation of Louis XII., the worst enemy of Spain; a double error. His death was hastened (as in the case of Louis XII.) by this misplaced union of age and youth: his health was destroyed by stimulants which he used in the vain hope of procuring an heir, who, by succeeding to Arragon and Naples, might have deprived his daughter's husband of those pearls in the compact crown of Spain which it had been the policy of his own life to secure. Patience and temper, as was foreseen by the cooler statesmen of the time, would have insured his complete influence over Philip. Henry VII., who affected Ferdinand (the enemy to France) as much as one king can love another, counselled the young prince to listen to his experienced father-in-law. Philip, who hated business and loved pleasure, yet, with the vanity common to weak minds, dreaded the being thought to be managed. He would have sacrificed the substance for the shadow, and was willing, as he replied to Henry, '*if Ferdinand would permit him to govern Castile, to allow Ferdinand to govern him.*' The declining days of Louis and Henry were also harassed by jealousy of their successors, hateful to kings. The parsimonious Henry trembled at the maternal and better title of his magnificent son. Louis XI., with Turkish precaution, reared Charles VIII. in ignorance, as if that could prevent rebellion; for what is so dangerous as a fool?

Poor Joanna La Loca, Crazy Jane, the heiress of Isabella, was born to vast dominions and slender intellect. Her cloying fondness

fondness for her handsome husband defeated itself; Philip had married for her kingdoms, not her personal charms, and (like her niece, our Mary) she was by nature melancholy and ungracious. He became wearied, neglectful, and, by insensible degrees, unfeeling; his undisguised infidelities alienated her affections, without destroying the abstract remembrance of her former love. She shed no tear at his untimely death; but sank into a moody imbecility. Soothed by music alone, all her occupations were merged in watching the remains of her husband. She had formed a vague idea, from some monkish tale, that he would be restored to life—and fed on a hope which, if realised, would have converted passive sorrow into active misery. She travelled by night, in order that no female eye might behold the coffin. On one occasion, having entered a monastery, as she supposed, upon finding it to be a nunnery, she hurried out into the open country, encamped, and during a storm, when the torches were extinguished, opened the coffin to verify the existence of the mouldering corpse—jealous as when, full of beauty, it was her life and joy—

‘A sad remembrance fondly kept.’

She obstinately declined all state affairs, which were carried on in her name. She pined sullenly, and, never telling her grief, for forty-seven long years immured herself in a convent, dead to the world, watching from her window the coffin of her husband, which was purposely so placed in a chapel.

Ferdinand, restored to power by the sudden death of his young son-in-law, which baffled the calculations of trimming courtiers, forgave, as Regent of Castile, the resentment of the King of Arragon. He regained services if not hearts. Always on his guard, he had (like Bias) treated friends as likely to become foes, (and then the worst,) and foes as likely to become friends. It was our enemies, not friends, said Cosmo Medici, whom we were enjoined to forgive; but Ferdinand could not hate those whom he despised and had in his power—humiliation is sufficient punishment to the proud. He felt (as Henry VII. did after his coronation) that unsettled times relax all political principle—apostacy, by being universal, becomes more venial, and well-timed oblivion the best policy—*quidquid multis peccatum inultum*. If he was parsimonious, he was not, like Louis XI., a deviser of unjust taxes; nor had he, like our Henry VII., hands that took and never gave; whose early thrift grew old into avarice, into sordid miser love of gold for its bare sake. Ferdinand, taught the value of money by poverty in youth—how difficult to be obtained, how easy to be got rid of—esteemed it for its effects as the
key

key to human hearts, the sinew of war. He knew the weakness of want, the innate strength of independence.

Dissimulation was common to all the three; they were all alike bent upon power, and intensely selfish; consequently their own worst enemies. Friends they had few (the common fate of kings). They had courteous, easy smiles at command—but not that frank cordiality which binds men's hearts; reserved themselves, they chilled others, who, abashed by superiority of rank, were still more depressed by the greater moral influence of superiority of intellect—an element of power rather than of popularity. Ferdinand, in passing through many varied stages of life, and consequent 'flux of company,' profited by such experience, rare to kings; but it had also its deteriorating influences. Mixed up from youth with intrigues, his heart was withered by poisonous, engrossing politics, and the unprincipled diplomacy of the day; he became suspicious, for he had been often deceived. He had been too much behind the scenes to value the professions of court or people—tinsel and fickle alike; and this detection of vice lurking under the mask of virtue, operates unfavourably on virtue itself: it generates a low opinion of human nature. The heart is illogical and draws general conclusions from particular premises—but in these times the premises were general. In judging Ferdinand we should bear in mind the dictum of Coke, 'that many things which are of the highest moral criminality, may be of the least disgrace,' and discriminate the shifting and transitory from the permanent, both in causes and pretexts.

These three great sovereigns, with all their domestic and foreign reputation, and the fulfilment in each case of the grand original scheme of ambition, were never happy. Their minds were perplexed with fear of change, with the dread of calamities which never happened. Henry VII., according to Bacon, 'though he never knew what disaster was, was always sad and serious, full of secret suspicions and apprehensions.' Louis XI., says Commines, endured continual misery, 'few days of joy, and years of bitterness.' His only relaxation, and that he carried to weariness, was the chase, and he died the death of a wild beast in his lair, of which the inaccessibility marked his fears, the gibbets his cruelty. Unrestrained by religion during life, he clung to the quackery of superstition at his death. The latter days of Ferdinand have been described by P. Martyr (E. 565, 567): he, too, became irritable, fled from himself in violent huntings, and at last sickened in a poor village—the monarch of so many kingdoms expired in the 'worst inn's worst room!' He was, however, occupied

pied with state affairs up to the moment of his death, which was calm and resigned, untormented by the busy fiend of the distracted Louis, or the conscience-qualms of the griping Henry. P. Martyr, who had followed him through life, followed him to his grave as he had done by his gentle queen. The funeral pomp, winding slowly up the unchanged hill of the Alhambra, cast a gloom over the scarcely-forgotten triumphs of life, majesty, and victory.

In the nicer traits of character, Louis XI. was more repulsive and undignified; Henry VII. more learned, meaner, more pacific, not from want of courage, but from a greater spirit of the churchman and legislator. Ferdinand, less skilled in books, was more kingly, manly, and energetic than either: his was a mixed character of Italian shrewdness with Spanish chivalry. Machiavelli, biassed by political and private hostility, has called him 'avarro e taccagno'; Voltaire, with more justice, 'sage et prudent.' If we weigh him with his contemporaries, whether kings or subjects, and consider fully the conventional maxims of his age, we shall, taking him all in all, confirm the verdict delivered by Shakspeare:—He was

‘The wisest king that ever ruled in Spain.’

However mankind may differ in striking the balance of virtues chequered with so many faults, all will unite in admiration of the brightest star of that brilliant period. Isabella, the Elizabeth of Spain, is perhaps the most faultless character of history, the purest sovereign who ever dignified a throne: in all her relations of queen or woman, she was, in the words of Bacon, ‘an honour to her sex, and the corner-stone of the greatness of Spain.’ P. Martyr, who watched her public and private virtues, during a long attendance and intimacy, in the affecting letter which he wrote on the day of her death, when few dare lie (Ep. 279), sums up her character as one ‘more divine than human.’ She was brought up in privacy at Arevalo (like Elizabeth at Hatfield): she grew up to be temperate in diet, hardy in body, honest in mind, and sound in heart; practical good sense was tempered with unaffected piety. A series of unexpected deaths opened to her a chance of succession. She became the head of the party opposed to the odious misrule of her brother, and was suspected and persecuted by him as Elizabeth was by Mary. She fled to Valladolid to escape an unworthy marriage, and was there met by Ferdinand, who, like Charles I., had flown to his *infanta* in disguise and through dangers. They exchanged eyes and hearts: the royal marriage, rich in their own and their country's happiness, was poorly celebrated with borrowed money. The sprightly Voltaire, unable to resist the temptation of an epigram, has asserted that ‘the Catholic sovereigns did not live together like husband and wife, but rather like allied monarchs, without
love

From the History of Ferdinand and Isabella.

or hatred, with little intercourse.' OF their early loves there be no doubt. Their youth and beauty needed not the at-
tack of common misfortune. Mr. Prescott has drawn a
fit picture of the royal couple (i. 216). The amiable char-
acter of his talent never appears to greater advantage than in
loving delineations of the outside of history. Isabella was
most beautiful, and Ferdinand the most manly, gallant, and
valiant in a court of chivalry. P. Martyr (Ep. 6), writing to
him in Italy, *eighteen years* after this marriage, (a tolerable
sack of five living witnesses,) compares their union to
that of two inspired deities of heaven, one soul in two bodies.
And there is no doubt, in an age of lax morality, when
adultery was almost tolerated under a different
name, illegitimacy was no bar to the inheritance of even the
throne; who takes to her—who runs to him a true and
white wife, chooses to her grand passion itself," says P.
(Ep. 978.) 'she hangs thro' him like a rich jewel round
his neck, never losing her lustre;—she gives him with that excel-
lent angelic love good men, who on his side he was wounded at
times, she never, day or night, left his bed-side; she deemed
it mean; she ministered to him and saved him. Her
child of love, was tempered with tact—rare and con-
stant in giving—she quietly removed from court all
whom he admired. When on her death-bed, at which
he stood for her soul, she thought only of him, and the
king, and was directed out in her dying injunctions.
The king was moved by their long conjugal happiness;
and he was moved by seeing them he might think
of his own happiness, she bore him.' She named the
king, and named, unless the king, her lord, be pleased
to give her place, then she desired to be laid by his side,
and to continue after death.' We have dwelt
on this error of Voltaire has been
often repeated, who find it more convenient to
blame than to think for themselves. Con-
sider the position of a queen:—
Isabella could not. It is indeed
a delicate flower, from a life of
and her eyes are lords of the bed-
chamber. Kings who are, or suppose
themselves to, cannot understand the value of one
of these *preciousness* of a true

Mr. Prescott could not learn where
the *Simancas*.

wife's

wife's devotion, doubling joys and dividing sorrow, is the bond of their humbler and far happier subjects.*

Ferdinand and Isabella had of necessity some separate interests, the sectional jealousies of their distinct and rival subjects placed barriers between a political fusion. The proud Castilian brooked a master from inferior Arragon. Isabella, by never getting her duties to Castile in her love for her husband, by her firm maintenance of her prerogative as Queen-proprietrix (*Repropietaria*), and by a kind word spoken in time, led with a firm hand her touchy subjects, who would never have been driven to the sword of Ferdinand; yet all this was done without clashing. The marriage bond imperceptibly neutralized the political separation. The combined influence of sovereign and woman appealed to a loyal chivalry, who bowed to the Virgin as the goddess, to the Queen as their gentle mistress: their very obedience to her marked their independence of her husband. She could do no wrong; white hands neither injure nor affront; yet with all her gentleness, Isabella (like Elizabeth) was jealous of her power, and upheld her prerogative with strong unbending arm; like her, she was in fact the *head* of her church; she made and could unfrock her prelates; like our haughty Bess she feared neither Pope nor Spaniard, accomplishing the same ends by different means. The Spanish kings, having no territorial disputes with the popes, and being the leaders of the Moorish crusade, had long possessed great influence at Rome, which was increased by the conquest of Granada, and became paramount after Charles V. had elevated his tutor to the tiara. The Kings, however, had begun to discover the weakness of that ideal power. Henry VII. 'really religious,' said Bacon, 'could see through superstition, and was inclined to pare a little from the privileges of the clergy.' Ferdinand and Isabella did the same; they drew a distinction between the spiritual and temporal power, between the vices of Borgia and the position of Alexander VI., notwithstanding that it was he who first honoured them with their title of Catholic. They were excellent Roman Catholics, but indifferent Papists. Isabella in 1482 not only rejected the nephew of Sixtus IV., appointed by his uncle to the See of Cuenca, but ordered all Spaniards out of Rome, and refused to receive a legate: again in 1485 she rejected Borgia,

* Henry VIII., in describing the virtues of the ill-fated Catherine, gives a true portrait of her mother—

'If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness, saintlike, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else could speak thee out,
The queen of earthly queens.'

named to Seville by Innocent VIII. ; she punished all her clergy who dared to appeal from her to Rome ; she abridged their civil authority ; she nominated to all preferments, and selected, with few exceptions, men of piety and learning, who did honour to their patroness. In her civil government she was merciful, but just ; she refused the life of a noble criminal, who offered as the price a sum equivalent to her annual revenue ; she had no mawkish compassion for crime ; she purchased not popularity by letting slip felons. 'It was a *good old custom*,' says Mr. Prescott (ii. 242), 'long since fallen into desuetude, for the monarch to preside in the tribunals of justice at least once a-week.' Isabella sat on the queen's bench at Seville ; but this absurd custom was soon discontinued. Judge Story will inform his countryman that there cannot be a surer sign of bad laws, and of their being ill administered, than when sovereigns, like Charlemagne while dressing, or Saint Louis under an oak tree, decide on what they do not understand. This 'golden age of justice' suits the golden age of nomade hunters. The severity of person and property before a Moorish *cadi*, assisted by a howling and basting, instead of a bar and bench, explains the practical working. Isabella prepared the way for sounder jurisprudence and practice. She commenced a codification of the confused and clashing laws of Spain ; her '*Ordenanças reales*' formed the base of the '*Nueva recopilacion*' of Philip II.

Isabella possessed, in common with Elizabeth, a love for learning and learned men. Both appreciated and rewarded merit ; Isabella with greater liberality. Both were remarkable for vigour, penetration, courage, and magnanimity. Our Elizabeth was more masculine—she inherited much of her father's violence and impetuosity ; insincere, arrogant, incapable of forgiving injury—unworthy of her greatness in her petty jealousies, her love for flattery and admiration, she had none of the graceful sensibilities, the warm-hearted, tender delicacy, of Isabella, who in her domestic character, the *ex æquo*, the true presence of woman, was most exemplary, as daughter, wife, and mother. A second Penelope, she superintended the education of her daughters ; they were taught useful arts in addition to accomplishments ; they were all married so long—the wall of brass with which Henry VII. boasted that he had surrounded England. All those gentle faculties—which possibly lay dormant in Elizabeth, under the chilling weight of isolation, and the possession of solitary power—did not however smother the spirit of Isabella ; the soul of Cæsar was enshrined in the form of Lucretia ; during a popular insurrection at Seville, she advanced alone, and awed the multitude by the dignity of injustice. She bowed hardships, long journeys on horseback ;

horseback; she hurried to the post of danger, regardless of weather or ill health; she cased her body in armour, which is still preserved a precious relic at Madrid; appeared at the head of her armies; and like Elizabeth, at Tilbury Fort, communicated to them her dauntless spirit. Ferdinand always consulted her in *emergencies*; she was too high principled, too great, to descend to dissimulation. She arrived in person, at critical moments, the harbinger of victory. The artillery was under her especial management; she perceived the power of this force, hitherto undervalued from being worked inefficiently: she was the soul and spirit of the campaign, by providing the finance and commissariat: '*Belli nervos pecuniam utpote atque alimenta.*' (P. Martyr.) She pawned her jewels to pay the troops; she watched over their comforts; she first established military hospitals; she maintained a rigorous discipline; her camp resembled a republic of Plato's (P. Martyr); need it be said that her armies were victorious? Spaniards have all the physical capabilities of forming the finest soldiery in the world; they have usually failed from want of food, clothing, and, in a word, from the misconduct of their superiors.

The capture of Granada was the zenith of Isabella's happiness—the noontide of her course of glory; disasters like evening clouds gathered thick around her setting; deaths, many and unforeseen, had opened her way to the crown; others now, one by one, wore away her heart; tenderness, her greatest charm, was the source of her greatest sufferings. She buried all her earthly hopes and joys in the grave of her only son, John; her prophetic eye too clearly saw, in that most calamitous event, the death-blow to the Spanish monarchy, doomed thereby to be placed in the hands of foreigners. This prince was of most excellent promise, the Marcellus of his age.* The death of his sister Isabella, the mental aberration of Joanna, the misconduct of Philip, beat down the bruised reed; a settled melancholy came over her.—This hereditary taint, derived from her mother, was more marked in her children and descendants;—Catherine, her daughter, is described by Bacon as 'a sad, religious woman;' Charles V. and Philip II., according to Badoer and Granvelle, were phlegmatic and melancholy; they shrouded their gloom in the congenial seclusion of St. Juste and the Escorial; Charles II., the last of the line, weak in body and mind from childhood, was a fit king for a decaying and effete monarchy.—Isabella's dying thoughts were for her people's good; her last acts for the protection and emancipation of her poor Indians. She expired gently, peace-

* The Prince died soon after his marriage, and was followed to the grave with a national grief, unparalleled, save in the recent case of our Princess Charlotte.

ably, and full of hope, on the 26th of November, 1504, in the fifty-fourth year of her age and the thirtieth of her reign. Mr. Prescott, who has ably drawn a parallel between her and Elizabeth, dwells justly on the difference of their deaths. The body of Isabella, unembalmed, according to her orders, was borne to Granada by the faithful Martyr, who has described the misery of that journey. (Ep. 289.) Her value was proved by her loss: she was the good genius of Spain and of her husband; his Josephine—from the moment she departed, his star was on the wane; she had tempered his suspicions, warmed his parsimony, and checked his despotism. At her death a signal was given to intestine dissensions, misrule, and public injury; her wise ordinances were neglected; her errors only perpetuated and acted on.

The blot of her reign was the Inquisition. Mr. Prescott has scarcely, perhaps, done justice to her claims of exemption from the heavy responsibility (ii. 120); she was only an accessory to the fact; like all Spaniards of that age, she was over-righteous, and her zeal consumed her kingdom; yet those actions, which foreigners have condemned as her great and indeed only faults, were considered during her life, engraved on her tomb, and have been immortalised by every historian of Spain, as her brightest virtues. Heresy in Spain involved feelings of peculiar horror. It had for ages been the cry in a war '*pro aris et focis*;' not for mere dogmas, but for very existence. The cross was the banner of Spain; difference of creed was the soul, the sustaining excitement; enemy and dissent, infidel and renegade, were pitted against faith, religion, and loyalty; all the strongest feelings of moral influence, each alone enough, were mixed up in the contest. Intolerance was patriotism; and Isabella, suckled in this frenzy, became the tool of Ximenes. She 'made a priest her book, wherein her soul recorded the history of all her secret thoughts.'

This man, most eminent as a churchman, a statesman, and a general, was born of a good but decayed family, and distinguished for early academical success. He completed his education at Rome: after proving his inflexible character by a six years' contest with the Archbishop of Toledo, he obtained, only to relinquish, preferment. He became a Franciscan monk: the usual mortifications of a conventual noviciate being insufficient to satiate his ascetic ambition, he fled into a forest, and vegetated in a den on herbs, the Bible his sole study and companion. In those days, when to renounce the world was thought the best school for statesmen, his sanctity procured him the important post of royal confessor. P. Martyr, who foresaw his greatness, as Fox did that of Wolsey (Ep. 107) describes his first appearance at court—his wan and wasted frame, barefoot, and clad in sack-cloth—

cloth—yet erect, undazzled, and commanding respect. On the death of Mendoza, the great cardinal of Spain, the queen nominated him to the archbishopric of Toledo, which Ferdinand had in vain solicited for his natural son. Ximenes, now sixty years old, resisted for six months the acceptance of the primacy of Spain, and yielded at last, reluctantly, to the express command of the pope—a rare instance of sincere *nolo-archiepiscopari*. Magnificent and stately in upholding his dignity, he observed as an individual the strictest rules of his mendicant order: he wore no linen, slept on a hard pallet, which he concealed in his couch of state; practised the most austere abstinence, doubly difficult amid surrounding luxuries. He journeyed on foot, begged alms, and mended with his own hands his coarse frock; occupations fitted, indeed, to monastic idleness, but a waste of precious time in a public minister. He became an ecclesiastical reformer, and armed with good intentions, never forgiving himself, he never forgave others. His measures were so destructive to the comforts of holy men that thousands fled from reform into the land of the infidel. He was admonished in vain by Adrian VI. to relax: he persevered, and succeeded. After having reformed the church at his personal risk, he next proceeded against heresy, to the national cost. Granada was quiet and prosperous under the mild influence of the Archbishop of Talavera, a good and wise man, who preferred the gentle wisdom of St. Paul (Titus, iii. 10) to the fires of persecution. Ferdinand and Isabella had hitherto, in spite of popular pressure, honourably maintained their treaties with the Moors. It was this good faith which had induced so many cities to fly to their protection, and surrender without defence. Pulgar (ii. 55), who was by no means more bigoted than his contemporaries, always makes some apology for the *too* liberal terms granted and observed by his royal masters to the infidels. Ximenes, in an evil hour, undertook their conversion, first by bribes, then by threats, and at last, of course, by violence. The Moors, sore from recent defeat, rose in rebellion: how great a matter a little fire kindleth! Ferdinand, who disliked him, and knew the value of his rich and peaceful subjects, in vain reproved his rashness: Ximenes, backed by the people, maintained that ‘a tamer policy might suit temporal matters, but not those of the soul.’ A servile war ensued: fertility was arrested; blood poured out like water; and a hatred deeper than hell engendered, by the mistaken zeal of a monk, the conducting-wire of popular prejudices. Ximenes now, with scholastic casuistry, proclaimed the Moors to be rebels, because they had resisted *his* infraction of treaties. ‘God’s enemies’ were to be exterminated like wild beasts. This fatal innovation

innovation led, and justly, to the ruin of Spain: for let no rash statesman make changes in solemn settlements, in the vain hope that he will be able to check or regulate the consequences. To these Ximenes was either blind or indifferent: his stern character rose above the thoughts or weaknesses of human nature. He would have lost the whole world to have gained, as he thought, one soul. He was a monk, and fit, in the words of Bacon, to become a severe inquisitor. How can a monk be a philosopher or philanthropist? Discipline and implicit obedience are his noviciate; degrading offices of servitude wither his self-respect; he becomes a formalist, a slave to system, to unworthy notions of the Deity, which narrow heart and intellect, until mortification and interrupted sleep, breaking mind and body, stamp on the downcast unrepining countenance the triumph over humanity, the prescribed immutable submission of Egyptian sculpture. Irremissible punishments, executed without mercy, and familiarity with penance, deaden pity; their ears in the confessional are the sewers of human infirmities—a denial of human merit, their language in the pulpit. Enslaved, cowed, and beaten down in youth, they become despots when in power; the pharisaical pride of spiritual self-superiority assumes a dictatorial tone: obedience is better than sacrifice. They have renounced the beautiful world, to which they are dead, its social, its domestic joys. They know not the softening influence of father, husband, friend, of charity and good-will; unnatural celibacy, and the egotism of solitude, shut up their affections: miserable themselves, they scowl, like Satan, on the happiness of mankind. To such men, whose tenderness is never called into action, St. Dominick bequeathed the organising of the Inquisition; to men who, having nothing to do, made evil their good, and gave up time, thought, body, and soul, to the executing their remorseless commission. This is the blot of Isabella's reign: the dry-rot was introduced by the same hand which reared the fabric of Spanish prosperity.

The Inquisition, nursed in France under *Saint Louis*, slumbered for want of fuel after the extermination of the Albigenses. It was revived against the Jews, who, debarred from other professions, traded in money, and must have become sufficiently odious by their mere wealth to the poor and proud Spaniard. They had long been protected by the Spanish kings, who knew the value of capitalists in an age of poverty. Many, as persecution increased, were induced to become Christians, in order to save their ducats; but this availed them little. They were then accused, among other offences, of having tails; and if the people could believe that, like Lord Monboddó, they could believe anything. Debtors have, however, a well-grounded horror
of

of their creditors (if they cannot pay them) without the dread of this Satanic appendage. 'Marrano, Christiano nuevo,' soon became synonymous with renegade, a being despised alike by those whom he deserts, as by those whom he joins. Thus Jewish conversion was stopped. The clamour of the *People* prevailed: their passions are seldom controlled: to the cry of bloodshed, fire, and pillage, once raised, they always respond. This *vox populi* was readily interpreted as *vox cæli*, when kings, cardinals, nobles, and commons, all alike longed for a share of the plunder; for the Jews were '*richer than the Christians*,' says P. Martyr (Ep. 92), thereby revealing the secret. The same pen which signed the capitulation of the Alhambra, the treaty with Columbus, executed the fatal edict for their expulsion. They in vain offered large sums of money to purchase toleration. Isabella was told that it would be re-selling her Saviour; Ferdinand was convinced by a more cogent argument—the advance, by the archbishop, of the proffered amount; and the Spanish historians eulogise this 'sublime sacrifice of temporal interests to religious principles, in which the Divine Justice was delighted.'

There is nothing the literature of Spain is more proud of than the Inquisition. Cities have contested with hot rivalry for the glorious distinction of having been the first seat of that *holy* tribunal. The great claim for the beatification of San Fernando, put forth by Philip III. in 1627, was, that he had carried, like a second Abraham, fire and fagots himself.* All travellers report that the *auto de fé*† was considered by far the most magnificent spectacle of Spain. The presence of majesty, elsewhere the harbinger of pardon, was there the signal of greater bloodshed. The Inquisition is dear even yet to Spanish hearts. The snake is scotched, not killed. Royalists and constitutionalists, differing wide as the poles asunder, agree only in religious persecution. Sir Charles Vaughan wrote in 1811 'that the Cortes were anxious to maintain the Inquisition *in all its forms*—the only branch of government to which they seemed disposed to communicate any energy.' The north of Spain was on the point of rising against its British defenders, solely from a report that they would put down the Inquisition, which the clear-sighted Duke had foreseen would be 'disagreeable to the clergy, and to *the great body of the people*.' (Gurwood, x. 474.) Carnicero—(i. e. Butcher—fit name!) published at Madrid in 1816 a defence of its re-establishment. Llo-

* Ipse vice famulorum ignem et ligna in eis comburendis administrabat.—Pineda. Mémoires. 85. Mariana. xii. 12.

† We refer our readers to the official relation of a grand *auto de fé*, celebrated at Madrid before Charles II. in 1680, with engravings. It was drawn up, under authority, by Jose del Olmo, a familiar. The miserable kingling, alike weak in body and intellect, is compared, in the preface, to Jupiter with his lightnings at Crete, p. 4.

rente, who has shown all the hidden atrocities, 'found Roman Catholics in London who advocated this *bulwark of Romanism*.' (Preface, xxi.)

Ferdinand was delighted with this engine of finance and high police. Montanus,* writing in 1557, states that it was devised (like the penal statutes of Henry VII.) more to increase the exchequer than for the furtherance of religion. That idea was scouted at Rome by the infidel Leo X. If a few men, by perversion of judgment, have burnt their fellow-creatures for the love of God, hundreds have done so for the love of money. We cannot doubt the mistaken view of duty in Ximenes, and hope, in charity, that Torquemada, the incarnation of Moloch, was a monomaniac. Their integrity and blameless private lives stamp the sincerity of their Romanism. A true Roman Catholic must, of necessity, be a persecutor of heresy, through which, he believes, immortal souls are lost to all eternity: intolerance again is the support of papacy. When heretics are strong, they are consigned to God; when weak, to the fire. 'Quod ferrum non curat igne curatur.' Those Roman Catholics who act otherwise are either trimmers or hypocrites. We have extended these remarks in justification of Isabella, whose weak side was abused; for

'Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied.'

The crime has entailed on Spain a heavy and just retribution. She is almost blotted from the map of nations: she is poor, enslaved, ignorant, and ferocious. The Inquisition destroyed the former manliness and independence of Spaniards, and fitted them for a despotism. A power of mystery brooded over the land; invisible spies, more terrible than soldiers, omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent, aimed at every attribute of the Almighty save justice or mercy. The fear of this tribunal, from which no secrets were hid, locked up the heart: it generated mistrust and suspicion; soured the sweet charities of life; frank communication, which relieves and improves, was at an end;—'adempto per *inquisitiones* et loquendi et audiendi commercio.' (Tacit. Agr. 2.) The nation quailed under the depressing influence, which hung like the sword of Damocles over body, soul, life, property, honour. It engendered the sickening necessity of flatterers, those the most feared and hated—habitual duplicity and hypocrisy—a devolution of oppression—the despot's and the bondman's spirit—for they are never disunited—until the continual pressure of dead-weight broke down the social and intellectual spring.

* 'A Discovery and Playne Declaration of Sundry Subtill Practises of the Holy Inquisition of Spayne. London, 1568.' See also Dr. M'Crie's excellent 'History of the Reformation in Spain.'

Among other results, this grand iniquity blighted the opening buds of national literature,* which had been ushered in under happy auspices. In no country was printing so welcomed. Mendez attests the number of volumes which issued forth in the fifteenth century, when not many less printing-presses were at work than under Ferdinand VII. Isabella was the patroness of scholars, who have repaid her with immortality. She encouraged the admission of books free of duty, because, in the words of the decree of 1484, they brought honour and profit to the kingdom by the facilities they offered for promoting knowledge. At that period the royal councils were directed by the great Cardinal Mendoza—'the king cardinal'—the 'third king of Spain.'† He was born of a family in which talent and patronage of talent were hereditary. He was brother to the Conde de Tendilla, the first and excellent governor of the Alhambra, by whose persuasion P. Martyr (the Politian and Ascham of Spain) was induced to leave Italy. P. Martyr was appointed tutor to Prince John: his schools were frequented by the sons of grandees, who then first began to 'think that letters might be no obstacle to the profession of arms.' Isabella encouraged this feeling. She employed the Spanish Erasmus, Antonio of Nebrixa, a pupil of Politian's, to translate his Grammar into Spanish, in order, as he states in the preface, 'that religious women and virgins dedicated to God might know something of Latin without the participation of men.'—Italy was to Spain what ancient Greece had been to Rome: Rome was the Athens to which they resorted: Rome provided learned men, and was the school of arts, taste, and literature to the rude and martial Spaniards. The allegories of Dante and sonnets of Petrarch were imitated by Juan de Mena and others. We have no room now for this wide and interesting subject, beyond the remark that the ballads, like native wild-flowers, are the original and real literature of Spain. Springing from the Moorish contest, they breathe the deep and serious thoughts of troubled times, the loyal military spirit of victory, or the plaintive lament of reverses: they are records of love, gallantry, and adventure: they are remarkable for the absence of the humour of the English, the venison pasties and flagons of Dian's foresters, and of

* Mr. Prescott, in some very weak remarks, announces his surprise that the Inquisition should have been 'revived at the moment of the revival of knowledge.'—i. 378. It would have been very strange if the 'Mystery of Iniquity' had not suggested some diabolical machinery for counteracting, or at least checking, the easily-foreseen consequences of mental illumination.

† He was thus openly and seriously addressed, not 'pleasantly,' as Mr. Prescott says (iii. 469), whose pleasantries are serious. P. Martyr writes to the cardinal,—*'Hispaniarum primas—in quo orbe tu tertius es et jure merito rex—tota orbis terrarum gubernatio, si tuis humeris inhereret, collum tibi flectere vel digitulum vix sufficeret.'*

the indecency and sensuality of the French, the gloomy spectres and horrors of the North, and even the fanciful genii of the Arabians. These distinctive peculiarities may be attributed to the censorship of ecclesiastics, the southern quality of the climate, the cheerful and temperate character of chivalrous troubadours.

The rapid progress of Spanish literature, under the patronage of Mendoza, is the best proof of its innate capabilities: the development was nipped by Ximenes, his successor, who, while founding universities, cut at the roots of all real improvement. His object was to make knowledge the handmaid of error, the vehicle for the diffusion of fallacy, a means to force mankind to think, not as they themselves, but as *Rome* chose. In Granada alone, under the pretence of destroying the Koran, he burnt 80,000 volumes of Arabian literature. Conde* attributes to this modern Omar the existing ignorance of Moorish agriculture and manufactures. The distinction between sacred and profane learning, devised by far-sighted bigotry, has always spurred on the destructive energy of fanatics. The library of the Marquis de Villena, the good duke Humphrey, the first Mæcenæ of Spain, was burnt as 'magical' by the monk Lope de Barrientos.† The records of Mexico were destroyed by another son of darkness, the mendicant Juan de Zummaraga; Torquemada burnt Hebrew Bibles at Seville; the bonfires of ignorance blazed far and wide—'in libros sævitum;' the impotent malice which provoked the magnificent indignation of a pagan philosopher—'scilicet illo igne vocem populi Romani et libertatem senatûs et conscientiam humani generis aboleri arbitrabantur.' (Tacitus, Agr. ii.)

The vigorous intellect of Ximenes, devoid of wit, fancy, taste, or imagination, was calculated only for legal or exact studies; his sole relaxation was monkish casuistry; his fame as an encourager of learning is based on his celebrated Polyglott Bible, which is generally called the Complutensian, from having been published at Alcalá (Complutum). We conceive that, during his sojourn in the forest, to which he always recurred as the happiest period of his life, he must have taken St. Jerome, the great hermit of his

* Conde Xerif. Aledris, pref. p. 8. The Arabian library in the Escorial is a creature of accident, not design. A ship freighted with 3000 volumes, not for the Spanish but Moorish king, was taken in 1611 by the former. The Moor offered a ransom, which was accepted, but not concluded, owing to a civil war in Barbary. *Accident* has since greatly diminished the treasure thus acquired by accident; and in spite of the Escorial and all that it does hold, there is less of Arabic *lore* in Spain than in any other European country.

† Ferdinand Gomez, the king's physician, wrote to Juan de Mena (the Spanish Chaucer) to say, that 'this monk could no more read them than the Emperor of Morocco, nor understand them than the Dean of Ciudad Rodrigo.' (Nic. Ant. Bib. Vet. x. 3, 155.)

age and the prototype of biblical translators, as his model. Ximenes, a blind instrument in the hand of Providence, was the first to circulate the Bible, the sure antidote to those fallacies which he hoped to bolster up by fire and persecution. Bonner, the Torquemada of Wolsey, did precisely the same thing. Ximenes had, however, no idea of propagating a translation of the Scriptures among the laity or unlearned—the ‘vernacular’ was fit only for godly treatises of pious men, legends and traditions. Thus when Talavera wished to translate them into Arabic for the Moors, he replied, ‘That truth was a pearl too precious for swine, and that whenever the Bible should be rendered into the vulgar tongue, it would be pernicious to Christianity;’ meaning, by that slight misnomer, the errors of Rome.* He contended (taking Pilate for his example!) that the three languages of the superscription on the cross were those only to be allowed; and he placed in the triple columns of his book the Latin version of St. Jerome *between* the Hebrew and the Septuagint, in order, as he states in the preface, that the version of the *Roman Church*, which represents *Christ* on earth, might occupy *his* position! Ximenes spared no expense in procuring learned men and ancient MSS. Leo X., to whom the book was dedicated, sent him many from the Vatican. It was begun in 1502 and finished on the 10th of January, 1517; the last sheet was brought to Ximenes shortly before his death, when he thanked God that he had lived to see the completion of his greatest work. Leo X., who began to suspect the justice of Cardinal Pole’s warning as to the danger of encouraging learning, and to foresee that the Bible would break up his monopoly of ‘profitable error,’ delayed the licence till 1520, the general publication till 1522; and the edition was limited to 600 copies. The original cost exceeded 50,000 ducats, a sum almost equivalent in present value to a quarter of a million sterling.† Biblical critics having differed with regard to the accuracy of the text, Professor Moldenhauer, in 1784, went to Alcala on purpose to examine the original MSS. He found that a librarian had (not at that time, as Mr. Prescott states, iii. 401, but), thirty-five years before, sold them as waste

* This, and the burnings, effectually checked the study of the Arabic language in Spain, and the diffusion of translations. When the devil interrupted Luther at his studies, the reformer threw his inkstand at his head. Holy water is not more hateful to the prince of lies than ink, one drop of which makes thousands, millions, think.

† It is now become very rare: a copy on vellum (of which three only were printed), and supposed to be the identical copy reserved by the cardinal, was sold in 1829 at the sale of Mr. Hibbert, who also possessed Luther’s own copy of his own Bible. It produced the sum of 522*l.*, and is now in the possession of Mr. F. H. Standish, a bibliographical treasure which would exalt the humblest and stamp dignity on the proudest collection in Europe.

paper to a rocket-maker, who had worked them up in his vocation.*

Ferdinand and Ximenes soon perceived the tendencies of a free press. Regulations were introduced in 1502 and concluded in 1558, when it was consigned entirely to the tender mercies of inquisitorial censorship under pain of death.† The suspicion against books was next transferred to those who read them—lean, hungry, Cassius-looking, dangerous men. The inexperienced student everywhere has a tendency to become a Radical. He is misled by the declamations of the slave-holding patriots of antiquity, until the practical guillotine and physical chartism come in as a corrective.

Printing the Bible necessarily produced the Reformation; the privileged pope and emperor took alarm and made common cause—though Charles V. warred against the Protestants, not because they were Protestants, but because their Saxon patrons stood up for the independence of Germany. Spain, which gave birth to St. Dominic, became the champion of popedom. Mark the retribution. The first discontent of Luther arose from the sale of papal indulgences having been taken away from his Augustine order and given to the Dominicans. Clement VII., siding with Charles V., refused to Henry VIII. that divorce which Alexander VI. readily conceded to Louis XII.: thus, Protestant England was naturally brought into collision with Roman Catholic Spain, as leaders of antagonist creeds. Philip II. 'wasted marrow, bones, and all' on his braggadocio armada, invincible until beaten: then followed the tremendous reprisal, the sack of Cadiz, entailing bankruptcy on Spain, which never was, and never will be, superseded. The Inquisition, interfering with the commerce of Holland, led to its loss, after an expense which exhausted the mines of Mexico. By a singular contradiction, Charles V. and Philip II., who were ruining themselves in the support of Romanism, were dragged into war and defeat by Clement VII. and Paul IV., who planned coalitions against the overgrown power of their most dutiful sons;—the eternal city was brutally sacked, and the pontiff made prisoner by the very armies that upheld the cause of Rome against the Lutherans of Germany.

Meanwhile, the fiery spirit of Ximenes grew younger and stronger as his body grew old and weak: civil and religious

* Marsh. Michaelis, iv. 440, 2nd ed. 1802. The Gotho-Spaniard was beat by the liberal republicans of France. The archives of Simancas were thrown into the castle ditch for the sake of the string with which they were tied. The librarian there, who saw it done, told us this fact on the spot. The vellum MSS. of Las Cuevas, at Seville, were, as Laborde confesses, made up into cartridges by Marshal Soult. (Itin. d'Esp., iii. 265, ed. 1828.)

† Recopilacion, lib. i., tit. 7, Ley. 21, 23, 24.

submission was his watch-word, and he lived to carry his point. Checked by the mild influence of Isabella, at her death he plunged into new enterprise—he lived for action. The magnificence of his plans endeared him to Spaniards. It has been the secret of the popularity of the Alberonis and Mendizabals, who have fattened by pandering to this besetting delusion. While the Great Captain counted his beads, a hermit in disgrace, the sword-girt monk carried war into Africa; victory sat on his plumed mitre; his well-organised arrangements, unshrinking courage, and heroic decision, did more to ensure success than the standing still of the sun on the day of attack, a celestial accommodation which escaped the observation of vulgar astronomers. Oran, Algiers, and Tunis became the fruits of an expedition planned, defrayed, and conducted by him. Disgusted by the discovery of the secret and hostile instructions of Ferdinand, he retired to Alcalá, with an old man's love for the scenes of his boyhood; he declined a triumph for which he was too great; he passed (like Washington and Wellington) without effort or complaint, regret or remonstrance, into private life; the conqueror became merged in the diocesan and the founder of colleges. Although Ferdinand disliked him, and never forgave his holding the primacy of Spain to the exclusion of his bastard, yet, like Louis XIII. in regard to Richelieu, he fully knew his value: he appointed him regent by his will. The cardinal, nearly eighty years of age, was called, like Paul IV., into care-lined ermine at a moment when repose is graceful and decorous, when the lengthening shadows marking the silent flight of time announce the close of life; crosier, sceptre, or sword never trembled in his aged grasp. He assumed, during the absence of Charles, the whole government, with an unaffected simplicity and consciousness of power, *αἴσιος ὤν*, which neither offended nor surprised—such was his official experience and the invincible force of integrity, the magic of a master-mind, the fascination of constant success. He devoted himself with single-hearted energy to the performance of his duty to his king and church; he stood forward in the gap; he beat down a turbulent opposition by arms, the last argument of kings; he organised a civil force, strong in the people's support, and realised the dream of Machiavelli: he grappled with difficulties, and by so doing conquered them; he was not idiot enough to attempt to conciliate those who are not to be conciliated, nor to hope to disarm enemies by a fear of giving offence; he obtained peace by preparing for war; his iron arm kept down the discontent of Spaniards, which fired at the exactions of the Flemish favourites of Charles. Successful in all his plans, he was not enamoured with place or power.

power. After his oft-repeated and most urgent entreaties, Charles came at last. The news of his long wished-for arrival operated as a cordial on the death-stricken Ximenes; he advanced by slow stages, 'an old man broken with the storms of state,' to meet his king; but his silver hairs could not purchase the forbearance of the ravenous tribe who followed the royal stranger. They persuaded their young master to write a cold letter of thanks and of official dismissal. Ximenes, who had been too long in power to be surprised at ingratitude, indignant and lion-hearted to the last, attempted to scrawl an answer, fell back, 'gave his honours to the world, and slept in peace.' *

Such was Ximenes, whose very errors were stamped with a more than *Dantesque* character of power. A Mons. Richard has published a parallel between him and Cardinal Richelieu. Certainly both were cardinals, prime ministers, ambitious, and despotic, but all this was a resemblance rather of situation than of personal character. Richelieu was supported by the Crown, which was supported by Ximenes. Richelieu was devoid of religious sincerity. His faith was subservient to his policy; he oppressed Protestants in France, and upheld them in Germany. He was dishonest, sensual, ostentatious, fond of flattery, tremblingly alive to libels, unforgiving, cruel, devoid of real courage, a false crouching courtier, a nepotist, a mass of pure unmitigated selfishness. He founded hotels for himself, not colleges for others. He expended millions, not on the Bible, but on purple and fine linen. Insolent in life, hated in death, he was accompanied to his grave by the yells of the people, their dirges to tyrants; though, blinded by self-love, his last words were, that 'He had no enemies save those of the State.' This vain Frenchman resembled the false *climquant*, the theatrical pretension of a picture by David, execrable alike whether armed with pallet or guillotine: the proud Spaniard awed mankind with the severe, almost appalling, grandeur of a prophet by Michael Angelo.

Our Wolsey appears to us to have proposed Ximenes to himself for a model; but he was his inferior in the quality of his virtues as well as vices. Both rose by their talents, both remembered their schools—Alcala, Ipswich. Both were patronised by the leading prelates of the day; one confessor to his queen, the other chaplain to his king. Wolsey was subtle

* He was said to have been poisoned. The vulgar are disposed to ascribe the death of great men to foul means. Eighty-one years of age was surely sufficient, and at a period when life was less prolonged than at present. Few of his great contemporaries even reached the grand climacteric—the fatal sixty-two. Mr. Prescott (iii. 498-505) subjoins in a note some poor and misplaced jests:—'*die* and endow a college or a cat,' &c. &c. Ximenes *lived* to do the former.

and insinuating, full of personal feeling and *parvenu* arrogance; profligate in youth, and placed in the stocks for drunkenness, he contrasted with the ascetic mortifications of Ximenes;—one all private humility and sincere indifference to dignities, dying in honour, and entombed amidst the praises of friend and foe: the other, all pomp and pride, grasping at mitres, pandering to a sensual monarch, wallowing in wealth and self-indulgence, and, when stripped of all, bemoaning on his death-bed his neglected Maker.

Mr. Prescott modestly expresses his sorrow at finding himself anticipated by Mr. Irving in two of the most brilliant portions of his theme, the conquest of Granada, and the history of Columbus; and we fully enter into the natural feeling, '*pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerint.*' But if he will correct certain blemishes of style, which are unworthy of his talents, amiable character, and literary perseverance, he has no cause to fear a competition with Mr. Irving. The world is wide enough for all. There is nothing new under the sun. '*Le beau est mon bien, et je le reprend ou je le retrouve.*' The novelty consists in the fashion, the '*callida junctura*' of the workman; '*à l'œuvre on connaît l'artisan.*'

As to the affair of Granada, the two authors have little in common beyond the subject. Irving, avowedly imitating Froissart, only professed to take a contemporary view, to describe effects, not causes, minute events, moving incidents, the interest of the day. His therefore is an account of sieges, costumes, and banners, Moors, '*Allah ackbar,*' personal prowess and adventure—a sparkling sketch with not much in it, a vignette for an annual. Mr. Prescott's intention was to take a wider scope, like one that stands upon a promontory and spies afar. His book was destined for the study, not the drawing-room; a bill of fare less abounding in the pleasing trifles of sugared confectionary, than the substantial chimes of Homeric heroes. His aim, of which, however, he too often loses sight, is to paint a grand historical subject, to discard common and trivial occurrences, and dwell upon those landmarks which affix character and identity to the scene; to paint with the broad effects of Rembrandt. The details of the conquest of Granada require no notice from us. The effects are less understood. This possession of the Moors, the apparent weakness of Castile, was, in fact, the secret of Castilian strength. The struggle, like the breeze upon a lake, kept fresh the energies of the nation. While the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, which was thought by the infallible Pope to be a divine judgment, turned out to be a divine blessing by the dispersion of knowledge, the capture of Granada, which the same Pope

Pope pronounced to be a compensation for the infidel success, proved the cause of the ruin of Spain. It paved the way to the loss of all liberty, to apathy, stagnation, corruption, and decay.

Certainly Washington Irving had many qualifications for writing the life of Columbus—a real tale of sorrow and romance: nor can we too much praise the talent with which he has, on the whole, combined historical accuracy with poetic feeling; but still he is an advocate, and not seldom his zeal betrays him. Mr. Prescott, though heartily sympathising with the hero, has throughout endeavoured to maintain the impartial spirit of a judge. The life of Columbus is one magnificent tragedy; the plot, the discovery of a world; the moral, the vanity of human wishes—a good man struggling with undeserved misfortune. The drama opens with the splendid conception, not the child of accident, but of long-matured design; the progress is impeded by delays and difficulties, until the spurs of patient merit are succeeded by the triumph. Then comes a change of scene, envy, persecution, disappointment, and death. The portrait of this great Italian, prefixed to Mr. Prescott's third volume, is evidently by an Italian hand. The oval, somewhat lengthened face, the thoughtful, expressive eye, an eagle's in repose, the steady, open regard, the grave, modest, commanding dignity—self-respect tempered with respect for others—the mournful cast of countenance, prescient of ill-requited merit, the ample, intelligent brow, the small, determined mouth, the *recherche* of costume, the helm and battle-axe, laid aside but ready, contrasting with the medal in his hand—all combine to pourtray the man of taste and the soldier.

Columbus was born about 1435, of poor parents, near Genoa, which disowned, while unknown to fame, him who is now her greatest boast. He loved the sea from boyhood, with that irresistible instinctive yearning, that foresight of success, which marked the early career of our Captain Cook. Portugal was the England of that age, and took the lead in maritime discovery. Prince Henry, from his lone watch-tower at Sagres, anticipated the circumnavigation of Africa. Columbus, married to a sailor's daughter, had learnt amid the storms of Iceland that practical seamanship for which, like Cook, he was pre-eminently distinguished; that accurate observation of the elements and heavens which he so often turned to good account; that witchcraft of knowledge which appeared superhuman to superstitious and ignorant mariners. He supported himself, at first, by making charts. A vague idea, fed by vulgar credulity, and learned speculation, based on some poetic aspirations of the revived classics, was then generally prevalent, that a path of glory opened by the
west

west to Asia, to Cathay, to the fairy-land of Prester John—a region of spice and pearls, barbaric pomp and gold. The prophetic eye of Columbus pierced through the twilight which broke on the long night of the dark ages: the train of his innate impulses was fired, and when he had carefully satisfied his mind, conjecture became conviction, to which he adhered with impliable tenacity. Mystical and religious, he considered himself an instrument in the hands of Providence, to carry, as the dove (Columbus) the olive-branch, the gospel to benighted worlds. This and his own honour were the pivots of his mind; never, even while a beggar, would he abate one jot of his lofty pretensions. He treated with kings as one who could confer kingdoms; and when his plans were rejected at Lisbon, he departed in disgust, the world before him.

There is a convent of Franciscans at St. Maria de Rahida, near Moguer—it still remains much as it was—an unknown stranger begs at the porter's lodge a crust of bread and a cup of water for his little boy. The Prior, passing by, is arrested by his striking appearance—that stranger is Columbus. Juan Perez de Marchena, the Prior (an honour to his name and calling), had been confessor to Isabella: he became a second father to the child, and a patron to the father. Furnished with a letter to the Queen, the foreigner arrives at court at the moment of the war against Granada, when every nerve was strained for a popular, practical, and definite object. The Catholic Sovereigns have been reproached by writers influenced by feeling, and by a knowledge of subsequent events, with folly and inattention to his proposals. They could not have been expected to relinquish a substance for what then *must have* appeared a shadow: they did not, however, reject him—he was referred to a commission of divines at Salamanca, for religion was then mixed up in every thing. The beautiful convent of Dominicans where the conclave met has also escaped the destroying French: the traveller may still tread those halls where the arguments of Columbus were rebutted by texts from Saint Augustine; where the great man was silenced by college tutors, who, accustomed to teach others, were not to be taught. He was thought an atheist, a reckless adventurer, a fool, by real fools, who despised what they could not understand; his plan was pronounced to be 'vain, impracticable, and unworthy of support.' To assert that the earth is round, or that the sun is stationary, was considered heresy in Spain until 1747!! Galileo, in Italy, retracted his *errors* on his knees. Columbus returned to court, rejected but not dejected; his earnest self-confidence, if it could not ensure conviction, obtained respect from Isabella; there was a sympathy
in

in their kindred minds ; she supplied him in the meantime with a home and maintenance. After seven long years of hope deferred, the good Prior comes in person to plead his cause. Isabella is convinced, while all around are incredulous—she pawns her jewels to defray the expedition.* We have stood upon that bridge at Pinos from whence Columbus, retiring for ever, was recalled. At the age of fifty-seven, and older than mere years, he prepares for the voyage : in these days of a north-western steam trip, we cannot understand what must have been the awful launching into the unknown deep, which no ship had traversed, from whence nought but tempest-wrecked fragments had drifted back. They embark in open-decked caravels ; the desponding crew bid the living world farewell—they venture on the waste of waters ; the trade-winds, which waft them rapidly from Europe, seem to oppose return ; the needle, their only guide, varies ; clouds assume the shape of headlands ; the *mirage* of the deep mocks their land-sick eyes ; they mutiny, when on the verge of the discovery, from intense nostalgia. Columbus had set his life upon the cast ; another day of trial is granted. He keeps the night-watch, for he has forgotten sleep ; when, sweeping the horizon, his anxious eye first catches the flicker of a light—'tis land. To him was reserved the first sight of *his* new world, the eternal monument of *his* fame. The great ocean secret was now solved ; the rising sun revealed verdant isles sleeping in innocence and beauty on the crystal waters ; the despised foreigner in one moment was worshipped by his mutinous crew as a demigod ; they fell at his feet, now the dispenser of honour and fortune,

‘And bless'd the wondrous man.’

Columbus, by gentle usage, conciliated the natives ; they never forgot his kindness, which the Spaniards never remembered ; his policy was marked by good faith, justice, and humanity ; he was guided by sound views which were in advance of his age ; he respected their women and their chiefs. A vein of poetry and religious gratitude breathes through his matchless account of this event ; with true Italian perception of beauty, he is never weary of contemplating these blessed islands, in which the Spaniards, to whom profit was and is beauty, saw nothing. He establishes a government, and provides rules of conduct during his absence ; his value was best tested by his loss ; ere his departing ship was out of sight his councils were forgotten ; then followed the fearful excesses of unbridled lust, and of remote, unquestioned, delegated power. Alas ! for this paradise of the sea ; an eternal spring, a

* To Isabella is due the glory of having thus secured the first possession of the New World to Spain. But for her, Columbus would have gone to England, and Henry VII. listened readily to maritime speculations.

bountiful,

bountiful, uncursed soil; a simple, naked, virtuous population; kind and hospitable men, groups of beautiful women, 'with ever-smiling faces, and songs, from morning till evening, came dancing forth from their palm-groves like Dryads,' says P. Martyr, 'to welcome these supposed visitors from heaven;' fiends rather, who were soon to convert their innocence into guilt, their liberty into slavery. The poor, happy, ignorant Indians, called *savages*, forsooth, by these worthy descendants of the Goths, were subsequently handed over to the polluted dominion of galley-slaves, convicts who had cheated the gibbet, demons let loose from the Spanish prisons, and worse than the fallen angels, never having been good! Columbus returns to Spain without one reproach on his conscience, without one drop of blood on his hands; his frail bark, laden with the freight of the New World, encounters a hurricane; his thoughts of that moment are recorded in his journal—they turned to his poor boys at Cordova, his unfortunate crew, his own loss of glory. He lands in Spain like a spirit from another world; he visits the Catholic Sovereigns at Barcelona—his progress was one triumph; cities empty themselves to say 'This is he.' The sovereigns rise at his approach and seat him in their presence; his grey hairs and commanding aspect mark him as the hero of the pageant. To complete the picture of the times, Alexander VI., a disgrace to his order and to human nature, a feeble, profligate old man, by one dash of his pen confers on the Spanish crown the Empire of the New World—the reward of heaven for the conquest of the Moors, and the expulsion of the Jews! This happy month was the short and winged honeymoon of the life of Columbus—the sorrows of his youth and manhood formed the sad presage of his declining fate. On his return to San Salvador he found the country desolate; he became the butt of calumnies which were credited, because, as he says, he was 'absent, envied, and a foreigner.' He was persecuted by Fonseca,* a colonial incubus and over-secretary, a creature made up of schoolboy conceit,† petty spite, and official insolence, whose

* Fonseca, the evil genius of Columbus, and for thirty years in office, was a jobber, a hypocrite, and a slave-holder. Spanish historians have never dared entirely to expose his iniquities; the censors protected one of their own order. His quarrel with Columbus arose about the number of the Admiral's footmen, not aid-de-camps. Father Boil, a missionary of Fonseca's, was another sore in the side of Columbus: his quarrel arose from the Admiral's putting him, in a time of scarcity, on short rations like the rest. The inflamed Boil returned to Spain bursting with the humours of discontent. By such dirty pulleys are the scenes of history raised or lowered.

† We believe it was Lord Melbourne who, on a recent occasion, concentrated the results of considerable experience and observation in this brief commentary on a Ministerial colleague's eulogy of a young political economist:—'He's clever enough; but I don't like those fellows that are always cock-sure of everything.'

name is coupled with the ruin of America and the recall of Columbus. Bobadilla is sent out, a special commissioner, armed with dictatorial powers; but here we must quote Mr. Prescott (iii. 19):—‘It is impossible now to determine what motives could have led to the selection of so incompetent an agent for an office of such high responsibility. He seems to have been a weak and arrogant man, swelled up with immeasurable insolence by the brief authority thus undeservedly bestowed on him.’

Columbus is sent home in chains by this silly violent minion; he refuses, with an uncomplaining, indignant sense of injustice, to have them taken off during the voyage; he lands at Cadiz in fetters, which are struck off by the first burst of popular indignation—the tribute of sympathy to undeserved persecution; Columbus preserves them, monuments of the reward of his services: they were

‘Hung in his chamber, buried in his grave.’

Isabella, always his friend, soothes the pang which worth should never know; the venerable Admiral, who could withstand prison and disgrace, falls subdued in tears at her feet. Bobadilla, superseded, sinks into contempt and insignificance; the usual sequels of official rank unaccompanied by real talent, and founded either in fear (the basest of motives), or in the interested fawning of low followers and fortune-hunters. He embarks for Spain in spite of the warnings of his injured and forgiving victim; his crimes and ill-gotten treasures were buried in the deep by an avenging hurricane—only one small ship, which was freighted with the property of Columbus, escaped. The Admiral, after enduring all the miseries of repeated shipwrecks, destitution, mutiny, distress, and sickness, forgotten by his king and people, returns from his fourth and last voyage, buffeted and worn out, broken in mind and body: to fill up the cup of his afflictions, he finds his only friend, the Queen, on her death-bed. Ferdinand, who took no interest in his discoveries, beheld him as an unwelcome creditor, one whose claims were too just to be disregarded, too great to be allowed: thus left in his age, ‘naked to his enemies,’ he pleaded in vain that, ‘having slaved for his sovereigns as if to gain a paradise, he was a homeless beggar after a service of twenty years.’ He died at Valladolid (aged 70) on the 20th of May, 1506, with a full confidence in the justice of posterity: his death was calm and happy; he looked forward to a world ‘where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.’ Yet his very bones were denied rest (the last prayer of Shakspeare): they were moved to Seville, to Santo Domingo, and finally in 1795 to the Havannah, with a pomp which marked the self-love of the Spanish authorities, rather than the respect due to the dust of him
who

who died friendless and forlorn.* They now remain in that island, the first almost of his discoveries, and the last rag of the vast colonial empire of Spain.

The character of Columbus is best portrayed in his private journal, in which he recorded his secret sorrows and joys, the true barometer of his feelings. It is written in an artless, earnest style, and contains the soundest, most practical, and sagacious views, mixed with visions of a poetical and religious enthusiasm; the recovery of the holy sepulchre is never absent from his thoughts; it was the first provision contemplated when he first sailed, the last in his last will. This was not peculiar to him—it influenced the gentle Isabella, the hard-headed, hard-hearted Ximenes, the licentious, thoughtless Charles VIII. As with Isabella, the redemption of souls, not the acquisition of base lucre, was the paramount object of Columbus; his devotional character breaks out in the beautiful nomenclature given to his discoveries; he thereby recorded his faith, as Captain Cook did his friendship and patriotism. We are ashamed to add that San Salvador, the first-seen land, which saved him from the sea and dishonour, now bears the vulgar Brandywine appellation of Cat's Island!

Columbus was temperate—his mind, absorbed in his great cause, could not descend to low pleasures. Feeding constantly on lofty hopes, he acquired an exaltation of character which fools thought madness; but there was a method in that enthusiasm, that '*poco di matto*,' which Bacon thought essential to those who aspired to great things. It was this inspired monomania which sustained him through frustration of purpose, fond hopes disappointed, unexpected evils realised. He was a gentleman in mind and manner; there was nothing mean or grovelling in his eccentricity, nor did his peculiar views ever cloud his judgment on any other topic. He exhibited, in the highest degree, fitness for the great object which he accomplished; self-possession, fertility of expedient, presence of mind, professional skill, unremitting attention to the health and welfare of his crew, steady performance of duty, justice, humanity, discipline, personal intrepidity, truth to himself and to others. Columbus was the sport of seeming accidents, the term our blind ignorance applies to those events by which an inscrutable Providence brings about its own good purposes. Like Moses he was doomed to

* Humboldt, the moral discoverer of the southern new world, indignantly remarks—'Wherever we traverse Spanish America, from Buenos Ayres to Monterey, from Trinidad to Puerto Rico, from Panama to Veraguas, we nowhere meet with a national monument erected by public gratitude to the glory of Christopher Columbus.'

behold,

behold, but never enter the land of promise to which he had guided others: the golden will-o'-the-wisp flitting before his eyes continually eluded his grasp. On the 7th of October, in his first voyage, had he not changed his course to W.S.W., he must have made the Floridas, and have given a Spanish population to North America. Again, had he not on the 12th of November turned to E.S.E., he must have sailed into the Gulph of Mexico. He died ignorant of the real extent of his discoveries, but was spared from seeing his honour perpetuated on another's name—the fulfilment, nevertheless, of his own predictions!

Whether the discovery of the New World has been a blessing to the natives or to their discoverers is a wide question: we think not. That another awful event which occurred two years afterwards, and changed the face of Europe—the invasion of Italy by the French—was a source of misery to civilization, admits of little doubt.

Louis XI. transmitted the great and compact power of France to his uneducated son: Charles VIII., deformed in body and depraved in mind, thirsted for conquest; his dreams of Charlemagne were seconded by his restless people, who, deprived of their accustomed wars at home, sought a safety-valve in foreign aggression: Charles was a mere weed, carried forward on the waves. Lust for conquest has ever since been the business—war, the recreation of the French. This 'contest for glory' was the type of the flagitious invasion of Spain by Buonaparte, whom Mr. Prescott can compare to Gaston de Foix (iii. 417)—a simile of dissimilitude—while he can see no parallel between the Great Captain of Spain and the greater captain of England!

Naples was the prize—the pretext a claim to its crown, of which Mr. Prescott has clearly shown the groundlessness. The bastard branch of Arragon had reigned in quiet possession, recognised by popes and kings, for three successions, to the exclusion both of the house of Anjou and of Ferdinand the Catholic: the latter, notwithstanding, was always considered by the Spaniards to be the rightful heir, which he really was according to former treaties. The weapon by which Italy was to be destroyed was forged by one of her own children. Ludovico Sforza (the Moor) ruled at Milan during the minority of the young duke, a grandson of the king of Naples. He tempted Charles to revive the antiquated pretensions of the house of Anjou, in the hopes that a war carried by the French into Naples would give such occupation to that power as to ensure the non-interruption of his own usurpations at Milan. Charles caught at the glittering bait, and secured, as he imagined, the connivance
of

of Ferdinand, by the surrender of the mortgaged provinces of Roussillon and Cerdagne ; a treaty of alliance was formed between them, into which was introduced the usual formula : '*the vicar of Christ excepted.*' Ferdinand, by extending this to include Naples as a fief of the church, defeated the whole object which his rival had in contemplation. He thus recovered the long-sought-for keys of his dominions, which the wily Louis XI. never would have given up ; while Charles relinquished for a shadow, which he could never retain, a substance which never could have been taken from him.

Italy was then in her zenith : compared to the rest of Europe, she was a paradise, a garden of delight ; protected by the Alps from the rude North, girt by the Mediterranean (the highway of commerce), her valleys overflowed with milk and honey, her mountain-tops luxuriated with cultivation. She formed a world within herself, floating in an atmosphere of policy and refinement of her own. Yet, devoid alike of the charm of innocence, or of the strength of virtue, her gift of beauty was fatal. She was unarmed. The intellectual Italians were unwilling to disturb their polished ease and literary indulgence by 'noisy drums and villanous saltpetre.' Gentle as doves, yet wiser than serpents, the encounter of knowledge was their arena of honour. Wealth enabled them to hire others to do for them the work of fighting—and they had pride in directing from their quiet cabinet the brute machine : they ruled, like their spiritual head of the Vatican, by no force save that of opinion ; laughed at the bubble of military glory as the fallacy of feudal barbarism ; despised courage, which they held to be a thing of nerves, sinews, and digestion—not even a moral quality—common to good and bad alike—sometimes based in the bully's want of feeling for others—oftener the child of cowardice itself, a greater fear of being thought afraid. The condottieri, the leaders of these hiring legions, economised their men as their stock-in-trade, and, having no personal feeling in the dispute, and being liable, like advocates, to be retained in some future cause by their immediate opponents, they carried on a warfare which was defensive rather than offensive : no Death rode on their pale horses. A defunct enemy was no gain, whilst the loss of a comrade diminished their own pack. A live prisoner who would pay ransom was the real prize. This system of tactics was perfected by Sir John Hawkwood, an English condottier, and the real inventor of the modern art of war. Machiavelli relates, that at the important battle of Zagonara, in 1423, three men only were killed, and those by mud and heat. This '*pochissima uccisione*' has passed into the chivalric paper-achievements of the Spaniards, '*los muy valientes.*' Que-

and gained his celebrated victory at Velez in 1501, with the loss of one hero killed, and two brave men wounded. The Italians, not eager for costly wars, reserved battle for the prize of gold and the assassin's hand, as more profitable than the chance shot of a warrior. Hence, when the ranks of Spain were emptied on the far valleys from a quarter whence no danger had been anticipated—when the astonished nation's forebodings of death was disregarded by these mercenaries—when the *Santa Francesca* became even the standard, and defiled the holy places—Italy swarmed away panic-stricken and paralysed in terror. The deluge poured in unimpeded and irresistible: the Vandal Gaul came again, with merely shackles in his hand, and the Pope, to mark his helplessness, devolution marched in the rain, famine and disease in the rear: the Italians then felt their weakness, the French found and abused their strength. Last impiety, plunder,* insolence, merry cruelty, and their worst. Then was first introduced the 'system of terror' by which France has desolated the earth, and which 'no other power in Europe ever had or ever can have recourse to.' (*Curwen*, 2, 367.) The first massacre was the brutal and needless sack of St. Jean: that *Saint Jean* has been avenged! Afterwards in Capua, during a party, 7000 citizens were butchered in cold blood. Peter Martyr predicted alike the havoc, the short-lived triumph, the destruction of the 'locusts,' and the irreparable injury to his country. Ep. 124.

While the French were wallowing in their sty at Naples, converting friends into foes by insolence and impolicy, Ferdinand set on foot the first armed coalition of Europe against the common enemy. Charles VIII., roused from the felicity of a dream, fled with half his army, and forced a passage through the allies at Fornovo. The French, irritated by the recoil of their own iniquities, rendered savage, like birds of prey, by having tasted blood, retired, hissing with spite, poisoning and blighting the soil, scarring the land in petty mischief. Those who escaped soon forgot, in the stews and flesh-pots of Paris, their deserted companions; their runaway leader rubbed his hands like Buonaparte over the fire—'*Cela vaut mieux que Moscou.*' The French who were left behind in Naples were commanded by Montpensier, a chief of a breed hardly yet extinct, who never could get up till noon. They were opposed by the Great Captain, the only *really*

* Mr. Prescott (ii. 392), 'gentle with these butchers,' thus blandly records the first war waged against the fine arts. 'Charles, however, took care to secure to himself some of the spoils of victory, in a manner which we have seen practised on a much larger scale indeed by his countrymen in our days. He collected the various works of art with which Naples was adorned—everything which was capable of transportation.'

great captain Spain has ever produced. Her remarkable immemorial incapacity in that respect has been noticed by the ancients. (Justin, ii. 44.) It has pervaded all her annals, and is confirmed by him who knew them best: 'not even the struggle for independence could produce *one* man with *any* knowledge of the real situation of the country;' (Gurwood, ix. 524; vii. 48, 244)—there was throughout an entire 'and real dearth of men even of *common* capacity;' (ibid., v. 170)—enough of 'children in the art of war, doing nothing as it ought to be done, but running away.' (Ibid., ix. 366).

Gonzalo Fernandez de Cordova, of the noble house of Aguilar, was born in 1453, in troubled times, the cradle of master-spirits. A younger brother (an element for making a name), he grew up in war to be active and robust, qualities always necessary in a general, and still more so in that age of personal prowess. Ever the first in attacks, the last in retreats—he was in courts the 'prince of cavaliers;' his costume was magnificent beyond his means: his elder brother (*sicut mos illis*) paid and reproached in vain. Gonzalo, though clad in brocade, rushed into the water to carry Isabella from a boat; which gallantry, like the velvet cloak, was the stepping-stone to the good fortunes of this Spanish Raleigh. Gonzalo served at the conquest of Granada; he was selected, from his knowledge of Arabic and his diplomatic talents, to conduct with Zafra the negotiations of the surrender. An estate near Granada was his reward; another, and near the same site, has been given to our captain,—the royal Soto de Roma, where we have spent pleasant hours, winged as sunbeams.

Isabella, although she took no part in the Naples campaign, which regarded Arragon, recommended her gallant pilot to Ferdinand. He was appointed to the command, over the heads of his seniors in rank. The queen was 'uniformly' his true friend, and supporter—his George IV.,—which was felt and gratefully acknowledged. (Gurwood, x. 81.) Gonzalo lands in Calabria; the King of Naples loses the battle of Seminara, which he fought in opposition to the advice of Gonzalo—(an Ocaña—Gurwood, viii. 158)—who, after this, his only defeat, thought of the Italians as the Duke did of the Spaniards after Talavera. It appears an idle tale of Florian's, when we read that Gonzalo placed his only strength in his *Spaniards!* 'on whose *courage, nerve, and discipline* he could *implicitly* rely!'—while he counted the Italians as nothing. How times are changed! Our Duke, a man not liable to fear, '*trembled!*' when he thought of anything that depended on the Spaniards; 'a curse instead of a benefit to the nation which they are employed to defend' (Gurwood, vii. 256); 'fortunate if they do not run away' (Gurwood, vii. 568);

'disgraced for constant and shameful misbehaviour before the enemy' (Gurwood, v. 80, 84).

Gonzalo retires into Calabria, where he keeps up a Guerilla Moorish desultory warfare: he was left, like 'all Spanish armies, in absolute want of everything, and at the most critical moment' (Gurwood, xi. 85, 276). He then deeply felt the value of Isabella and of her well-organised system of supplies. In these untoward circumstances he exhibited all the talents, both of a consummate partisan, and of an able general; quick to profit by the least errors of his opponents; secret to plan; rapid to execute; everywhere at the same time; neglecting nothing; reconnoitring and superintending everything; 'hitting his enemy as hard as he could, and in the most vulnerable place' (Gurwood, xi. 547); full of foresight, circumspection, and prudence, he gained ground inch by inch; pounced upon Laino (Ciudad Rodrigo); forced the French into a convention at Atella, where he was hailed by acclamation as the Great Captain; and he indeed is great who achieves great deeds with limited means. After the final expulsion of the French he proceeded to Ostia, and, having routed a bandit horde, entered the eternal city in triumph. He was received by Alexander VI. as the 'Deliverer of Rome;' and, though decorated by him with the golden rose, reproved the Pontiff for his vices; or, as Mr. Prescott (ii. 432) expresses it, breathed an '*unsavoury rebuke*.' It was something in those days to have bearded the old man of the seven mountains in his own lair. The iron Alva, some years afterwards, trembled in the presence of Clement VII., even while his prisoner.

In the mean time Charles VIII. dies. Louis XII., who differed from him in everything except a greediness for Italy, agrees on a partition of Naples with Ferdinand, who wisely thought that it would be easier to reconquer the half than the whole of that kingdom. Gonzalo is again sent to Italy to take possession of the Spanish moiety: but, before he landed, he, in conjunction with the Venetians, captured St. George in Cephalonia from the Turks, with whom the king of Naples had allied himself, to the particular horror of the Most Christian and Catholic sovereigns, who forthwith professed to take up arms for the sake of religion.

Another French army is sent into Italy: in process of time the disputed and ill-defined boundary fires the train of their hatred to Spaniards. This had been so ill concealed, that their Massenas proclaimed that they were coming to 'drive them into the sea.' Gonzalo, overmatched in numbers, falls back on the Adriatic. He makes his great stand at Barleta, his Torres Vedras, the only spot unconquered by the French. He remained there caged up during many sad months of neglect and privation.

The

The comparison between him and our Duke at Lesaca, and between the conduct of their governments at home, presents the most marvellous parallel afforded in the range of history. Gonzalo never in the darkest moments 'despaired, when ministers thought his case hopeless' (Gurwood, vi. 346); when 'left by *his* government to his own invention, as to money and other respects' (Gurwood, v. 569); 'not treated with the *common* confidence which he might have expected' from those *he was saving!* (Gurwood, x. 313). 'The service was stinted in every branch' (Gurwood, xi. 386); 'although he did everything in his power to point out wants and have them supplied' (Gurwood, xi. 154); although his necessities were perfectly well known at home, whether from wicked carelessness, official delay, poverty, false economy, despair in ultimate success, or from a mistaken policy that the war might support itself, nothing was done for him, nor for 'the brave army which struggled through its difficulties.' (Gurwood, xi. 628.) Yet he cheered up his men with hopes of coming succours, and concealed the misconduct of his employers. He was too really great to resign in a pique. He was too real a patriot to sacrifice his country's interests to avenge himself of scurvy treatment from shabby friends. He continued to 'slave like a negro' (Gurwood, viii. 180); 'with more than he could do' (ibid., ix. 54); 'in the field and on the road all day' (ibid., xi. 123); 'going through what no other officer in the service could have endured' (ibid., viii. 277); 'not believed at home' (ibid., viii. 62); bearing every possible difficulty and neglect 'with patience, *great* patience' (ibid. viii. 76).

His soldiers at length mutiny from absolute privations. 'No money had been paid for three months' (Gurwood, x. 125); he '*shuddered*' when he wrote home so often and *in vain!* (ibid., xi.—*millies repetita*)—'want of pay was the true cause of all the misery and military misbehaviour' (ibid., ix. 466). He quells the mutiny 'with an iron hand' (ibid., xi. 151); he was not hampered by newspaper Solons, by 'no flogging' democrats, who 'make command before *the enemy* impossible'; he was afflicted with no king-acting, gaol-feverish vanity; no '*supposed* mercy—often [ay, always] extreme cruelty in the end, and the cause of the loss of life of valuable men.' He was never cruel; and, if a terror to evil-doers, he was a kind patron to the good. He rose under difficulties, which he beat back by grappling with them boldly, not by pitiful make-shift expedients. He kept his army together by his unbounded personal influence, '*mira auctoritas apud omnes.*' (P. Mart. 486.) His men knew and trusted him—he knew and trusted them. He also knew their enemies; and like our Duke, and most unlike all Spaniards, never underrated their formidable military qualities.

He

He foresaw that the 'furia Francesca' would waste itself against his Fabian tactics. He remained in his 'den' deriding their taunts; and, on their making an unguarded opening, dashed out and advanced to Cerignola, the ancient Cannæ. He formed his lines behind a ditch in a vineyard, which he saw was the true key of the position. The French advanced in 'the old style;' were checked by this unforeseen impediment and wavered; Gonzalo seized the moment,—'Up, guards! and at them!' Then followed the old 'Sauve qui peut!' just 'in the *old* * style'—(Gurwood xii. 529); an hour decided the complete rout; the French fled, leaving in his hands camp, baggage, colours, artillery, and a multitude of prisoners. Gonzalo used their officers kindly; the men he sent on board the galleys. He could place no confidence in French parole (*ibid.*, viii. 62, *et passim*); to have exchanged them would have been '*giving* them to the enemy' (*ibid.*, xi. 105). He entered Naples in triumph, to the *inexpressible* joy of the inhabitants; thus delivered from the licentious tyranny of the invaders.—Compare Salamanca (*ibid.*, ix. 241) and Madrid (*ibid.*, xi. 354).

Gonzalo was soon summoned from his duties of peace into action; the French, 'always prodigal of their men' (Gurwood, xi. 93), pour in another hornet swarm: previous defeats had not abated their vanity nor confidence: they thought, says P. Martyr, that no one understood the art of war but themselves. Tremouille, their leader, told the Spanish Ambassador that he would 'give 20,000 ducats to meet *his great captain*.' 'Your predecessor would have given double *not* to have met him at Cerignola' was the reply. So spake the exile at Elba of our captain—'Je n'ai pas encore frotté mes mains avec lui.' Waterloo settled that point. The opposing forces encamped on each side of the Garigliano, amid the marches of the Minturnus, where Marius was concealed—for ancient histories are revived by the new interest shed by the deeds of Gonzalo over their time-honoured sites. The French got wearied with inactivity and became careless. Gonzalo again seized the right moment and crushed them at Garigliano—a Vittoria. The French were again stripped of everything but their skins—all was again lost save the honour of losing all. The conquerors, pushing on, found the French chief's supper prepared—with the same delicate anticipation which was shown at Oporto to our Duke by Soult, and again at Bruxelles by the Count de Merode. The miserable remnant of the French hosts, the finest army, says P. Martyr, which the sun ever beheld, crawled and limped back through Italy, scorned and hooted at, crippled, scarecrow, prodigal, husk-fed legionaries, the poor ill-requited victims of their leader's

* As old as Livy (x. 28)—'*prima eorum prælia plus quam virorum, postrema minus quam fœminarum.*'

incompetence. The blood of murdered peasants rose in armed crops of avengers. The 'roads were strewed with carcases of Frenchmen put to death by the people.' (Gurwood, iv. 317: Oporto, Santarem, et Peninsula *passim*.) 'The worst evils which they suffered in their retreat were the fruits of those lessons of blood which they had taught.' They drank to the dregs the cup of bitterness, which they had mingled for others. They retained nothing of their conquests but the dishonour and disease.

'Parthenopes regnum simul olim, Galle, luemque
Cepisti;—restat nunc tibi sola lues.'

Gonzalo entered Naples triumphantly for the third and last time. Having sheathed for ever his victorious sword, he exhibited in his civil office of viceroy those talents which had distinguished him in the field—justice, fortitude, temperance, magnificence, magnanimity, liberality, gentleness, wisdom. He had learnt, like our Duke, how to defend, conquer, and govern kingdoms—both bred up in the school of service, not stunted in the narrowing circle of red-tape offices, they necessarily were financiers, judges, diplomatists, and governors, the component parts of true Great Captains.

Full of decorous gravity, stately without overbearing, Gonzalo was indifferent to honours and advantages for himself, but most chary as regarded them for his comrades: he gave up his own share of booty; he impoverished his private fortune by paying those who were neglected by the king; he carried the personal chivalry of the age to rashness, and to the last adventured his precious life in common forlorn hopes—the proper duty of a soldier of fortune, but an unjustifiable risk in the directing general-in-chief. Like Napoleon and Wellington, he never was wounded: chosen instruments in the hand of Providence for their great destinies, they bore a charmed life. Gonzalo's chief excellencies were 'prudence, and firmness,' qualities all but unknown to Spaniards (Gurwood, vii. 173); he was never boastful nor 'eager to fight useless battles with disproportionate means' (ibid., viii. 411); he trusted in the victory of skill over brute force; his beautiful armour (one of the relics of Madrid) is chased with his emblem, the cross-bow, and his motto, 'Ingenium superat vires.' The statues of Industry and Fortitude still decorate the exterior of his sepulchral chapel, with the deep-cut record, 'Gallorum ac Turcorum terrori,' which the French, from not understanding, omitted to deface. Gonzalo, unlike most of his countrymen, had no 'low intrigues' (ibid., v. 108; vii. 37); neither did his golden mind stoop to contaminate his honour with the dross of speculation—*τιμη μαλλον η χρηματα*. His treatment of the 'quantities of papers and vouchers required by the auditors of accounts' (Gurwood,

(Gurwood, vi. 92) has passed into a proverb, 'Las Cuentas del Gran Capitan.'

Gonzalo continued to govern Naples, gaining the esteem of all parties, when the knell of Isabella's death—the fatal warrant to Columbus—struck heavily on his ear: he too knew and felt the irreparable loss. Ferdinand, who up to this moment had honoured and trusted him, now became alarmed at the popularity of his powerful viceroy. He suspected his allegiance, now that the strong tie was snapped. He hurried from Spain at the political crisis after the death of Philip, in order to dispossess Gonzalo of an imaginary sceptre, thereby risking the loss of one at home which was his own. Gonzalo anticipated his thoughts and his arrival: he placed himself at once in the power of Ferdinand, who, having appointed his own grandson as viceroy, which gives a key to his motives, dissembled until his return to Spain, when his suspicions and neglect drove Gonzalo from his court.

He retired to Loja, where, in the bosom of his family, beloved by all, honoured by all, save his king, he died in 1515, at the fatal age of sixty-two; his wife only survived him a few days. His ostensible malady was a quartan ague, the legacy of the marshes of Minturnus: it was at least hastened, however, by the pining under placeless disgrace, which no Spaniard can withstand. Even Gonzalo lacked the imperturbable *μεγαλοψυχία* of the Duke of Wellington: he could not remain unmoved on the pedestal of his own greatness. It might well be expected that Ferdinand, who disliked Ximenes because raised by the Queen of Castile, and not by himself, would less affect one, the beauty of whose daily generosity made his parsimony appear more odious. Henry VII. hated Stanley, because he who could raise to kingdoms might dethrone. Ferdinand, whose whole policy had been to depress his aristocracy, could not be anxious to elevate one whose glory, talent, and popularity already overshadowed the crown, whose services had outstripped that convenient merit which reward can reach. The old Captain, however, had not been prepared for this: he became querulous, and wrote and said sharp things, which he forgot and Ferdinand remembered; he urged the fulfilment of inconvenient promises from the king when he was not in the giving vein—rejected all proffered compromise—and, when Ferdinand relented, declined his invitation to court, and refused to give his only daughter to the king's grandson. He forgot that, with those born to title and wealth and spoil from childhood, denial creates distaste, and a little leaven sours the whole lump of former merits: he forgot that those who serve kings or people must, when they cease to please, not only be cast away, but persecuted, for human nature hates those whom it injures—and the injuries

injuries inflicted by the great and aged are heavy, serious, and real, not easy to be forgiven and pitied like the angry spurts of the young and generous. Whatever were his causes of mistrust, they were buried by Ferdinand in the grave of Gonzalo.

The dying Captain repented of three things,* one of which, never revealed by himself, has been very generally interpreted to be his regret at not having declared himself King of Naples; and the thing is no doubt *possible*. The avowed subjects of his contrition were his breaches of safe-conduct pledged to the Duke of Calabria and Cæsar Borgia. Robertson and all the world have re-echoed the note of reprobation; which at all events proves that no other charge could be brought against his public or private character. Mr. Prescott† ascribes these sad errors to the 'laxity of the age;' and undoubtedly the tissue of honour was coarsely woven, and men were more anxious about their interests than their reputations. 'A prudent prince,' wrote Machiavelli, 'will not observe his engagements when they would operate to his disadvantage, and when the causes no longer exist which induced him to make them.' We conceive, however, that Gonzalo was far above the ordinary vices of his contemporaries. He acted, like Ximenes and Isabella, from higher though mistaken motives: he had gained nothing (we are ashamed to test him by this utilitarian touchstone) in detaining either of his prisoners. We trace his error to a mistaken chivalrous feeling of loyalty and military obedience: those who have read the early Spanish chronicles need not be told that the essence of the true *hidalgo* was this devotion to his king—the feeling that as *his* agent he could do no wrong. The royal firman, even were it a sentence of death, was obeyed promptly and respectfully by the Moro-Spanish knight:—the beautiful play of 'La Estrella de Sevilla' turns on the hero having murdered, on a hint of the king, his bosom friend and the brother of his mistress. It was in this chivalrous sense of self-sacrifice, we conceive—on the principle of implicit obedience which the Soldier-Jesuit Loyola afterwards embodied into his Order—that Gonzalo, though he had pledged his word, felt compelled, on receiving the subsequent command from Ferdinand, to put

* The grave Cato Major also repented him of three things—having left a day unoccupied; having gone by sea when he could have gone by land; and last, though not least, having confided a secret to a woman. (Plut. in vit. s. xi.) This at least Gonzalo did not do either to wife or daughter.

† Bacon, who occasionally practised what he preached, was of opinion that '*not too much of the honest is a property conducing to fortune*'—he does not say to *honour*. Mr. Prescott seems to favour this doctrine. '*It is not too much to say that such a treaty, depending for its observance on the good faith and forbearance of the stronger party, would not hold together a year in any country in Christendom, even at the present day, before some flaw or pretext would be devised to evade it.*'—(Vol. ii. p. 558.) Nothing like the 'Maine' chance.

his private feelings out of the question. We grieve that he should have done so; and it is well to know that he himself grieved for it on his death-bed. Borgia deserves no pity: he united in himself all the worst features of Italian cunning and treachery, of Spanish lust and avarice, of French insolence and cruelty. The young duke, heir to the crown of Naples, was surrendered to Ferdinand, his worst foe: he died in 1550, after a captivity of nearly half a century: we have often paced his castle prison at Xativa, and lamented the hard fate of an amiable and truly royal prince.

Such were the few errors and many virtues of the Great Captain. It was reserved for our greater, and the greatest the world has ever seen, to conquer India in his youth, to save Europe in his manhood, and in his green and vigorous age to rescue England from being untrue to herself. He has been spared to stay the plague, to lead back a wholesome reaction, after the temporary delirium of revolutionary phrenzy—*serus in cælum redeat*. Gonzalo slumbers at Granada, in the convent of Hieronymites. The chapel was desecrated by the French, who insulted the dead lion, from whose roar their forefathers had fled. We have often gazed upon the slab which covers the vault: to that we must all come at last. We are not aware that his epitaph has ever been given in print; perhaps, while we now write it down, the very graven stone may have been torn up and smashed in the destructive impiety of the ungrateful, degraded Christinos:—

‘Gonzali Fernandez de Cordova,

Qui propria virtute
Magni Ducis nomen
Proprium sibi fecit,

Ossa,

Perpetuæ tandem
Luci restituenda,
Hoc interea tumulto

Credita sunt;

Gloria minime conseputa.’

We must not conclude without offering some little apology to Mr. Prescott for having bestowed our space more on his subject than on his book. We repeat, however, that the book must be read—and we hope it may be read with some additional advantage, by those who shall have done us the honour to consider our remarks on several of its most important topics, and our attempts to supply some of its most obvious deficiencies. We must also repeat our opinion that, with all its errors and omissions of manner and matter, Mr. Prescott's is by much the first historical work which British America has as yet produced, and one that need hardly fear a comparison with any that has issued from the European press since this century began.

ART. II.—1. *Memorials of a Residence on the Continent.* By

Richard Monckton Milnes, M.P. 12mo. London, 1838.

2. *Poems.* By the Same. 12mo. London, 1838.

NOT the least remarkable among the ‘signs of the times’ is the altogether unprecedented number of literary aspirants among the classes of society most favoured by fortune. Half our young peerage are, or would fain be, authors. The advantages of birth, wealth, station, are still very great; and it is well for those who contemplate them from below that it should be so; but they are no longer all-sufficient—they secure a fair start, where many jostle for elbow-room, and some in vain; and perhaps it must be allowed that they swell the plaudits, from the privileged stands at least, if the race be won; but still the goal cannot be reached save by native muscle, resolute training, and brave exertion. To obtain and retain a prominent place in the public eye is no longer the unquestioned birth-right of any man. You must distinguish yourself individually and intrinsically by the display of intellectual gifts and energies—is the stern whisper of Necessity in the ear of the highest; and it has not been heard in vain. Already we see on all sides the salutary effects of this warning voice; and illustriously as the House of Lords has long been distinguished before the world, we have no doubt that, if it preserves its existence at all—which the very splendour of its character may possibly endanger more than any one circumstance besides—the next generation will see it occupying, *of right divine*, a still more eminent superiority than may with perfect justice be already claimed for it. The popular literature of the country exhibits, in the most tangible form, a noble ambition, that works equally, we believe, in every other high department of thought and industry.

It is no wonder that among the many of the first-born of Egypt who now come forward as claimants of literary honour, there should be distributed a considerable allowance of negatives. The worst of it is, as regards themselves, that they have none of the usual preliminary difficulties of authorship to overcome. How Mr. Dickenson’s magnificent vats are to be made to yield the flood of paper cream—how Mr. Clowes’s twenty steam-presses are to be called into motion—are questions which in these cases create no anxiety. No sooner has the inlaid desk been stuffed with the requisite amount of manuscript, than some smiling bibliopole is too happy to undertake anything—except the risk of money, which is nothing, and the risk of ridicule, which buoyant youth holds at a pin’s fee.

In our humble opinion, if the honourable member for Pontefract

fract lives ten years more, he will regret that he published the two volumes named at the head of this article. He had a hereditary claim to talents of no ordinary kind, as well as to other advantages—and his verses contain abundant evidence that he possesses great natural abilities, as well as amiable feelings, and lofty principles; but we think, upon the whole, he has shaken the tree a great deal too soon. A large proportion of the fruit appears to us raw, some insipid, some harsh and sour, some utterly nauseous. To drop metaphor, we are quite sure that he will hereafter obey one good precept in an otherwise doubtful decalogue—

‘Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope;’

and regret few sins of his youth more bitterly than the homage he has now rendered at the fantastic shrines of such baby idols as Mr. John Keats and Mr. Alfred Tennyson.

We would willingly believe that the best pieces in his books were produced the last—at all events, we shall quote no specimen but of that which we consider as his happiest manner, and to which we hope he will in future adhere. It is, we are satisfied, impossible that the author of such sonnets as we are about to transcribe can persist long in fancying it worth his while to spin puny sentimentalities into lyrical namby-pamby. We shall cite enough to convince our readers that Mr. Milnes was meant by Nature for a poet—and that if he ultimately fails to secure the station which his talents and acquirements entitle him to covet, he will have nothing to blame but indulgence of perverse admiration for absurd models. We claim him for the orthodox faith—he is too good for a heretic.

The truth is, that we should have said nothing about these volumes at all, had we not, upon laying them down, come to the conviction that, in spite of all their weaknesses and affectations, they contain better English verses than have as yet been produced to the public by any living writer not on the wrong side of the *Mezzo Cammin*. *Exempli gratiâ*:—

‘ON THE MAD-HOUSE AT VENICE.

‘Honor aright the philosophic thought
That they who, by the trouble of the brain
Or heart, for usual life are overwrought,
Hither should come to discipline their pain.
A single Convent—on a shoaly plain
Of waters—never changing their dull face
But by the sparkles of thick-falling rain
Or lines of puny waves,—such is the place.
Strong medicine enters by the ear and eye;
That low, unaltering dash against the wall
May lull the angriest dream to vacancy;

And

And Melancholy, finding nothing strange
For her poor self to jar upon at all,
Frees her sad-centred thoughts, and gives them pleasant range.'

' ON THE CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE, AT PARIS.

' The Attic temple whose majestic room
Contained the presence of the Olympian Jove,
With smooth Hymettus round it and above,
Softening the splendour by a sober bloom,
Is yielding fast to Time's irreverent doom ;
While, on the then barbarian banks of Seine,
That noble type is realised again
In perfect form ; and dedicate—to whom ?
To a poor Syrian girl, of lowliest name,
A hapless creature, pitiful and frail
As ever wore her life in sin and shame,—
Of whom all history has this single tale,—
" She loved the Christ, she wept beside his grave,
And He, for that love's sake, all else forgave." '

' HAPPINESS.

' Because the few with signal virtue crowned,
The heights and pinnacles of human mind,
Sadder and wearier than the rest are found,
Wish not thy Soul less wise or less refined.
True that the small delights which every day
Cheer and distract the pilgrim are not theirs ;
True that, though free from Passion's lawless sway,
A loftier being brings severer cares.
Yet have they special pleasures, even mirth,
By those undreamt of who have only trod
Life's valley smooth ; and if the rolling earth
To their nice ear have many a painful tone,
They know Man does not live by Joy alone,
But by the presence of the power of God.'

' THE SAME.

' A splendor amid glooms, a sunny thread
Woven into a tapestry of cloud,—
A merry child a-playing with the shroud
That lies upon a breathless mother's bed,—
A garland on the front of one new-wed,
Trembling and weeping while her troth is vowed,—
A school-boy's laugh, that rises light and loud
In licensed freedom from ungentle dread ;
These are ensamples of the Happiness
For which our nature fits us : more and less
Are parts of all things to the mortal given,
Of Love, Joy, Truth, and Beauty. Perfect Light
Would dazzle, not illuminate, our sight,—
From Earth it is enough to glimpse at Heaven.'

' ON

ON REPRESENTING LANDSCAPE.

'After a long absence in the Cinque Ports

Not few nor poor a wealth, nor scant
In foreign climes,—nor negligent in our
Idyllic recreation—their faces mag-nific
; and their beautiful, novel instruction.
And surely we may boast in their midst;
For in our eye, from from a southern land,
They were the swarming of the waters of life.
And the one fact that made them here to stand
I praise the very evidence to their work.
Not the men—children of these first art facts,
But masters who were just risen from their knees,
While, joined in eagerness of their holy care,
Following the eternal—eternal process they raise
The full sequence of sacred scenes.

'THE TALE.

'I have a debt of my heart's own to Thee,
Debt of my soul, the line and corner shade,
Which I, strange creditor, should grieve to see
Fully acquitted and exactly paid.
The first ripe taste of manhood's best delights,
Knowledge imbibed, while mind and heart agree,
In sweet belated talk on winter nights,
With friends whom growing time keeps dear to me,—
Such things I owe thee, and not only these:
I owe thee the far beaconing memories
Of the young dead, who, having crossed the tide
Of life where it was narrow, deep, and clear,
Now cast their brightness from the farther side
On the dark-flowing hours I breast in fear.'

'ON COWPER'S GARDEN AT OLNEY.

'From this forlornest place, at morn and even,
Issues a voice imperative, "Begone,
All ye that let your vermin thoughts creep on
Beneath the unheeded thunders of high Heaven;
Nor welcome they, who, when free grace is given
To flee from usual life's dominion,
Soon as the moving scene or time is gone,
Return like penitents unfitly shriven.
But ye who long have wooed the memory
Of this great Victim of sublime despair,
Encompassed round with evil as with air,
Yet crying, God is good, and sinful he,—
Remain, and feel how better 'tis to drink
Of Truth, to Madness even, than shun that fountain's brink."

'TO

' TO QUEEN VICTORIA, ON A PUBLIC CELEBRATION.
 ' How art Thou calm amid the storm, young Queen!
 Amid this wide and joy-distracted throng?
 Where has the range of life-experience been
 To keep thy heart thus equable and strong?
 Can the secluded cold which may belong
 To such high state compose thy noble mien,
 Without the duteous purpose not to wrong
 The truth of some Ideal spirit-seen?

Perchance the depth of what I boldly asked
 None know—nor I, nor Thou.—Yet let us pray
 That Thou, in this exceeding glory masked,
 Be not to loss of thy true self-beguiled;
 Still able at thy Maker's feet to lay
 The living, loving nature of a child !'

We must add some *quatrains* of an elegy entitled ' THE PAST '
 —noble quatrains certainly, sufficient of themselves to justify the
 high hopes we have expressed :—

' Alas ! tho' Memory, with her wilful wand,
 Can shadow forth a faint and vapid show,
 What boots the colorless, unmeaning band?
 'Tis but a dream,—we know it to be so.
 Of all our spiritual elements—of all
 Those powers by which we feel ourselves to be—
 Is there not *one* that can elude the thrall,
 True to itself, and as its Author free?
 Have we no heritage of Father-land?
 No ray immortal as the Parent Sun?
 No heaven-armed force, that can undaunted stand
 Guarding its own eternal garrison?
 Yes, we have that which lives a deathless life,
 No meagre phantom, spawned by human will,
 But strong to meet the Tyrant in the strife :
 Time has no rule o'er what he cannot kill.
 The feelings which the Heart has raised to birth,
 That holy mother never will disclaim :
 She is no hireling minister of earth ;
 They are no bastard forgers of her name :—
 Memorial flashes, transient as intense,
 A spirit darting through material night,
 Like lightning felt within the vivid sense,
 Yet seeming all too rapid for the sight :—
 How we have joyed, when all our mind was joy,
 How we have loved, when love was all our law,
 Looked with half envy on the rising boy,
 And thought of manhood with religious awe :—

How

How we delighted in a thrice-sung song,
 A wilding's blossom, or a speckled stone;
 And how we numbered o'er the starry throng,
 And chose the brightest to be called our own :—
 Or, when young Passion to excess had ranged,
 How Conscience met it with her sacred string,
 And how we marvelled, what to frowns had changed
 The red-rose smiles that tinted every thing :—
 How, when at first upon the fatal shore,
 Listening the murmurings of the waves of sin,
 A shivering chill came over us, before
 We bared our tender limbs and glided in :—
 And when perchance some random bird obscene
 Flew screaming by, and warned us where we stood,
 With palsied feet, we turned us back to lean,
 Resisting those who urged us to the flood :—
 Such thoughts can never die.'—*Poems*, p. 156.

He who penned these stanzas will yet, we doubt not, produce many things ' which the world would not willingly let die.'

ART. III.—*Athens and Attica: Journal of a Residence There.*

By the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D. Head Master of Harrow School. Second Edition. Lond. 1839.

IT has been truly said that England has reason to be proud of her travellers. The love of foreign travel has always been a conspicuous feature in our national character; the want of it almost equally remarkable in our *volatile* neighbours. The roving activity of the English seems to them to be nothing but a 'maladie du pays;' and, while the London citizen is blowing bubbles at the Brunnen, or trudging through Switzerland in a smock-frock, the Parisian complacently reposes upon the French axioms—that his own country is superior to all others—and that, to one who is continually seeing the wonder of wonders, Paris, there can be nothing else worth seeing in the world. Of the vast multitude of travellers annually disgorged from the shores of Great Britain, many, it is true, seem to have no other object but to banish thought and kill time; and one cannot be surprised that the affectations and extravagances of such idlers have often exposed themselves and their country to the ridicule of foreigners. A continental tourist 'in search of the picturesque' is continually liable to be crossed and disturbed by petty

petty dandies, ambitious to play the part of the fine gentleman on the theatre of the world—whose foreign vocabulary extends only to a few phrases in the imperative mood—and who take advantage of their incognito, and of the release from domestic restraint, to assume airs and annoy their neighbours. An Englishman abroad, it has been said, is quite another and much less agreeable animal than the same Englishman at home. Many of our summer tourists, it cannot be denied, seem desirous of laying aside their personal identity when they step on board a steamer, or take their place in a diligence or eilwagen. The youth who has been measuring yards of tape behind a counter, or squatting cross-legged upon a tailor's board, may now revenge himself upon his betters by taking the measure of his own importance and of theirs, and cutting the one and the other into such dimensions as are most agreeable to his own vanity. He may even usurp the right of dubbing himself a Milord Anglais, and may strut as a grand seigneur,—

‘Although his ancient but ignoble blood

Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood.’

Travellers of this description, who glory in the very faults for which they are pitied or ridiculed by others, will be much more likely to import foreign vices and follies than knowledge. Even of those who wish to profit by travelling, there are many who do not sufficiently consider that, to see and hear with understanding, they should come provided with some other stores besides a purse and a passport; that one who is unacquainted with the language, history, and geography of the country through which he is passing, is as incapable of gaining information from intercourse with foreigners as if he were deaf and dumb. ‘Necesse est facere sumptum qui quærit lucrum;’ or, as Johnson has said, ‘A man must carry knowledge with him, if he would bring home knowledge.’*

But, though we have thus qualified the assertion which has suggested the preceding remarks, we are by no means willing to abandon it. There are few countries of either hemisphere in which the zeal and enterprise of British travellers have not been honourably signalled; and there is no other nation which has pushed the progress of discovery into so many regions previously untrodden. If we examine the bulky work of the German geographer, Ritter, we shall find it to be principally composed of materials borrowed from our own countrymen. To them we are indebted for the most valuable illustrations of the Oriental usages and geography of the Bible: by their researches greater light has

* Boswell, vol. iii. p. 289.

been thrown upon the classical historians and topographers than by all the collective contributions of travellers from other countries. There is no mystery in geography, no hidden corner of land or ocean, which they have not risked their lives to explore. May we not add that, if there were not this national spirit of enterprise to co-operate with the zeal for religion, England would not be, as she now is, foremost in the warfare against idolatry, and in carrying the glad tidings of the Gospel to the ends of the earth?

One cannot but wonder and regret that the curiosity of travellers, intent upon other countries of inferior interest, should so long have neglected Greece—the one which, of all others, being so easily accessible, and possessing so many charms of scenery and association, might seem the most likely to have attracted inquirers. This indifference and ignorance about the actual state of Greece continued to so late a time that, even in the huge quartos of Pinkerton, published at the beginning of this century, the whole country occupies only one page, and Athens is despatched in half a line—from which we learn the important fact that ‘Atini, the ancient Athens, is of small population.’

Till the year 1678 Greece was almost as much lost and unknown to Western Europe as Pompeii and Herculaneum. It is true, indeed, that, more than two centuries before this time, Ciriaco de’ Pizzicolli, a native of Ancona, had visited the country in search of Greek inscriptions—of which he was such an ardent amateur, that, being informed by a fellow-passenger, while he was on his voyage homeward, of the existence of an ancient marble which had escaped his notice, he immediately left the vessel, and went back eighty miles by land to examine it.* But the *Itinerarium* of Ciriaco, containing a brief account of his journeys in Greece and other countries, which he wrote at Florence in the year 1441, remained three hundred years in manuscript, and was first published, at the same city, in 1742. We have no account of any travels in Greece during the sixteenth century; and the only document from which we can glean any information concerning the then state of the country is a volume entitled ‘*Turco-Græcia*,’ published at Basil in 1584, and containing a history of the city and church of Constantinople during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, written by Greeks residing in that city—with a collection of letters from writers at the same place, and of the same nation, addressed to Martin Crusius, a scholar of Melancthon, and Professor of Greek and Latin at Tubingen. One of his correspondents—a native

* Tiraboschi *Letteratura Italiana*, tom. vi. part 1, lib. 1. Rose, *Inscript. Græc. Prolegom.* p. lxii. Kruse, *Hellas*, i. p. 72.

of Nauplia—assures the Professor that wisdom, science, arts, learning, valour, wealth, and all other good things, have departed from Greece; and that the Muses themselves have quitted Helicon and Parnassus, and have settled, he supposes, at Tübingen.* The same writer reproaches himself for wasting words upon such a wreck as Athens. ‘Why,’ says he, ‘do I dwell upon the description of this place, which is like the hide of an animal that has been long dead?’ From his conversations with another Greek, the Professor himself infers that Greece had ceased to exist in Greece and Athens in Athens.† These, and many other passages of this volume, in which the writers feelingly deplore the degraded and desolate condition of their country, would tend rather to discourage than to invite the curiosity of travellers, if the book attracted any notice at the time. But the letters are so dull in style, and so barbarous in language, that few would be tempted to search for the little information they contain.

From 1584 to 1678 we have still only two or three scanty notices of the condition of Greece; and these are so replete with fictions and absurdities that their authors could never have ventured to blunder, or to invent, with so much boldness, if they had not been assured that the ignorance of their contemporaries would secure them from detection. The following account of the Athenian Acropolis, which we find in a volume entitled *Archæologia Attica*, by F. Rous, scholar of Merton College, published at Oxford in 1671, could scarcely have been surpassed by Munchausen:—‘This citadel now remains the succour and shelter of the barbarous Athenians, in which alone dwell Janizaries to the number of seven hundred thousand, as Christophorus Angelo told me, and avouched it, I fearing lest he had mistaken the number.’ p. 7.

But there were other travellers in Greece about the same time who were almost as expert as Rous’s informant in the art of seeing what they had not seen, and mistaking what they had. With the exception of the letters addressed to Crusius, we have no account of modern Athens earlier in date of publication than those of Deshayes, ambassador from France to the Porte in 1621, and of La Guilletière, who professes to have visited Greece in 1669. The former seems to have been one to whom Sir Henry Wotton might have applied his definition, ‘*Legatus est vir bonus peregre missus ad mentiendum reipublicæ causâ*.’ of the accuracy of his observations our readers may judge from the fact that he describes the Parthenon as ‘an oval building,

* *Turco-Græcia*, p. 94. p. 430, seq.

† *Nullam in Græciâ Græciam, nullas Athenas Athenis esse*, p. 495.

anciently dedicated to the Unknown God, whose altar was seen by St. Paul!’ La Guilletière, there is reason to suspect, was purely a fictitious personage. His ‘*Voyage d’Athènes et de Candie*’ was published at Paris in 1675. Its editor, Guillet, informs us, in the Preface, that the author, his *brother*, quitted France at an early age—after a series of adventures, ending with an escape from slavery at Tunis, travelled through the whole of Greece—and had not yet returned to his own country. The present volume, we are told, contains only part of an account of his journey in Greece, which he had written and sent to Guillet; and a second part, entitled ‘*Lacédémone Ancienne et Nouvelle*,’ was published in the following year. Spon, who visited Athens in 1676, with the former book in his hand, says, in his ‘*Voyage*,’ &c., that, though he will not go so far as to assert, with Mr. Vernon, one of his companions—‘*qu’il a été fort trompé par ce livre, et qu’il n’y a rien de véritable dedans, quoique l’auteur parle si hardiment, et avec tant de vraisemblance*’—he could not forbear to state that it contained many remarks and descriptions—‘*qui sont un peu malades, et qui ont besoin de médecin*;’ and it would be strange, says he, if it did not, since its author was only seven days at Athens. But, in the following year, in a rejoinder to a reply by Guillet, who had not scrupled to defend his brother’s credit by impugning that of his critic, Spon, in plain terms, asserts that Guillet was an impostor, and questions the existence of Guilletière, whose pretended Travels he clearly proves, by a long list of errors, and by other evidence, to be merely a patchwork of fictions, and scraps of information received at second-hand.†

It is strange that this mendacious publication, which has the air and character of a romance rather than of a credible narrative, should be quoted without suspicion, and even be recommended, as a work undeservedly neglected, by a traveller of our own times. The merit of informing the world of the existence of Athens, which was commonly believed to have been ‘*raised from the earth*,’ is attributed by Dr. Clarke to its writer, and he expatiates for more than two quarto pages in praise of the book, which he whimsically describes as ‘*unassuming, although very diminutive*,’ ‡ meaning, perhaps, to imply that the bulk and number of his own volumes was an evidence and a measure of the inordinate modesty of their author. §

Tavernier,

* Tom. ii., p. 177. Amsterdam, 1679.

† Compare Wheler’s *Journey into Greece*, pp. 350, 351, 363, 394.

‡ Clarke’s *Travels*, vol. iii., p. 471. Compare pp. 481, 502, 507, *sqq.*, first edition.

§ We are still more surprised to find that the veracity of Guilletière is asserted by the late lamented Mr. Rose in a note upon Müller’s *Treatise ‘De Minervæ Poliadis Templo,’*

Tavernier, a countryman and contemporary of Guillet, and a traveller of eminence in his day, who computes that he had traversed more than 60,000 leagues of land in his six journies to Persia and the East Indies (Preface, fin. See Bayle, artic. Tavernier), a greater feat, perhaps, than was ever performed by any other before or since, has given a brief account of Athens in his *Voyages*, first published in 1679, into which he has contrived to crowd almost as many errors as facts. (Tome i., livre iii., chap. viii.)* The seventeen columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympius, sixteen of which are still standing, are the remains, he tells us, of three hundred, which once belonged to the Palace of Theseus, the first king of Athens. Our readers, perhaps, will be amused with his description of the Parthenon, in which Ictinus himself would be puzzled to recognise his own building.

‘Le château enferme un fort beau temple et fort spacieux, tout bâti de marbre blanc depuis le haut jusqu’au bas, et soutenu par des très belles colonnes de marbre noir et de porphyre Autour du temple, et au défaut du toit, qui est aussi tout entier de pierres plates de marbre très bien ordonnées, se voyent tous les beaux faits d’armes des anciens Grecs en bas relief, et chaque figure est environ de deux pieds et demi de haut. Il y a autour du temple une belle galerie, où quatre personnes peuvent se promener du front. Elle est soutenue par seize colonnes de

Templo,’ which he has occasion to quote in his valuable work on Greek Inscriptions, p. 151. Müller has said, ‘Guilletierus se etiam fontem salsum mare Erechthei dictum vidisse affirmat. At mentiri videtur.’ To these words Mr. Rose subjoins the following comment: ‘Turpiter atque immerito dictum. Guilletiero quantum ego judicare possum, fides semper integra. Plura autem infra de Mülleri petulantia questus sum.’—In this instance, Müller might certainly reply, that he has merely called a falsehood by its right name. The well of the Erechtheum has been diligently sought by many travellers, but without success, and Guilletière is the only one who professes to have seen it. Let us compare his description with that of Pausanias. ‘Au sortir du temple nous vîmes à cinquante pas de-là ce puits célèbre dont on a tous-jours parlé comme d’une des merveilles de la nature, et aujourd’huy les Athéniens le content pour une des plus curieuses raretés de leur pays. Son eau est salée, et a la couleur de celle de la mer: toutes les fois que le vent du midy souffle elle est agitée, et fait un grand bruit dans le fond du puits.’—(Voyage d’Athènes et de Candie, p. 198. Compare Clarke, vol. iii. p. 502.) Pausanias gives the following account of the same well: *Καὶ ὕδωρ ἰστέν ἰνδον θαλάσσιον ἐν φέριαι· Τούτω μιν θαῦμα ἐν μίγῃ, καὶ γὰρ ἄλλοις τι ἴσσι καὶ Κασίῳ Ἀφροδισιεύειν· ἀλλὰ τῷδε τὸ φέριαι ἐς συγγραφὴν παρίχεται κυμάτων ἤχον ἰπὶ νόσῳ πνέουσιν.*—(Lib. i. 26.) Bearing in mind that the well of the Erechtheum has never been seen by any other traveller of modern times, can we doubt that the French writer described it, not from his own observation, but from the Greek topographer’s, whom he has notoriously amplified or translated in many other passages? But fraud is seldom consistent, and is apt to betray itself by departing as well as by borrowing from the author whom it copies. We know both from Pausanias and from Herodotus (viii. 55), that the well of the Erechtheum was within the building; but Guilletière’s words imply, that the well which he describes was in the open air. Mr. Rose must have overlooked Colonel Leake’s remarks on the falsehoods of this writer.—(Topography of Athens, Introduct. p. c.) Compare Kruse, Hellas, vol. i. p. 90.

* Tavernier set out on his sixth and last journey to Persia in November, 1663. See his *Voyages*, Livr. iii. chap. i. p. 281. He died at Moscow in 1689.

marbre

marbre blanc de chaque côté en longueur, et de six à chaque bout; et toute couverte et pavée de même étoffe. Ce temple est accompagné d'un fort beau *palais* de marbre blanc, mais présentement il tombe en ruines.'—Tome i. p. 354. Paris, 1692.

But Tavernier has the merit, a rare one in travellers, of not pretending to antiquarian knowledge which he did not possess. He was not one of those who can find 'sermons in stones,' for which he had a very profane irreverence, as appears from a passage of his preface, where he tells his reader that he had once made a little trip to see the ruins of Troy, and adds—*horrescimus referentes*—'On n'y voit que des pierres, ce qui ne vaut pas assurément la peine d'aller jusques là.' What credit may be due to his testimony on other points we will not pretend to determine. It can hardly be doubted, however, that his statement of the population of Athens, which he asserts to have been about 21,000 in his time, is very much beyond the truth. (Tome i. p. 353.) Wheler, his contemporary, says that the town was computed to be four miles in compass, and to contain eight or ten thousand inhabitants,* and there is reason to believe that its population was nearly reduced to this amount even before the overthrow of the Greek empire, and has never fluctuated much above or below it from that time to the beginning of the present century.

To the work of Sir George Wheler above-mentioned, and to that of his fellow-traveller, Jacob Spon, a citizen of Lyons, who visited Athens together in 1676, we are indebted for the only accurate information we have of its condition before its capture by the Venetians in 1688, when the Parthenon and other buildings of the Acropolis were so cruelly injured by the cannonade of the besiegers, and by the accidental explosion of a Turkish magazine. The motive and object of Spon's travels are explained by himself in his dedication, addressed to the Père de la Chaise, the confessor of Louis XIV. To the passion for antiquity, he says, he was so devoted, that he had neither eyes nor ears for modern vanities; and while all the world at Rome were gaping after operas, concerts, and church pageants, he was spending his whole time for months together in studying ancient marbles and other relics of the Greeks and Romans. From this propensity to grubbing in old ruins and poring upon mouldered inscriptions, which he quaintly calls '*ces bijoux antiques*,' the lovers of light reading will infer, and not without reason, that his work would not be to their taste. Even in his favourite

* Journey into Greece, p. 347. Compare Spon, tome ii. p. 179. Leake's Athens, Introd. p. lxxiv., p. xcvi. Walpole's Memoirs on Turkey, vol. i. p. 144. Clarke's Travels, vol. iii. p. 59.

pursuit of antiquities, he is sometimes a blind guide, and is apt to be led astray by his own learning. As an instance of this, we may mention that he ascribes the pediments of the Parthenon to the age of Hadrian, ridiculing one of the correspondents of Crusius, who seems, he says, to have been some worthy monk, better read in his breviary than in ancient history, for the more venial error of supposing them to be the work of Praxiteles.* For his own notable discovery of the date of these pediments, he claims the attention and approbation of his readers with a flourish of self-applause. Wheler, who was misled by his conjecture, has thus stated the grounds of their joint opinion:—

‘My companion made me observe the next two figures sitting in the corner to be those of the Emperor Hadrian and of his Empress Sabina, which I easily knew to be so from the many medals and statues I have seen of them.’—*Journey into Greece*, p. 361.

In the dedication above-quoted Spon oddly represents himself as ‘*infecté de l’air de la Province et de la poussiere du Cabinet*,’ and as might be expected from these dusty lucubrations, in the Boeotian atmosphere of Lyons, one may easily discover, from his remarks on works of art, that his taste was by no means equal to his erudition. It is a fact, though it may seem almost incredible, that he supposed the Caryatides which support the portico of the Pandroseum, notwithstanding the weight they carry on their heads, and their attitudes thereunto corresponding, to be the statues of the Graces, said to have been sculptured by Socrates while he was studying the art of his father.† His only reason for this marvellous conjecture is that the statues belonging to the Pandroseum are clothed, as were also the Graces of Socrates, which was contrary to the common practice of sculptors in representing these goddesses.

But in spite of these and other blemishes of the same kind, for which it is a sufficient excuse that the writers ‘*Avia Pieridum peragrant loca nullius ante Trita solo*,’ the works of Spon and of Wheler are deservedly esteemed as the careful and conscientious narratives of well-informed and intelligent observers. Wheler was a diligent botanist as well as antiquary. He warns his reader in his preface ‘that he must expect to be treated with insipid descriptions of plants, and will have to hobble after him over broken stones, decayed buildings, and old rubbish.’ His remarks on these subjects are illustrated by a great number of curious, but very rude engravings, in which the artist, like Jupiter, ‘*Τὰ μὲν ἄνω κάτω ἔθηκε, τὰ δὲ κάτω ἄνω*,’ with a magnanimous disregard of the rules of perspective. The Athenians

* Tome ii. p. 115. Compare, p. 111.

† Tome ii. p. 122. Compare Wheler, p. 365.

of that day are described by him as remarkable for natural wit and dexterity, and more civilized and courteous than the other inhabitants of Greece;* but learning was so scarce among them that there were only two who understood ancient Greek,—the archbishop, and the abbot of Cyriani, a neighbouring monastery (p. 355). It was commonly supposed in the preceding century, as we learn from Crusius, that Athens had been utterly deserted and destroyed, and that there was nothing standing upon its site but a few wretched fishermen's huts (Turco-Græcia, Epist. Dedicat.); and this opinion was still prevalent in the time of Spon and Wheler. In allusion to this, the latter remarks,

'Athens is not so despicable a place that it should deserve to be considered only as a small village, according to the report of some travellers, who perhaps have seen it only from sea through the wrong end of their perspective glass.'—p. 347.

But notwithstanding the intelligence then communicated to the world in the languages of the two principal nations of Europe, that Athens not only continued to exist, but was still adorned with many unrivalled remains of sculpture and architecture—so insensible was the *Augustan* age of Louis XIV. to the excellence of ancient art, and so little did it value the treasures of antiquity, daily perishing in Greece for want of a hand to gather them, that another interval of more than fifty years elapsed, during which we have no record of any further researches in Athens; and nearly ninety before it was visited by the architects Stuart and Revett—who are believed to have been the first that ever went to Greece with a view of improving their taste in the fine arts.

The Abbé Fourmont, who was sent to Greece in 1728, by command of Louis XV., to collect manuscripts for the Royal Library, and who, for this purpose, explored Athens and other ancient towns, is the next we have to notice in the series of travellers. From a short account of his life, written by M. Fréret, secretary of the Académie Royale des Inscriptions, and published in their *Memoirs*,† we learn that he met with very few MSS. of classical authors in the libraries of the Greek monasteries, and those of ecclesiastical writers, which were more numerous, the monks were unwilling to sell, or he did not care to purchase. But his search for ancient inscriptions was more successful, and he returned to France in 1732, bringing copies of about twelve hundred, of which more than half had been collected in Athens and Attica; the remainder, partly in the Greek islands, but principally in the Morea.‡ The publica-
tion

* P. 335, p. 347. Comp. Spon, tome ii. p. 76.

† Tome xviii. p. 387. Compare tome xvi. p. 5.

‡ *Histoire de l'Académie des Inscriptions*, tome xviii. p. 455. But in tome vii. p. 3,

tion of these inscriptions, which had been undertaken by the French government, was interrupted by a quarrel between the Abbé and his employers, in which the fault appears to have been on his side. The design, however, had been resumed, and he was preparing his papers for the press, when he was seized with apoplexy, and found dead in his bed on the 5th of February, 1745. The execution of the work was thus finally intercepted, but many of his inscriptions have been published in different collections, some by himself,* and others from the manuscript copies revised by him for the press, which are preserved in the Royal Library at Paris, together with his letters and journal. Of these inscriptions, many are unquestionably genuine, though very incorrectly transcribed; but, strange as it may seem, it is a fact, which has been proved beyond dispute, that others pretending to be the most curious and most ancient of the collection, including all those which were published under his own superintendence, are wholly fictitious and must have been deliberately forged by himself.†

It is worthy of remark, and may be a useful lesson of diffidence and caution, that this palpable imposture—however clearly it may now seem to be exposed by the strongest internal evidence of blunders in language, history, and antiquities—was for many years so successful, that Valckenaer, (Theocrit. Adonizus, p. 275,) Larcher, (Hérodote, tome i. p. 306. iv. p. 410,) and other eminent scholars of the last century, have appealed to these spurious inscriptions without doubt or suspicion, and the Abbé Barthélémy, in his ‘Voyage d’Anacharsis,’ has made them the basis of theories and speculations, which are now altogether unsupported and untenable. But fraud and falsehood are not the only, nor the worst offences of this literary malefactor. If we are to believe his own letters, in which he actually boasts of his atrocities, it was his practice wherever he went, to commit the most ruthless and sweeping ravages upon the monuments of antiquity, with an appetite for havoc and destruction, in which no illiterate barbarian ever exceeded this French *savant*, whom his biographer describes as ‘imbued with the deepest veneration for ancient Greece.’ (Histoire de l’Académie des Inscriptions, tome xviii. p. 443.)

In the account of his life just quoted, there is no mention—not

p. 3, and p. 358, he is said to have brought home copies of more than three thousand inscriptions, ‘dont aucune n’a encore été publiée.’ Dodwell, Classical Tour, vol. ii. p. 406, says, that in Fourmont’s MS. papers the number is stated to be 1500. These inconsistencies are not unworthy of notice.

* See Hist. de l’Acad. des Inscript., tomes vii., xv., xvi., xxiii.

† See Payne Knight’s Analytical Essay on the Greek Alphabet, p. 111, sqq. Porson’s Tracts, p. 134, sqq. F. A. Wolf, Analect. Litt., vol. i., p. 96. Dodwell, Classical Tour, vol. ii., p. 406. Lord Aberdeen in Walpole’s Memoirs on Turkey, vol. i., p. 452; vol. ii., p. 489. Rose, Inscript. Græc., pp. 55, 117, 260.

even the slightest hint—of his forgeries and wanton devastations. The former were not then suspected, but the latter must have been known to many of his contemporaries, and were certainly known to Fréret, the writer of his life, from his own letters still extant, which are addressed from different parts of Greece to the Count de Maurepas, minister of Louis XV., and to literary men of his own country, especially to Fréret himself, and to the Abbé Sevin, afterwards keeper of the MSS. in the Royal Library, who had been sent out with him to Greece, but had remained behind at Constantinople.* The following extracts from his letters will, we think, astonish those of our readers who have not already happened to meet with them in the 'Classical Tour' of Dodwell (vol. ii. p. 407):—

'Je l'ai fait non pas raser, mais abattre du fond en comble. Il n'y a plus de toute cette grande ville, une pierre sur une autre.—Depuis plus de trente jours, trente et quelques fois quarante ou soixante ouvriers abattent, détruisent, exterminent la ville de Sparte;—je n'ai plus que quatre tours à démolir.—A vous parler franchement, je m'étonne de cette expédition. Je n'ai point lu que depuis le renouvellement des lettres, il soit venu dans l'esprit de quelqu'un de bouleverser ainsi des villes entières.—Dans le moment je suis occupé à la dernière destruction de Sparte. Imaginez vous, si vous pouvez, dans quelle joie je suis. Elle est des plus grandes.—Mantinée, Stymphalus, Pallantion, Tegée, et sur tout Olympia et Nemée méritoient bien que je les renversasse du fond en comble; j'en ai l'autorité.—Si en renversant ses murs, et ses temples, si en ne laissant pas une pierre sur une autre au plus petit de ses sacellums, son lieu sera dans la suite ignoré, j'ai au moins de quoi la faire reconnoître, et c'est quelque chose; je n'aurois que ce moyen là pour rendre illustre mon voyage.—Quand j'aurai totalement détruit Sparte et Amycles, j'irai à Naples de Romanie—Sparte est la cinquième ville de la Morée que j'ai renversée; Hermione et Trezène ont subi le même sort, je n'ai pas pardonné à Argos, à Phliasia.—Je suis actuellement occupé à détruire jusqu'à la pierre fondamentale du temple d'Apollon Amycléen.'

We have only selected some of Dodwell's quotations, and he only some of many such passages occurring in the original letters. This modern Alaric seems to have delighted in the repetition of his *Ido triumphe* of ruin and destruction. But his private letters are not the only record he has left us of his sacrilegious ravages. It has not been noticed by Dodwell that he did not scruple to declare them even to the assembled members of the Académie des Inscriptions, in a narrative of his travels, which was read before them shortly after his return. On this occasion, however, they were perhaps stated with more caution and reserve, or the statement has been much curtailed and qualified by the Secretary

* See Hist. de l'Acad. des Inscrip., tomes vii., p. 334, xvi., p. 279, xviii., p. 437.

of the Academy in his abridgment of this narrative, published in the seventh volume of their Memoirs, where we find only the following brief allusion to his outrages at Sparta :—

‘ Quinze ouvriers travaillèrent et découvrirent plus de vingt inscriptions ; on augmenta le nombre des ouvriers jusqu’à 60, et pendant 55 jours qu’ils employèrent à démolir toutes ces murailles des Palæologues, sans épargner même les fondemens des temples des dieux, des sacellums des héros, et des sépulcres des rois, on déterra plus de 300 inscriptions.’—*Hist. de l’Acad. des Inscript.*, tome vii. p. 357.

If the fact were not thus attested by the criminal himself, it would appear incredible that a man of literary pursuits, employed by the Government of a great nation, could so heinously abuse the commission and means of research confided to him, and not only never be called to account, but even be suffered to glory in his enormities, and to display them for approbation to his patrons. This passion for destruction might perhaps be excused as the fury of a maniac, if he had not himself explained the motives of his conduct. From one of the passages above quoted, ‘ Je n’avois que ce moyen là pour rendre illustre mon voyage,’ it appears that his ambition was to secure for himself the sole credit of ascertaining the sites, and describing the antiquities of the places he had visited ; and in a letter to the Count de Maurepas he declares in a tone of triumph that he erased the inscriptions he had copied, so that no future traveller could decipher them. It may reasonably also be suspected, that he was already meditating the imposture which he afterwards practised, and that the avowal of these acts of destruction was intended to cover his fraud, which might be carried on to any extent, and would seem to be secure from detection, when he had the unlimited command of records, whose originals were not in existence, and had never been copied by any but himself. Whatever may have been his object in committing, or professing to have committed, these wanton devastations, it is scarcely credible that they were so extensive as he pretends them to have been. He seems to have exaggerated his own excesses,—but that it was his practice to destroy the monuments he had examined is attested by recent evidence ; for several ancient marbles defaced by the chisels of his workmen were actually seen by Dodwell on the site of ancient Sparta, where the tradition of his ravages was still distinctly current among the people of the neighbourhood.*

The desire of monopolizing inscriptions is at least an intel-

* Lord Aberdeen in Walpole’s Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 489, sqq., thinks it very probable that he obliterated inscriptions, but that no credit is due to his statement of his other acts of havoc and destruction.

ligible motive for obliterating them; and we know that such a motive, however base, has been the cause of other crimes of the same kind, as in the case of the Florentine MS. of Longus, in which M. Courier, a French writer of no mean talent and reputation, discovered a passage that is wanting in all the other MSS., and was still unpublished, which he transcribed for his own edition, and then blotted and defaced the page, so as to render it illegible. Many of our readers who have travelled upon the continent must have found to their cost that there are few subjects upon which French amateurs of the fine arts can declaim with so much heat and vehemence as upon the spoliation of the Parthenon by Lord Elgin, for which the vials of their wrath are generally emptied upon the English nation, on pretence that it was executed by order of our Government. This is the prevailing opinion in foreign countries, though notoriously untrue; and we ourselves have more than once had to bear the brunt of these explosions of French indignation against a proceeding which their own ambassador, Choiseul Gouffier, was the first to attempt, and only wanted the power to accomplish.* If the removal of the statues from the Parthenon were really an act that could not be justified, the French, who are the loudest in condemning it, are, of all European nations, the one that has the least right to complain. The facts we have just detailed, and the tacit sanction given to the ravages of Fourmont by the ministry which defrayed his expenses, and by his literary contemporaries, in permitting him to boast of them with impunity, and even without rebuke, are but a small item in a long catalogue of similar offences which should at least restrain the French from railing at their neighbours on the same score. It has been said by Rousseau, and subsequent events have but too often verified the remark,—‘*Les Français n’ont soin de rien, et ne respectent aucun monument.*’ Assuredly there is no people whose sins of ravage and depredation would not be as a feather in the balance if compared with those committed by the French in the destruction of churches, châteaux, and other ancient buildings, the ornaments of their own country, and in the seizure of works of art the property of other nations. During the time of Napoleon, no place, however sacred, was secure from their rapacity, which spared neither friends nor foes, and was never checked by any regard to justice, or any reverence for antiquity and local associations. Not only the Museum of the Louvre, but even the houses of private individuals, were decorated with the most valuable pictures and statues swept from Italy, Germany, Spain, and Holland, many of which have been totally lost, or never restored to their right owners.

* See Hobbhouse's *Journey through Albania, &c.*, p. 346, note.

The removal of the marbles from the Acropolis may, however, be excused: it was a measure of preservation. The very fact of the permission given to remove them is a proof that they were unvalued by those who gave it, and that they must have been exposed to ill usage from the subjects and servants of a Government which was so indifferent to their loss. They were even an abomination to the Turks, whose superstition abhors all representations of human and animal forms, and who are known to have purposely defaced the sculptures of the Theseum.* One of these barbarians even shattered a corner of the same building with gunpowder, that he might get at the honey of a swarm of wild bees.† Marble ready quarried, and close at hand, was a very convenient material for building. The Turks were in the habit of burning polished masses of it into lime, or pounding them into small pieces for the repair of their walls or the construction of their miserable cottages; and such is their antipathy to images, that they are said to have selected sculptured blocks for this purpose rather than plain ones. There can be no doubt that this practice of burning and breaking marble has been fatal to hundreds of inscriptions and bas-reliefs, of which many scattered fragments are still visible in the walls of churches and houses.‡ It is one of a multitude of proofs of Turkish disregard for the monuments of antiquity, that notwithstanding the double warning of the ruin of the Propylæa, and, at a later time, of the Parthenon, by the explosion of powder-magazines, contained within their walls—and inflamed in the former case by lightning, in the latter by a shell of the Venetians—the ammunition of the citadel was afterwards deposited in the Pandroseum, and remained there as long as the Turks continued to be masters of Athens: ‘And thus,’ said Colonel Leake, while it was still in their possession, ‘there wants only a casual thunderbolt, or the stupid predestinarian negligence of a Turkish keeper, to scatter in atoms this most exquisitely finished of all the Athenian edifices.’—*Topography of Athens*, Introduct., p. xciii.§

Dodwell tells us, that as he was one day taking a sketch near the site of the Lyceum, some Greeks, who were ploughing in the neighbourhood, discovered a marble statue, as large as life, and of excellent style, which they immediately broke to pieces, before he was aware of the circumstance, and were scooping one of the fragments into a mortar for pounding coffee, when he happened

* See Leake's Athens, p. 393. Clarke's Travels, vol. iii. p. 530.

† Milnes' Memorials of a Tour in Greece, p. 127.

‡ See Spon, tome ii. p. 167. Hist. de l'Acad. des Inscript., tomes vii. p. 348, xviii. p. 439. Dodwell, vol. i. pp. 324, 390. Leake's Athens, Introduct. p. cvi. sqq.

§ Compare *ibid.*, p. lxxxviii. pp. 191, 205.

to pass the spot (*Classical Tour*, vol. i. p. 408). It would be easy to enumerate many similar acts from the writings of other travellers, and a comparison of successive accounts would give us a melancholy view of the rapid progress of dilapidation. It is a well-known fact that an Ionic temple, near the Ilissus, the ancient bridge over the same river, and the arcade of the aqueduct of Antoninus, which were all seen and described by Chandler, had totally disappeared in the short interval of less than forty years, which elapsed between his visit to Athens and the mission of Lord Elgin; and the Propylæa, and others of the finest buildings, had been grievously injured and mutilated within the same time.* Since the year 1820, Athens has been thrice besieged; † and that the removal of the marbles from the Parthenon has preserved them from irreparable damage during these sieges, is admitted by a recent traveller, whose reflections upon Lord Elgin are a warrant of the impartiality of this testimony:—

‘The Athenians,’ he says, ‘would do well to remember that it is to this very act that they and the world are indebted for the preservation of these treasures to the present time. The Turkish balls, which have so grievously shattered the flutings of the portico of the Temple, must have irremediably injured the great range of statues above it, although the sculptures abstracted from between the triglyphs on the sides might not have suffered so severely.’—*Milnes’ Memorials of a Tour in Greece*, p. 130.

This statement clashes strangely with the writer’s eloquent declamations against Lord Elgin; and the fact, we think, outweighs the rhetoric. The rescue of these marbles from a state of neglect and insecurity, where they were of no use or value to the natives, and difficult of access to foreigners, and their removal to a country where their condition is in all these respects the reverse of what it was, and where they may, and we doubt not, do fulfil the noblest function of works of genius—that of kindling and regulating genius in others—was an act of laudable regard for the marbles themselves, and a signal benefit not only to this country, but to every nation of civilised Europe. This transaction, it appears to us, was as much a saving of pearls from swine as Dr. Clarke’s acquisition of the famous MS. of Plato, which he purchased for a trifling sum from the monks of Patmos, who told Villosion, not many years before, that they had once burnt between two and three thousand MSS., and whose Superior, when Clarke inquired what were the volumes which he saw heaped

* See Dodwell, vol. i. pp. 313, 326, 351, 410. Leake’s Athens, Introd. p. cv. sq.

† See Elgin and Phigaleian Marbles, vol. i. p. 68.

upon the floor in the utmost disorder, replied, turning up his nose—*‘χαιρόμεθα!’*—*Clarke's Travels*, vol. iii., p. 3, and p. 345, first edit.

But it is time we should resume the thread of our remarks.—Stuart and Revett resided nearly three years in Athens, and published the first part of their views and designs of its antiquities in 1761. This event may be regarded as the commencement of an era of better taste in the fine arts. Their work is highly and deservedly esteemed for the excellence of its engravings, and for the accuracy of its plans and architectural measurements; but the drawings of Stuart would have been of more service to the antiquary and topographer, if they had not been in some degree disguised by that licence of embellishment, which is the darling privilege of painters as well as of poets.

The publication of this volume attracted the notice, and procured the co-operation of the Society of Dilettanti, by whose zeal and exertions the improvement of modern art from the study of ancient models has been more promoted than by those of any Government in Europe.* In 1764, Chandler and Revett were sent to Asia Minor, and to Greece, at the expense of this society; the former as a man of learning, qualified for antiquarian and geographical researches, and for the illustration of classical authors; the latter, to augment the number, and supply the imperfections of the architectural drawings made by Stuart and himself a few years before. They were more than two years absent upon this expedition, to which the world is indebted for an additional series of designs and measurements by Revett, and for a volume of Greek inscriptions, and two volumes of travels by Chandler. For accuracy in copying inscriptions, Chandler deserves great credit; but he cannot be equally commended for skill in explaining them.† As a traveller, he has exposed himself to the charge of neglect and inactivity, by leaving many things unseen, which were immediately within his reach, and ought to have excited his curiosity. The venerable and colossal ruins of Mycenæ, unnoticed by Strabo in ancient times, were also overlooked by Chandler,‡ though they lay, as Sir Wm. Gell has remarked, within a furlong of the line of his route,§ and had been seen and described by Pausanias exactly as they now exist.

* In p. xii. of the Introduction to the elegant Abridgement of Stuart's and Revett's work, published in 1837, it is erroneously stated that the formation of the Dilettanti Society was subsequent to the publication of their first volume. This Society was established in 1734. See Preface to *Ionian Antiquities*, vol. i. p. 1. Compare Leake's *Athens*, *Introduct.* p. ciii. sqq.

† See *Rose, Inscript. Græc. Prolegom.* p. lxiv.

‡ See his *Travels*, vol. ii., chap. lv.

§ *Topography of Rome*, vol. ii. p. 305.

At Corinth, he was too indolent to ascend the Acrocorinth, the most conspicuous and interesting object in that part of Greece, though he tells us himself it is only a ride of an hour to the summit; and that Wheeler had said 'he enjoyed there one of the most agreeable prospects which the world can afford.'—vol. ii. chap. lvii. It would be easy to multiply instances of his want of enterprise, especially from the latter part of his travels, where the blanks of his own narrative are supplied by large extracts from the works of Strabo, Pausanias, and Wheeler. His learning, however, enabled him to correct many traditional and erroneous opinions respecting the antiquities and topography of Greece by the aid of ancient authors; and all his deficiencies are more than counterbalanced by the praises to which he is justly entitled of cautiousness in forming and modesty in stating his opinions, and of strict veracity, unalloyed with that affectation of wit or fine writing which has so often tempted travellers to caricature the truth.

Topographical inquiry in Attica was again suspended from the date of Chandler's visit down to our own times. But literature and the arts have been amply indemnified for the neglect of Greece during former ages by the zealous exertions of the present. Of late years, the country has been visited and explored by a host of travellers, whose researches have thrown more light upon its geography and antiquities than all the united labours of their predecessors since the revival of letters. A review of this series of contemporary writers would be much too wide a field for us to enter upon. If we had time to pursue the subject, it would appear, as we stated at the beginning of these remarks, that the contributions of English travellers form by far the greater part of the stock of information hitherto collected in Greece. But the fact will be sufficiently apparent from the mere enumeration of the names of Morritt, Leake, Gell, Dodwell, Clarke, Holland, Hawkins, Walpole, Hobhouse, Hughes, Giffard,—and we might add several others,—to all of whom the lovers of Greece and its literature are more or less indebted, inasmuch as they have all laboured with earnestness and diligence to gather knowledge on its soil, and have presented the fruits of their labours to the world with simplicity, exactness, and good faith. But the greater part of these writers have aimed at nothing more than to communicate the results of their own observation. We were still in want of one, qualified by learning, judgment, and actual knowledge of the country, to sift the gleanings of his predecessors, and to grind them down into a portable and palatable compound for the use of students and travellers. Dr. Wordsworth, in the volume now before us, entitled '*Athens and Attica*,' has admirably supplied

supplied this deficiency for that most interesting district in regard to which it was most felt. His book, though small in size, contains as much information as might well have been spun into two goodly quartos in those days of dissertation and long-suffering, when travellers were privileged to be 'tedious as kings,' and 'to bestow it all' on a gentle and quarto-buying public. But Dr. Wordsworth has not merely presented us with a clear and comprehensive summary of the results of former researches, hitherto scattered through a number of ponderous volumes, and often requiring to be disentangled from a maze of errors and uncertainties:—his own observations have elucidated or determined many difficult questions, some of which had been so often argued, with so little progress, that they seemed likely to be to the end of time an arena—

‘Where learned disputants might take the field,
Sure not to conquer, and sure not to yield.’

An eminent scholar of the last century has said, ‘In arte criticâ nihil est difficilius quam id quod se dicturos fuisse omnes putant, postquam audierunt.’ (*Valckenaer*, *Phœnissæ*, 1637.) This remark is exemplified by Dr. Wordsworth’s restorations of mutilated inscriptions, which are generally so ingenious and successful, that they leave no trace of breach or seam, and to an unpractised eye might appear to be the obvious continuations of the fragments on which they are engrafted. Nor is he less expert in applying observations on the scenes and remains of antiquity to the illustration and correction of classical texts—which, though it be of all the branches of criticism the one of most lively interest to the taste as well as to the intellect, had been hitherto the least cultivated by English scholars. His style, though close and exact in details, is animated and eloquent in reflections and descriptions. He has explored the ground which Plato trod, and ascended the Bema of Demosthenes, with the reverence and enthusiasm of a pilgrim, as well as with the curiosity of an antiquary.

‘Egregio inpersos reprehendere corpore nævos’ is, at best, an ungrateful task; but we frankly acknowledge that if there be any important errors or deficiencies in Dr. Wordsworth’s book, our eyes are not keen enough to detect them. Its claims to approbation, on the other hand, are such as cannot well be exemplified by detached passages; and to all who feel an interest in Greece and its literature, the title of the work, and the name of its author, must sufficiently recommend it. We will therefore only add a few words on two particular points.

Spon has quaintly remarked, that the Ilissus and other rivers of Attica are merely streamlets, often dry, which make much more

noise in books than in their beds (tome ii. p. 92), and many travellers have been puzzled to account for the disproportion between the ancient fame of the Ilissus and its present insignificance. Clarke is extremely scandalized at the presumption of Chandler, who boldly accuses the poets of a very poetical disregard to truth in their descriptions of this renowned water-course.* 'There is nothing,' he gravely remarks, 'more justly reprehensible in literary matters, than the very common propensity to depreciate the accuracy of poets and historians, whenever a difficulty occurs in reconciling their statements with existing appearances;' and he endeavours to show, by a reference to local changes which may have exhausted the current, that the ancient writers who have mentioned the Ilissus were not guilty of exaggeration or untruth. But in this case, as in many others, it would have been well if the parties had inquired into the evidence for the fact, before they proceeded to speculate on its causes. The fame of the Ilissus is not of native nor of ancient, but of foreign and modern growth. Dr. Wordsworth has remarked that there is no allusion to this river in any Attic poet, except in a fragment of Cratinus,† which implies that it was in his time, as it is now, an occasional torrent; and its name, we believe, does not occur in any Roman poet of the golden or silver age, except in one of the plays of Seneca, and in the Thebais of Statius. It is remarkable that Hymettus, in like manner, is indebted for its celebrity, not to Greek, but to foreign writers. A fragment of Eubulus‡ is the only instance we can find in Attic writings of any mention of this mountain, whose name is so frequent in Latin poetry; and there is no notice of it, as far as we are aware, in any other Greek author of early date, except in a single passage of Herodotus. (Book vi., 137.)§ The valley of Tempe has often disappointed the expectations of modern travellers;|| and its re-

* See Chandler's *Travels*, vol. ii. chap. xv., and Clarke's, vol. iii. p. 559.

† P. 52, Ed. Runkel. *Athens and Attica*, c. xxi.

‡ Apud Pollucem, vi. 67.

§ These two names have a peculiarity of quantity which it may not be amiss to point out. The first syllable of Hymettus is always short in Latin poetry, where it very often occurs, but long in Nicander, Alexiph. v. 445, and in Nonnus, Dionys. i. 13, who are perhaps the only Greek poets from whom its quantity can be ascertained. Ilissus has the same syllable long in Apollon. Rhod. i. 215; Dionys. Perieget. v. 424, v. 1023; Stat. Thebaid. xii. 631; Senec. Hippolyt. v. 504; but short in Stat. Thebaid. iv. 52; Senec. Hippolyt. v. 12; Avienus, *Orbis Descript.* v. 1219. These three passages, however, are insufficient to sanction this pronunciation. In the first, Ilissus is a false reading for Elissus, a river of Achaia; in the second, the editors have overlooked the quantity of this word, but have suspected the line to be unsound on other grounds; the third is of a date when poets were prone or licensed

to scan

With Midas' ears, committing short and long.

|| See Hawkins in Walpole's *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 533.

globe has been in past times the theatre, to phenomena analogous to those of which we still witness the progress.

The startling facts which these investigations have already revealed to us, on irresistible evidence, of the incalculable antiquity of our planet—the identity of the leading physical laws to which it has been ever subjected—the myriad forms and infinite number of animated beings that have, through a countless series of ages, tenanted its surface—distinct races successively arising, flourishing, decaying, and altogether disappearing—each species seeming to have, like the individuals of which it consists, a natural term of existence;—these, and other disclosures, have unavoidably excited the strongest interest among all such as have imaginations capable of appreciating the wonders of creation, and accustomed to ‘look through Nature up to Nature’s God.’

But geology possesses other sources of interest of a peculiar character, in a practical country like this, whose mineral wealth forms one of the main elements of its prosperity. And, in this point of view, we rejoice to find that the State has at length condescended to bestow some attention upon this subject, and afford a due degree of encouragement to researches having for their object the collection and diffusion of information bearing upon matters so important to our national greatness. The governments of other countries, less seriously concerned in its results, have long since set us the example by instituting schools of mining, and endowing professorships of mineralogy and geology. It may be reasonably doubted, perhaps, whether the improvement of the processes by which our mineral treasures are rendered available is not as well left—as we have hitherto left it in this country—to individual enterprise; but the questions as to the position, extent, and probable duration, of our natural supplies of the essential instruments of production, have so direct a bearing on the general and public interests, that we hail with satisfaction certain indications which have shown themselves at head-quarters of an appreciation of this fact—as in the publication of Mr. Griffiths’s Geological Survey of Ireland, in the Report of the Irish Railway Commission; and in the appointment of Mr. De La Beche as director of a geological survey of Great Britain, to be engrafted on the Ordnance Maps.

Inasmuch, however, as it will necessarily be long before the government survey, commencing, as Mr. De La Beche has done, with the Land’s End, and working towards the east and north, can be expected to reach the great centres of our manufacturing industry, it is well that other geologists are not slumbering in the meanwhile; and, in the work especially before us—that of Mr. Murchison—we are presented with a contribution to our knowledge

ledge of the natural characters and principal history of a large portion of those important strata—the extent of a considerable area of Great Britain—the value of which cannot but be greatly enhanced by the present. We know indeed of no mode in which an individual of competent fortune and acquirements could render a greater service to the community than that which has been adopted in this instance. We say of competent fortune: because it will be obvious to any one who merely glances over the pages of this volume and magnificently illustrated work, that without suchness the years of active and industrious research required for the collection and arrangement of its details, the mere publication could never have been undertaken but in a spirit of total disregard to pounds shillings and pence. This work, indeed, presents a singular example of the perfection to which the art of illustrating scientific memoirs has attained in this country, and an equally remarkable monument of the unexampled writer's zeal, industry, and munificent devotion to science.

Mr. Murchison is well known at home as one of the leading ministers and honorary officers of the Geological Society; and the eminent position which that society at present occupies in public estimation is in a great degree attributable to his exertions. But he is equally known to all European geologists as one of the most indefatigable veterans of the science; and the examination, which for many years past he has been engaged in prosecuting, of the border counties of Wales and England (the Siluria of *Chonetes*), has long been looked to both by British and continental geologists with great interest.*

The main object of the work is to fill up what has hitherto been a gap in geological history—the *opprobrium geologorum*—by the description of a large succession of some of the most ancient strata in which organic remains are found, connecting the secondary deposits with the older slaty rocks. This series, though now proved by Mr. Murchison to occupy a very imposing space on the surface of the earth, had never been adequately examined, or correctly distinguished from the preceding or later formations. By the labours of Messrs. Conybear and Phillips, Wenver, Pittom, Mr. Murchison himself, and other zealous members of the Society, the mass of secondary formations in this country had been thoroughly explored and described down to the coal-measures and old red sandstone inclusive. But the family

* Various fragments of the work had appeared in the Memoirs of the Geological Society, during the prosecution of the author's researches; besides other papers on analogous topics, some by him alone, and some drawn up by him in conjunction with Professor Sedgwick.

of rocks upon which the latter series rests—the earliest members of the so-called Transition series—were undistinguishingly classed under the cacophonous term ‘Grauwacke,’ and all notice of their various sub-divisions seemingly avoided. This may be perhaps ascribed in part to the general scarcity, and indeed supposed absence, of organic remains, depriving these beds of one great element of interest and means of identification,—partly to an idea of their problematical character, and the difficulty of tracing them, from the great amount of disturbance they have undergone—and partly to the accidental circumstance of their complete absence in some districts where the older transition strata have been subjected to the closest examination, as Scotland, the N.W. of England, and Devonshire. On the continent, likewise, the parallel series of rocks, where they occur, had been slurred over; though since Mr. Murchison’s discoveries began to be communicated to the public, analogous formations have been recognised as largely developed in Servia, Scandinavia, Belgium, and other parts of Europe, and there is every reason to believe, from the evidence of organic remains, that the same are to be met with in Africa, America, and Australia.

It is, then, through Mr. Murchison’s labours, carried on with a patience and assiduity worthy of all praise during the last nine or ten years, that the fact has been at length established of the existence of a complete and very extensive series of fossiliferous strata, interpolated between the old red sandstone and the older slaty rocks. To this system, which rises to the surface in successive ridges in the border counties of Wales and England, and presents a normal type of hitherto unclassified deposits, its discoverer has affixed the name, now generally accepted by geologists, of *Silurian*. Shortly after the period when Mr. Murchison first announced his intention of devoting his energies to the survey of this important link in the chain, Mr. Sedgwick undertook to investigate the older and contiguous transition rocks of Wales, to which he gave the name of *Cambrian*. And we have every reason to hope, from the Professor’s well-known powers of observation, and the samples already offered to the Society, that geology will before long be largely benefited by the publication of the results of his researches.

But the interest of our author’s book is by no means confined to the description of the venerable deposits we have alluded to—the *earliest known records of animated existence*. It comprehends, likewise, a most complete survey of the entire geology of that large and important division of the island in which these rocks occur, the greater part of which had either not been described at all, or had been laid down very imperfectly by
preceding

preceding writers, and without a clear appreciation of the true relations and structure of the several groups of stratified and intrusive rocks which constitute that region. To the inhabitants of this district, and especially the owners of its soil, and those whose capital is embarked in the working of its mineral resources, it is evident that Mr. Murchison's work must present matter of the deepest interest, containing as it does the amplest detail, both descriptive and illustrative, of the mineral structure of the country, upwards of a hundred highly finished and coloured sections, numerous pictorial views, a complete atlas of plates representing organic remains, and finally, a map of large dimensions, coloured geologically, and executed with a precision and effect that had certainly never been equalled in any previous scientific publication.

It is not our intention to follow the author through his various interesting descriptions of the stratified formations of this part of England, from the oolite of the Cotswolds to the coal-fields, old red sandstone, and Silurian rocks of Wales. But his chapter on the volcanic rocks of this region places in so new and striking a point of view the Dynamical theory, to which its present physical structure and the character of its surface must be referred, that we cannot pass it over without notice.

It will indeed be a source of surprise, perhaps, to some of our readers to find the term 'volcanic' applied to any rocks occurring in the heart of our tranquil and stationary island, which they may probably imagine to have been always—as it certainly has been from its earliest historical æra—exempt from the fearful action of subterranean convulsions. But while all those who have of late made geology in any degree their study must be aware that the very existence of the island as dry land above the level of the sea, beneath which its component strata were deposited—(just as beds of sand and mud are now forming at the bottom of the surrounding waters)—is owing to the elevatory power of Plutonic forces akin to the volcano and earthquake, they will not the less be gratified by the clear proofs afforded in Mr. Murchison's map and sections and explanatory chapter, that volcanic eruptions, productive of a variety of trap-rocks, were continually taking place within the district referred to, throughout the entire period which witnessed the deposition of the marine strata that principally compose its surface;—and this from various openings chiefly arranged upon longitudinal lines of fracture, parallel (as is so generally the case elsewhere) to the direction in which these strata were by degrees, and probably at the same paroxysmal epochs, by the action of the same forces, elevated into reefs, islands, and at length a continuous extension of dry land. The fractures, dislocations, and changes of position, and sometimes of mineral character, which
these

these outbursts from below occasioned in the overlying beds of shelly limestone and marls, clays, sands, and coal, are traced in a masterly manner, and with great apparent accuracy of detail by Mr. Murchison, through a variety of interesting examples presented in his field of observation. He describes several successive 'volcanic chains,' or ridges, formed by eruptions of trap along so many lines of fissures, which have twisted and tossed the overlying strata into vertical, undulated, and inclined masses, broken them up by cracks or 'faults,' and given rise at the same time, in all appearance, to many of the metalliferous veins of this district, once the theatre of intense volcanic action, and now the seat of valuable mines of lead, copper, and iron, as well as coal. In some of these instances Mr. Murchison has succeeded in fixing the geological æra of the eruptions. None of them, however, are clearly ascertained to be of a later date than the lias or oolite formation. When erupted trap has broken through and thrown up the stratified deposits, these are usually found to have been more or less hardened, and otherwise altered in mineral character, by contact with the former ignited mass. An example of this in the thinly foliated black shale of the *lower Silurian System* may be given as an instance of the foolish waste of labour and capital which is often incurred by ignorant speculators, for want of that sound information upon the true relative position of rocks which the work before us is so well calculated to afford.

'At Tin-y-coed, I found a credulous farmer ruining himself in excavating a horizontal gallery in search of coal, an ignorant collier being his engineer. This case may serve as a striking example of this *coal-boring* mania in districts which cannot by possibility contain that mineral; and a few words concerning it may, therefore, prove a salutary warning to those who speculate for coal in the Silurian Rocks. The farm-house of Tin-y-coed is situated on the sloping sides of a hill of trap, which throws off, upon its north-western flank, thin beds of black greywacke shale, dipping to the W.N.W. at a high angle. The colour of this shale and of the water which flowed down its sides, the pyritous (sulphureous) veins and other vulgar symptoms of coal-bearing strata, had long convinced the farmer that he possessed a large hidden mass of coal, and unfortunately a small fragment of real anthracite was discovered which burnt like the best coal. Miners were sent for, and operations commenced. To sink a shaft was impracticable, both from the want of means and the large volume of water. A slightly inclined gallery was therefore commenced, the mouth of which was opened at the bottom of the hill on the side of the little brook which waters the dell. I have already stated that in many cases where the intrusive trap throws off shale, the latter preserves its natural and unaltered condition to within a certain distance of the trap; and so it was at Tin-y-coed, for the level proceeded for 155 feet with little or no obstacle. Mounds of soft black shale attested the rapid progress of the adventurers, when suddenly

suddenly they came to a "change of metal." They were now approaching the nucleus of the little ridge, and the rock they encountered was, as the man informed me, "as hard as iron," viz., of hydianized schist, precisely analogous to that which is exposed naturally in ravines in the neighbourhood, where all the phenomena are laid bare. The deluded people, however, undaunted to penetrate this hardened mass, but the vast expense of blasting it put a stop to the undertaking, not, however, without a thorough conviction on the part of the farmer that, could he but have got through that hard rock, he would most surely have been well recompensed, for it was just, *incidentally*, that they began to find small veins of coal.

It has long been shown that portions of anthracite are not unfrequently in the oldest shale where it is in contact with intrusive rock. And the occurrence of the smallest portion of anthracite is always sufficient to lead the Radnorshire farmer to suppose that he is very near *his Dinorh*.

And all these failures, I never met with an individual who was really disheartened; a frequent exclamation being—"Ah! if our squires were only men of *quartz*, we should have as fine coal as any in the world!"—

It would seem that the Welsh squires and farmers are no great geologists. A few bits of slate, a little blacker than usual, have been hitherto quite enough to induce them to embark in the adventure of sinking shafts and boring galleries half-way through *their* native mountains in search of "black diamonds!" Thus

For the whole length of Nant-y-celyn, north of the gorge of the Cerrin, the Silurian highly inclined shale has been penetrated by galleries in search of coal. The remedy for this speculation, to which I have already alluded, should be strengthened in proportion to the impossibility of obtaining coal from these stratified, shaly deposits being unquestionably a *fact* of the Silurian System, for to the west of this ridge they pass into the *Carboniferous* System, p. 104.

From the above, and several others occur in the same district, it is stated to place in a strong light the value of such examinations, and of a correct geological examination of rocks, by competent persons, in dispelling the errors which often prevail on the subject which individuals of limited information are often apt to entertain, and often act upon to their ultimate ruin, thus proving a stop to the waste of national capital and private resources, which have so long been squandered in the pursuit of this and other countries.

The above may be expected to warn us against fruitless attempts to find coal in the kind it may prove equally useful, on the other hand, the probability of successful ventures, and the probability of the uninitiated would think of making the mistake of overlooking the possible existence of coal-measures,

coal-measures, capable of being advantageously wrought, beneath much of that great area of this island which is covered with the new red sandstone strata. That the coal, if reached in this situation, would in all cases pay the cost of exploring it, is of course uncertain, 'and therefore,' pursues our author,—

'Believing that, beneath the tracts of New Red Sandstone surrounding the coal-fields, there may exist a due proportion of thick and valuable, as well as of thin and profitless coal-seams, let me advise the proprietors of such tracts, before they embark on mining, to ascertain the exact geological position of the red land on which they live. If it should belong to the upper or even to the middle portion of the New Red Sandstone, they would do well to desist. If, on the contrary, it should belong to the *Lower* New Red; and, above all, if the spot be not very distant from the edge or boundary of a good coal-field, then let the trial be fearlessly made. But the speculator must bear in mind, that coal, like every other mineral substance, is distributed in layers of variable thickness, and may therefore rapidly attenuate as well as suddenly expand within a very limited area. A remarkable example of this phenomenon has been exposed by the works at West Bromwich. This enterprise has, indeed, completely confirmed the geologist's view, by showing the existence of a carbonaceous formation beneath the New Red Sandstone; but, we must fairly acknowledge, that as an experiment to prove the existence of a good *commercial coal-field*, extending towards the town of Birmingham, it has for the present failed. In the mean time, the shafts of Lord Dartmouth, being nearly one mile distant from what was anciently supposed to be the edge of the coal-field, where the 10 yard coal is cut off by a fault, there is every rational ground for believing that the work, when followed to the west or towards the known coal-field, will amply repay the outlay of this spirited enterprise.

'The application of this principle to certain tracts on the northern and eastern sides of the coal-fields of Coal Brook Dale, and generally around the Staffordshire and Worcestershire coal-fields, must be obvious to all who have perused the preceding pages.

'I press the consideration of the extension of coal-measures beneath the New Red Sandstone of the central counties, because, though absolutely essential to a correct calculation of the probable duration of British coal, it has been entirely omitted in our national estimates.* Hence political economists may be led to appreciate the value of geological inquiry.'

Perhaps in no respect is the author's work more valuable than in the strict connexion and parallelism which he establishes through every part of the vast area described, between the 'strike' of its strata (that is, the direction of the lines along which they are generally tilted up), and the lines of early, but for some time more or less habitual, volcanic eruption, which are marked by protruded

* See Report on the state of the Coal-trade, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 13 July, 1830.

trap-rocks. Throughout the whole of the (properly so-called) Silurian region, in Salop, Montgomery, Radnor, &c., the ridges of erupted trap, of whatever date, trend from north-east to south-west, which is the *general* direction or 'strike' of the strata not only of that district, but of the whole of England. But it is otherwise in Pembrokeshire, which is included in Mr. Murchison's survey (though scarcely to be considered a member of the Silurian region either geographically or historically), and which offers within a very limited area an interesting example of the *entire series* of stratified deposits, elsewhere developed on a larger scale, from the coal-measures down to the Cambrian slate.

'In this district no geologist,' says Mr. Murchison, 'can fail to perceive that its stratified masses are the theatre of *two* great lines of *strike*; one of them proceeding from north-east to south-west, is the same which has been followed from Shropshire and Montgomeryshire to the sea-cliffs of St. David's;—the other, trending, from east and by south, to west and by north, maintains its direction through South Pembroke.' The first was clearly impressed upon the strata during the deposition of the Cambrian and Silurian systems; the second was the result of violent movements, which took place suddenly after the solidification of the carboniferous system; and here, as there are two distinct lines of strike (or elevation) in the strata, so are there two parallel lines of volcanic eruption. Linear masses of trap rise through the Cambrian strata in the northern half of the county, and preserve a parallelism to their line of strike; and in the same manner similar ridges break through the coal basin of South Pembrokeshire, but preserve the direction of the prevailing strike of its strata.

'Volcanic or eruptive forces, sufficient to determine the east and by south, and west and by north alignment of South Pembroke, could not have taken place in a large mass of matter, most if not all of which had previously a north-east and south-west direction, without subjecting it to prodigious rents and dislocations. Many of these fractures have been pointed out in describing Caermarthenshire, where it has been shown that Silurian and slaty rocks, previously consolidated, have been snapped across by subsequent movements, which, wrenching them from their original direction, have thrown them into the axis of the Glamorganshire coal-basin: but none of the fractures coincident with that axis, either in Glamorganshire or in Pembrokeshire, are accompanied by outbursts of volcanic matter. It is therefore highly satisfactory, in following the strata so affected into Pembrokeshire, to find them pierced by trap ridges, having precisely the same course as the major axis of the South Welsh coal-field.

'The interference of two such lines of elevation also explains the contortions and breaks of the carboniferous strata; since it is evident that shale, sandstone, and limestone, when compressed between these lines of
powerful

powerful movement, must have been subjected to extraordinary contortion and dislocation; while the seams of frangible anthracite would be so shattered into numberless small fragments, as to form the slashes of culm which are characteristic of Pembrokeshire.

‘A thorough examination of this region may well excite deep interest, not only in bringing to light the numberless proofs of the violent disturbance resulting from the interference of this great east and west movement with the ancient direction of the strata, but also in showing over how great a breadth of surface its effects extended.

‘Let those who are incredulous as to the intensity of the forces employed in producing the disruption and contortion of the ancient strata, examine for themselves the tract between the valley of the Towey on the east, and the coast cliffs of Pembrokeshire on the west, and I have little doubt that, whatever may have been their preconceived theory, they will come away convinced, that such phenomena could have resulted only from action of much greater power than any which has been in operation during the historic æra.’—pp. 407, 408.

In the chapters which relate to the more recent and superficial deposits of the region under his review, our author discusses a variety of interesting questions, such as that respecting the origin of the diluvial gravel or northern drift, which is shown to contain sea-shells of existing species, and great boulders similar to those spread over the whole north of Europe, and which he inclines to explain by what has been termed ‘the ice-floe hypothesis.’ We have then a graphic description of the early surface of this great tract when it finally emerged from the ocean, the traces of its vast lakes and river courses, the successive processes by which its drainage was effected, and of the remains of extinct marine mammalia and quadrupeds, which are found in the older gravels.

Instances are then given of still later changes in the surface belonging to the modern or historical æra, such as the drying up of lakes and turbaries, the continued erosive and accumulative action of rivers, of blown sands, submerged forests, marl-lakes, and formations of calcareous incrustation.

The second part of Mr. Murchison's work contains a description and catalogue of the organic remains by which he has succeeded more especially in identifying and distinguishing his ‘Silurian system’ from other earlier formations. Elaborate engravings are given of about 350 species, three-fourths of which are new to the scientific world. And it is upon this that the chief merit of our author's labours is based, since he demonstrates that, independently of all local or mineral distinctions, these Silurian rocks contain vast quantities of organic remains—a *fauna* of their own—totally distinct, except in a very few individual instances, from the fossils of the overlying systems. It is by the establishment of this fact that he is authorised to claim for his *system* the remarkable

remarkable individuality and extension of character which justifies its separation from all the earlier deposits, and has enabled other geologists already to identify it in other parts of the earth's surface, of which it constitutes, according to recent information, a not inconsiderable portion.

The evidence thus brought forward affords an additional proof of the important truth which, as we said above, geology had already established; that each great period of change, during which the surface of our planet was essentially modified, was also marked by the successive production and obliteration of certain races of animated beings. Not that every ancient formation was tenanted by creatures *absolutely* peculiar to it;—the large natural groups of strata only, or, so to speak, systems, can be thus distinguished: but every great movement of newly-deposited matter—every considerable change in the character of the deposit—was accompanied by the appearance of new races of animals, and the destruction, and total vanishing from the face of the earth, of the great mass of those species which previously lived, and moved, and had their being there, but whose construction or habits were probably unfitted for the new state of things which the progress of great physical revolutions had brought about. And the evidence of this fact is not confined to one locality, but is general to the whole surface of the globe which has been as yet investigated by geologists. We do not mean that these changes were everywhere synchronous: no doubt, while one district was undergoing rapid mutations, both of its mineral structure and organized existences, others were for the time stationary and quiescent, as is notoriously the case at present. But sooner or later, changes of similar character invaded these quarters also; and there is every reason to believe that, within periods of considerable extent, every part of the earth's surface was in turn subjected to analogous variations of its physical condition, giving rise to analogous changes in its organic life.

That the entire series of these changes from first to last were *progressive*, not *cyclical*, as some geologists are inclined to contend,—that the dynamical agencies affecting the earth's surface have diminished in energy as the organic creation has become more complicated, multiform, and perfect, is a part of our geological creed which we are glad to find Mr. Murchison supporting by his authority and additional evidence. It is true that the *Metamorphic* theory of the origin of the crystalline rocks, so ably brought forward by Mr. Lyell in his recent elementary work, if admitted, as we believe it must be to a considerable extent at least, introduces much confusion into the hitherto received chronology of formations—(indeed the frontispiece alone of Mr. Lyell's book is enough to throw a Wernerian into fits)—yet we cannot

cannot see how the evidence afforded by the unquestioned progressive development of organised existence—crowned as it has been by the recent creation of the earth's greatest wonder, MAN, can be set aside, or its seemingly necessary result withheld for a moment. When Mr. Lyell finds, as a witty friend lately reported that there had been found, a *silver-spoon in grauwacke*, or a locomotive engine in mica-schist, then, but not sooner, shall we enrol ourselves disciples of the Cyclical Theory of Geological formations.

We have not space to enter into the detail of Mr. Murchison's able and very entertaining reasonings on the distribution of animals through the fossiliferous strata, and can only refer to the Chapter on Trilobites, and their value as tests, as especially deserving of attention, accompanied as it is by Mr. Macleay's beautiful and novel views of the affinities and structure of these very problematical crustaceans.

We pass from the consideration of Mr. Murchison's work on the Silurian Region to Mr. De la Beche's Geological Survey of the Western Extremity of South Britain, comprehending the counties of Cornwall, Devon, and West Somerset. And in the outset we must say that this latter work has in some respects disappointed our expectations, and more especially in points where it contrasts strongly with the former. There is a considerable correspondence in the character of the two districts under examination. Both are chiefly composed of the older fossiliferous series of strata, from the earliest slate-rocks up to the new red sandstone. But while this extensive succession of sedimentary deposits is worked out by Mr. Murchison through the large area which he has appropriated as the field of his labours, with a distinctness and precision of classification which leaves little or nothing for geologists to desiderate, or future observers, perhaps, to add, we rise from the perusal of Mr. De la Beche's description of a similar, though smaller, area, composed of contemporaneous deposits, without any clear idea respecting the relative disposition and structure of its parts. Mr. De la Beche rejects both Professor Sedgwick's and Mr. Murchison's terms of 'Cambrian' and 'Silurian,' which have been readily admitted by other geologists, both British and continental, for certain divisions of this vast series, and stands up for the old phrase of 'grauwacke,' not certainly as more euphonious, but as 'established' and more comprehensive. This, however, is a matter of little moment. If Mr. De la Beche has been unable to recognise any divisions in the arenaceous and slaty rocks of Cornwall and Devon, corresponding either to the two main systems which the above-named geologists have identified, and so minutely studied in Wales, or still less to the numerous subdivisions of the

later of these systems which Mr. Murchison has so clearly made out, not only through the whole range of Siluria, but in the separate basin of Pembrokeshire likewise—he is right, perhaps, in preferring his old nomenclature, or rather name, of *grauwacke*, which may be understood to comprehend the whole undistinguished mass. But we may be permitted to regret that Devon and Cornwall should, upon a detailed survey, be found destitute of the distinguishing features by which rocks said to be of the same age are readily marked out into groups in the neighbouring range of English and Welsh counties on the other side the Bristol Channel.

Mr. De la Beche in the map accompanying his memoir does, it is true, distinguish the sedimentary strata of North and South Devon, which he calls *grauwacke*, from the mass of somewhat similar strata which compose the centre of that county, and which from their including seams of culm and anthracite, he calls the *carbonaceous series*. But in the description given in his text of these formations, the reader is not merely left greatly in doubt where one begins and the other ends, but even whether on the whole the author is quite certain that the two series are distinguishable at all,—the sole impression made upon him being that this large area is composed of sandstones, arenaceous slates, argillaceous slates and shales, interbedded here and there with limestone, and here and there broken through by erupted trap; carbonaceous matter exhibiting itself occasionally throughout the series, but more plentifully in the newer than in the earlier portion; and that this series rests on granite or slaty crystalline rocks at one extremity, and is covered by the new red sandstone at the other. Mr. De la Beche seems to despair of being able to identify this series with any known formations, or to classify its component parts, either by their mineral character or imbedded fossils. He even leaves us in doubt whether the upper portion corresponds with the coal-fields of other districts, and whether the old red sandstone and mountain limestone formations are wanting or not. In short, we remain in almost as much perplexity on the fundamental structure of these regions, as before the survey was published.*

Mr.

* Since the publication of Mr. De la Beche's book, a paper by Professor Sedgwick and Mr. Murchison has been read to the Geological Society, in which not merely the central trough of carbonaceous strata (originally, if we mistake not, alike considered as *grauwacke* by Mr. De la Beche), is referred, unhesitatingly, to the coal-measures,—but even the earlier detrital beds of the north and south of both counties, Devon and Cornwall, are likewise taken wholly out of the department of *greywacke*, and assigned upon evidence of organic remains of an incontrovertible character, to the old red sandstone series. This latter fact, if further observation confirm the opinion of these distinguished geologists, will, we fear, go far to lessen the

Mr. De la Beche's Chapter on Mineral Veins and Faults is full of interesting matter, both descriptive and speculative, naturally suggested by the survey of a country so metalliferous as this angle of the island. On a reference to the maps which accompany this volume, it is perceived at once, that a close connexion exists between the geological structure of the area and the occurrence or scarcity of the useful metals found within it. It is only in granite or in the immediate vicinity of this rock, that tin or copper ores so abound as to be worked profitably;—while the ores on the contrary of lead, antimony, manganese, zinc, and iron, are found as frequently at a distance from, as in connexion with, granite. Antimony and manganese, especially, seem to be associated rather with the trappean rocks, and lead is rare in the localities where tin and copper most abound. Many important facts and ingenious speculations are brought forward by our author, relative to the faults and different systems of metalliferous veins by which large areas of Devon and Cornwall are intersected as with a network: perhaps there is no other country in the world presenting such opportunities for the solution of the very complicated questions connected with the formation of mineral veins. The theories of Mr. Fox, Mr. Hopkins, M. Fournet, and others, are canvassed, and our author seems on the whole, to incline to the reasonable opinion that all the three several processes to which the contents of such veins are occasionally referred, may have been conjoined in their production, namely, sublimation, chemical solution, and electro-magnetic action. Indeed, the continued expansion and elevation of an intensely-heated mass of granite beneath a crust of slaty strata, still under the sea level, a state of things which unquestionably existed for a long time in this district, would necessarily occasion numerous vertical fissures, through both the slate and the upper solidified granite, within which various mineral matters would probably be driven up from below by sublimation, and others taken into solution by ascending and descending currents of heated water, and the whole exposed finally, or by degrees, to circumstances in which they would tend to crystallize more or less irregularly and confusedly on the surfaces of the fissures, in some such manner as we observe in the contents of metalliferous veins. Subsequent changes have very probably taken place by means of infiltration or electro-chemical action.

The recent formations of this district are described with much detail by Mr. De la Beche, and form an entertaining portion of this Report. Such are the gravel deposits—especially those in

the value of Mr. De la Beche's Survey, inasmuch as a large part of it will have to be re-written, and the map re-coloured.

which the rich stream tin workings are met with—the ossiferous fissures and caves of South Devon, containing bones of the hyæna, tiger, elephant, and rhinoceros, once the denizens of this region—the submarine forests and raised beaches and estuaries, by which considerable variations in the relative level of sea and land are shown to have continued in this as on other parts of our island up to a very modern geological era.

After an interesting chapter in which the action of the sea on the coast, and the effects of atmospheric influences on superficial rocks, are traced in much detail and with a variety of illustration, Mr. De la Beche opens to his readers a department of his science of the greatest importance, and which we do not remember to have seen dwelt upon in any other geological work, with the attention and study which the subject demands—we mean the relation of the geological structure of a country to the useful arts which its inhabitants are enabled to prosecute—or in the apt phrase of our author, its ‘Economic Geology.’

Perhaps it has scarcely been as yet sufficiently acknowledged to what an extent the geological structure of the surface of any country has always influenced the character, habits, pursuits, and general condition of its inhabitants. The grander features of its physical geography—whether it rise into rugged mountains or spread itself out in well-watered alluvial plains—its inland or maritime position—the natural facilities it may possess for land or water communication—its poverty or wealth in mineral resources—these, which are in fact themselves the result of geological conditions, have been often referred to as disposing causes of very obvious power. But it has hardly been remarked that the particular nature of almost each of the rocks brought up to the surface by the accidents of its dynamical history, has a marked bearing on the physical history of the inhabitants of that particular region—on the direction and productiveness of their industry. We need scarcely allude to the recent creation of our great manufacturing hives upon the rich coal-fields of the north, centre, and west of the island, which iron accompanies, or to the active and intelligent mining population of Northumberland, Cumberland, and Cornwall—as compared with the agricultural peasantry occupying the secondary and alluvial tracts in the east; but within much more moderate limits contrasts equally obvious are often to be met with. Thus Mr. De la Beche observes upon one of a striking nature between the labourers on the poor lands of the ‘carbonaceous series’ of north-western Devon and the mines of Cornwall—the former thinly distributed over the country, full of prejudices, ignorant, and still often firm believers in witchcraft, &c.—the latter thickly congregated together in the neigh-

neighbourhood of the working lodes, abounding in intelligence, and from the constant exercise of their judgment, upon which, indeed, the living of a large portion of them entirely depends, able to take correct and enlarged views of many other subjects beyond the range of their ordinary occupations.

It can scarcely escape the most casual observer, that the agricultural capacity and products of a district vary most materially, and affect proportionately the occupations and condition of its population. If he take a geological map in hand and compare this variation with the colours marked upon it, he will not fail to perceive an evident connexion between the productiveness he may have noticed and the areas differently tinted on the sheet. Mr. De la Beche remarks that 'if the scale of the map be sufficiently large, the relative fertility may, in many cases, be traced even across fields, portions of them being more productive than others,' owing to a variation in the strata thrown up to the surface. Taken as a whole, the red sandstone series seems to offer a sub-soil of considerable fertility. The red marls are especially favourable to the growth of apples. Indeed the best cider countries are almost wholly confined to this formation. The lias is very inferior in its agricultural character, as are also the older arenaceous and slaty rocks on which the new red rests. 'The soil on the carbonaceous series generally is far from good.' That on the 'grauwacke' on the whole better, and especially so where trap-rocks occur, many of which have a highly fertile character, and some when decomposed are even dug like marl, for a manure. The mining districts being usually very quartzose, are extremely barren. The remarkable differences which occur on a very minor scale in this county, have been ably pointed out by Dr. Paris in a paper in the Transactions of the Geological Society of Cornwall, 'On the Geological Structure of Cornwall, with a view to trace its connexion with, and influence on, Agricultural Economy.'

The supply of road materials and building stones or brick clays, is another matter of great economical importance, which wholly depends on the geological structure of a country. Indeed, it may be justly said, that the cost and appearance of towns and villages, both as respects their private habitations and public buildings, and consequently much of the comfort and habits of its population, as well as their facilities of intercourse, are determined largely by these circumstances. The character of the architecture of a country is especially referable to the materials at hand. No admirer of our early ecclesiastical edifices can be ignorant of the fact, that nearly all our most beautiful churches are to be found upon or near the broad band of the oolite series which crops out from under the green sand, and traverses the island in a N.E.
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and S.W. direction, from the isle of Portland, in Dorsetshire, to Flamborough Head, in Yorkshire, crossing Somerset, Wilts, Oxfordshire, Northamptonshire, and Lincolnshire, counties all renowned for the richness of both their church and domestic architecture. The comparative meanness of the flint and chalk or brick structures of the counties to the S.E. of this band (except in the few instances where their beautiful stone of Caen was employed by the Norman architects), is striking. To the westward, the red sandstone of the counties forming the basin of the Severn, offers a material easily worked by the mason, and therefore largely employed in buildings of an ambitious and ornamental character, but possessing two great drawbacks, namely, an unsightly colour, and a want of durability, which has, in exposed situations, generally destroyed everything like elaborate fretwork, rounded every angle, and reduced finials and crockets, canopies and sculptured bosses, to mere lumps of shapeless deformity. 'There was some excuse,' says Mr. De la Beche,

'for this accidental durability of the stones employed in public or large private edifices in former days, when the mineralogical structure of building materials was so little understood; and the architects of those times could not always have churches or castles before them, from which they might judge of the relative durability of any stone they were about to employ; the quarries opened by them being also then often first worked to any considerable extent. The architects and engineers of the present day cannot, however, avail themselves of these excuses, for the necessary chemical and mineralogical knowledge is readily acquired; and the number of public and private edifices, of various dates, scattered over the country, is so great, that the relative durability of the materials employed in their construction can easily be seen. It is, nevertheless, well known that, with some few exceptions, the mineralogical character of the stone employed in public works and buildings has hitherto received little attention from either architects or civil engineers in this country, more especially from the former, whose value of a material seems commonly to have been guided by the opinion of the mason. Now the mason seems almost always guided in his opinion by the freedom with which a stone works—no doubt an important element in the cost of a building, but certainly one which should not be permitted to weigh heavier in the scale than durability—and hence many a fine public or large private building is doomed to decay even, in some cases, within a few years.'—p. 486.

Mr. De la Beche has himself, we understand, been entrusted, in conjunction with Mr. Barry, and the veteran father of English geology, William Smith, to select the material of which the new Houses of Parliament are to be constructed; and after a tour made very lately for this express purpose, to the principal points where the best building stones are supposed to be quarried, they have made choice of the magnesian limestone of Yorkshire, re-
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markable for the durability of its colour, texture, and sharpest forms, as exemplified in the noble old churches of that county.

The description given by our author of the different building and road stones of Cornwall and Devon, with their respective qualities, as well as of the finer materials for ornamental works of art, such as polished columns, vases, &c., affords much information of real value; as also his catalogue of the localities and disposition of the humbler, though not less useful substances, roofing-slates, flag-stones, whetstones, gypsum, lime, China-clay and stone, anthracite, and lignite. Some of these are almost exclusively confined to this part of England, and their supply forms an important branch of employment to its inhabitants.

But it is in his history and description of the mines of this highly metalliferous district that Mr. De la Beche's Report offers matter of the greatest interest. Cornwall, it is well known, has supplied the greater part of the civilized world with tin, and in some degree with copper, from the very earliest ages. The Phœnicians, supposed to have been the first traders for tin with Cornwall, are said to have regarded the commerce in that metal as so important, that they concealed the situation whence it was obtained. Diodorus Siculus gives an interesting account of the mode of mining and exporting the tin across the Channel and across Gaul, in the time of Augustus. Bruges appears to have been in the middle ages the chief emporium of the trade in Cornish tin, which was in great demand throughout Europe as an ingredient of church bells, and at a later period, of those still more noisy and less agreeable implements, bronze cannon. Of the ancient charters by which the rights of the miners were secured to them, and the Courts of the Stannaries established, our author gives fac-simile copies, a little out of place, perhaps, among his geological sections and maps. But the details into which he enters as to the processes employed in the working of the different mines of tin and copper, and the history of their improvements from the earliest times to the present day, illustrated as they are by plans and sections, teem with interest even to the general reader. As in all mining speculations, the profits realised by the adventurers have always varied very widely. In the most productive mines it is reckoned that the cost of raising, dressing, and sorting the ore, has often been only one-tenth of its value when sold. In the Huel Virgin mine, at its first opening in 1757, as much was raised in five weeks and two days as sold for 15,300*l.*, the cost of raising being under 300*l.* Great as were the advantages to the mines which followed the adoption of Watt's first engine in pumping them free of water, they have been far exceeded by the improvements since introduced, so that
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for effectually performing their work at great depths, and with a small comparative consumption of fuel, the Cornish engines of the present day stand pre-eminent, and mines are worked by them which must otherwise have been long since abandoned. We must quote Mr. De la Beche's estimate of the average value of the mineral produce of Cornwall and Devon annually raised and exported.

'If we estimate the value of the metals annually raised in Great Britain and Ireland at about 10,597,000*l.*, and consider that of this sum the iron amounts to 8,000,000*l.*, the value of the remaining metals would be 2,597,000*l.*, of which Cornwall and Devon would furnish about 1,340,000*l.*, or more than one-half, leaving 1,257,000*l.* for the value of all the metals, with the exception of iron, raised in other parts of the United Kingdom. The two great metallic products of the district are copper and tin: of the former it yields one-third, and of the latter nine-tenths of the whole supply of copper and tin furnished by the British Islands and all the countries of the continent of Europe.'—p. 624.

The example and success of Mr. Murchison will, we trust, guide and stimulate Mr. De la Beche in the further prosecution of the great labour entrusted to him.

ART. VI.—1. *Die Evangelischen Zillerthaler in Schlesien.* Von Dr. Rheinwald. Vierte Auflage. Berlin, 1838.

(*The Protestant Zillerdalers in Silesia.* 4th edition.

2. *Auserlesene Erzählungen aus der Christenwelt.* Berlin, 1837. (*Select Narratives from the Christian World.*)

BESIDES all the other sects, parties, sections of parties, and subdivisions of sects, with which our church and nation are troubled at present, there are two classes of, we doubt not, well meaning persons, who add much to the confusion—the one by crying down sound and genuine Anglicanism as Popery—the other by misrepresenting the true and legitimate principles of the Reformation as Ultra-protestantism; both professing to be alarmed at the progress of *ultraism*, though in opposite directions. It would be very easy to show that all such alarm is unfounded—that the present is not the age of *ultraism* on any subject, but of compromise upon all—that the grand distinctive marks in politics have melted away already, and that these parties themselves, the one by suppressing the difference between us and Romanists, and the other by breaking down the wall that separates from Dissent, give cause for apprehension that the landmarks of religion may also be sacrificed to the compromising spirit of the times. The plain matter of fact is, that there is good reason for vigilance and preparation both

both against Popery and Antichurchism, and that the principles of the Church of England, as asserted by Jewel and Hooker, Laud and Bramhall, can alone qualify for effectual resistance to either. The projects of Dissent have been for some years before the public unmasked. The intrigues, efforts, and open operations of Popery show that it is still the same subtle, faithless, persecuting, and relentless enemy with which our fathers had to contend. It is needless now to make any allusion to the atrocities of the 16th century, or to the narrative of Huguenot suffering in the 17th, or to the sad story of the Salzburg exiles in the 18th. The accounts before us, of the expulsion of the Zillerdale Protestants from Austria, present to us the popery of the 19th century, and afford a very clear idea of the nature of the system, and of the effect which it produces upon crowned heads, and statesmen subject to its influence. The accounts themselves come from unquestionable authority. Dr. Rheinwald visited the Zilleralpers in their native land, and formed his notions of their doctrine, their habits, and their conduct, from actual observation. Besides the printed tracts, the kindness of a friend, intimately acquainted with all the facts of the case, has furnished us with manuscript documents equally curious, as we think, and important. —But indeed enemies themselves do not deny the fact that more than four hundred harmless inhabitants of the Tyrol have been forcibly expelled from their homes and their possessions—simply because they refused to remain in the Communion of Rome; and to the consideration of this one fact we request the reader's attention.

In going from Salzburg to Innsbruck, after advancing more than two-thirds of the way, not far from Rattenberg and Schwatz, the traveller sees spread out before him, between two majestic masses of rock, a wide and lovely valley. It is watered by a clear and abundant stream, which, issuing from the southern Alps, falls into the Inn a little below Strass, and gives the valley its name. Very nearly in the middle is situated the town of Zell, the seat of a Landgericht and the residence of a Dean. The vale presents alternately rich meadow and heavy arable land, and is dotted over at small intervals with villages of handsome white cottages, farm-houses, manors, chapels, and churches with lofty towers and spires—everything to make it dear to its children,—an earthly paradise, that might have been the abode of bliss and peace, if the demon of religious falsehood had not found his way into it, and taught persecution. The population, amounting from 15,000 to 16,000 souls, and distributed into fourteen pastoral stations or districts, get their living chiefly by agriculture and the breeding of cattle. The poorer class go in summer
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into Styria and Carinthia, where they are employed in felling trees, and some labour in the works and manufactories of the Lower Innthal; but this periodical migration, though convenient, is not necessary, as they could all find a living without quitting their own valley. Extreme poverty is nowhere to be seen, and a common beggar is a rarity. In comparison with other valleys land is dear: 'a farm of three cows,' barely yielding corn enough for the consumption of the proprietor, fetches 3000 florins; whereas, in the Upper and Lower Pintzgau, a farm of ten or twelve cows, with a proportionate complement of arable land, might be had for the same money. The people themselves are strong, healthy, and well made, though not remarkable for beauty. Good nature and honest simplicity are expressed both in their countenances and in the hearty salutation with which they greet the traveller; and a more intimate acquaintance confirms the correctness of the first impression. Their religion was, until a few years ago, without any exception, Roman Catholic, and the ecclesiastical jurisdiction divided between the Bishops of Brixen and Salzburg—the Ziller forming the boundary of the two dioceses.

In this valley, and amongst this population, it was that Protestantism, without any act of external aggression, and without any outbreak of individual zeal or internal heat, suddenly appeared, as the prophet says of righteousness, to spring out of the ground, and, almost before it was noticed, had attained a vigorous maturity. Not a single protestant place of worship or protestant community was to be found in the whole region round about. A century before, the archbishop of Salzburg, Count Firmian, by the help of dragoons and gendarmes, had robbed the Protestants of their money, their landed property, their wives and children, and driven them half naked over the frontiers; and it seemed as if Protestantism in every form had been banished for ever from the neighbourhood. But the Roman priest and his soldiers, in their haste to expel the heretics, had left them no time to take the cause of their heresy, their religious books, with them. Copies of Luther's translation of the Scriptures, and sundry protestant devotional tracts, especially Schaitberger's Letter to his Countrymen,* remained behind, and in due time presented to the eyes of the astonished Romanists some hundred worthy successors of the Salzburg exiles. Some of the old folio Bibles had bound up with them the Augsburg confession of faith. A great outcry is often made about the Bible, the Bible alone, without note or comment; but the history of the Zillerdalian conversion furnishes an addi-

* Schaitberger was one of the Salzburg Lutherans, driven away by Count Firmian's persecution. Though only a miner, he addressed a letter of consolation to his brethren, the power of which is still felt in his native country.

tional proof of the wisdom of our church in giving along with the Bible the Prayer-book, to serve as a guide to the most important truths. Had they found only the Bible, the Zillerdalians would most probably have been split into a number of insignificant little parties, and exposed to speedy destruction. The possession of a distinct compendium of the Protestant doctrine gave them a uniform system, enabled them to be of one mind, and to give one clear answer to their enemies. When once the good leaven had begun to work, various circumstances accelerated and extended its influence. The Tyrolese are accustomed to travel—many visit Bavaria. There and elsewhere some formed acquaintance with Protestants—visited their churches and devotional meetings—read their books—conversed with them upon religious subjects—and then returned into their native valley with their Protestant impressions confirmed, and bringing back fresh supplies of Bibles and religious books, such as Arndt's True Christianity, Spangenberg's Sermons, Hiller's Treasury, &c. &c. On their return they conversed with their countrymen—their ideas of religion gradually developed and assumed a definite form—and a considerable number, scarcely conscious of the process by which the change was effected, found that their faith was no longer that of the modern church of Rome. Many felt scruples about assisting at the celebration of mass, taking part in the religious processions, or paying homage to the images of saints; others abstained from frequenting public worship; and at length some heads of families determined to take the legal steps for a public profession of Protestantism—the first of which was to send in their names as persons desirous to receive 'the six weeks' instruction.'

According to Austrian law, every person baptized within the pale of the Romish Church, who desires to join a Protestant communion, must first submit to be instructed in the Popish doctrines, during six weeks, from two to three hours every day, by a priest, that his change of religion may not be the result of ignorance. If the catechumen still persist in his intention, the priest gives a certificate of his attendance on this 'instruction,' with which he goes to the civil magistrate, who gives the so-called 'Meldezettel,' that is, a written permission to frequent Protestant worship. Without the priest's certificate the magistrate cannot grant the permission, and without this written permission no one bred a Roman Catholic dare be present at Protestant worship, or be received into a Protestant community. During the six weeks of instruction the law regards the catechumen as Roman Catholic, and in case of sickness it is the priest's office to administer the sacraments. Such is the Austrian idea of liberty of conscience, concerning which Romanists still
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make such a noise in this country. They would prove their sincerity much better by endeavouring to procure for Protestants such toleration in Rome, Spain, and Austria, as they themselves enjoy here.

The members of the Reformed Churches in Austria are still in a state of miserable oppression. The Roman emperors of the house of Austria observed the articles of the Westphalian peace with a truly Roman veracity. These articles promised liberty of conscience, free toleration, public worship for Protestants; and yet in 1709 Charles VI. issued a law for Silesia, forbidding any one to become a Protestant on pain of banishment and confiscation of property; and up to 1781, in some parts of Austria, Protestant worship was forbidden, and a Protestant clergy unknown. The edicts of Joseph II. permitted public worship, a protestant clergy, churches, schools, consistories, and liberty of embracing any of the tolerated confessions,—that is, those of the Lutheran, the Calvinistic, and the Greek churches. This was no doubt a change greatly for the better, but the Protestants still have to bear with patience much that would, in this country, have produced open rebellion. It is unlawful to build Protestant churches with towers, bells, or an entrance from the street; in fact, with any appearance of a church. Protestants are obliged to pay the Roman priests not only the tithes, but the dues for baptism, marriage, and burial; and it is the Roman priest who keeps the official register of births, deaths, and marriages. The Roman clergy have the right of intruding into the chamber of the sick Protestant, but Protestants are not allowed to converse with their Popish fellow-subjects upon religious topics.* Unless there be 100 Protestant families, or 500 souls, the erection of a congregation is unlawful.

Such is the Austrian law, and such the Popish idea of toleration *now*. But, miserable as it is, even this niggardly measure of religious liberty was most unjustly withholden from the Zillerdalians. The known, and written, and public law of Austria was basely violated, not by a tumultuous mob or a fanatic priesthood only, but by the hereditary and official guardians of the law.

In obedience to the law, nine men of irreproachable character, inhabitants of the villages of Ramsberg, Hollenzen, Maierhof, &c., applied in the summer of 1829 for the six-weeks' instruction. Some of the priests, especially Gottsamer, then Dean of Zell, since dead, endeavoured at first, by fair and gentle means, to dissuade them from their purpose; others dealt more harshly; but, when it was evident that these persons had fully determined to renounce Popery, and the number of applicants for the six-weeks' instruction continually increased, the

* *Reichberger I.*, §§ 294, 296, &c.

clergy came to one common resolution to refuse it, until they should receive directions from their superiors at Innsbruck. The matter was accordingly communicated by the government to the two ordinaries, who approved the measure adopted by the clergy, and entered a formal protest against the erection of any Protestant worship in the district. The consequence was, that, a year after the application, the official of the local government gave, contrary to the law, a direct refusal to those who, according to the law, had sent in their names as candidates for the six-weeks' instruction. He said, 'That he had the Emperor's command to prevent the reception of any one for instruction until further orders arrived; and that until then he could not even receive a petition, as it was necessary that the Emperor should first consult with the bishops, and the bishops give their opinion.' Whether he spoke truth, and really had at the time the Emperor's command, may well be doubted; but certain it is, that, by whomsoever authorized, this refusal was a direct violation of the still-existing law. There was no permission necessary. Neither the clergy, nor the local government, nor the Emperor himself had any veto in the matter. The law prescribed the six-weeks' instruction; and so long as this law remains in force—and to this day it has never been repealed—no man could, with a shadow of justice, refuse or prevent it. The Edict of Joseph makes the instruction dependent solely on the will of him who wishes to abjure Popery. These nine inhabitants of Zillerdale had made known their will in the mode by law prescribed; it was therefore a base and unworthy shuffle, a mere trick of might against right, to pretend that any new permission was necessary.

The shame and disgrace of this dastardly oppression *cannot*, however, rest solely upon the shoulders of the provincial magistrates. The whole affair was referred to the highest authorities in Vienna, and came before the Emperor himself; and yet, during the seven years that these poor people remained in Austria, they never got justice; never were allowed the benefit of the express letter of the law; but saw clergy and nobles, and even the sovereign himself, combined in an anomalous rebellion against the laws of the land, for the purpose of oppressing them.

This gross injustice, however, neither shook the resolution of the applicants—nor prevented an imitation of their example; for in 1832 the number of those who declared their determination to forsake Popery had increased from 9 to 240 persons—chiefly shepherds, artisans, labourers,—some few farmers and freeholders. At this time the late Emperor Francis arrived in the Tyrol, and had an opportunity of hearing the wrongs of the Zillerdalians from their own lips. They sent a deputation, consisting of three
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eminently respectable heads of families, to present a petition to his imperial majesty at Innsbruck. Their request was apparently too moderate to be denied. All they asked was to be associated as a filial-congregation to some already-existing Protestant community, and to be visited two or three times a-year by a Protestant pastor. The deputies were admitted to an audience, and were received by the Emperor with his usual courtesy and condescension. After reading the petition the following conversation occurred :—

‘Emperor. Who is it, then, that disturbs you in your religion? *Deputies.* The clergy.—*E.* What, then, is your belief? *D.* We believe the word of Holy Scripture, according to the principles of the Augsburg Confession.—*E.* But surely you believe in Christ as well as I? In Italy there are people who do not even believe in Christ; that grieves me much. *D.* Yes, we believe in Christ as our Lord and Saviour, and only Redeemer; but the people in Zillerthal will not allow us to say so.—*E.* The Catholics have no right to trouble you, or use ill language to you, any more than you have to do so to them. Formerly the Lutherans were not suffered over there in Saltzburg; but things are altogether different now. I use religious compulsion towards none. But how did you come to your present opinions? *D.* We have Bibles amongst us, which are more than 200 years old. My grandfather, who lived to the age of ninety-eight, and died only three years ago, was accustomed to read the Bible from his childhood; my father likewise, and I too; and thus it has been with many. The doctrine was instilled by their parents.—*E.* Probably some remnant of the Saltzburgers was left behind. Were you Saltzburgers? *D.* Yes; we formed a part of the Saltzburg territory until sixteen years ago.—*E.* You are determined, then, not to remain in the Catholic church? *D.* Our conscience does not permit us without practising dissimulation.—*E.* That I do not wish. I will see what can be done for you.’

When the deputies, at parting, expressed their hope that he would not forget them, nor believe any slanderous reports concerning them, his Majesty made answer, ‘I will not forget, neither will I believe anything bad of you.’

This conversation shows the view which the Emperor Francis took of the law of the case. He evidently thought that they had a perfect right to profess Protestantism, if they pleased, and was disposed to administer the law with equity. Pity that he was as weak as he was amiable, and that the keepers of his conscience were men who could prove that to keep no faith with heretics is the bounden duty of every true son of the church.

The anti-Protestants of the valley, meantime, were not idle. They sent counter-deputations, and presented counter-petitions, praying that no religious divisions might be permitted. In the Tyrol diet also, which was holden soon after, the matter was discussed. Some few, especially Dr. Maurer, burgomaster of the capital,

capital, spoke for toleration. But the clergy and the nobles carried a petition to the government, in which it was asserted that the toleration-edicts had not been *published* in those districts, and therefore could not be applied, *ex post facto*;—a pretence which could deceive no one at all acquainted with the facts of the case.

When the Emperor Joseph published his edicts he sent them to the two sovereign-prelates, the Prince-Archbishop of Salzburg and the Bishop of Brixen. It is true they quietly deposited them in the archives, but that does not at all alter the state of the case. The fact that the emperor sent them to these two prelates for publication and execution is quite sufficient to show that his imperial will was that they should serve as law in their respective dioceses; and more is not needful to prove that the Zillerdalians were entitled to the full enjoyment of all the liberty which they conferred. Indeed, it is a fact, that the anti-Protestant petitions from the Tyrol diet of 1834, and, again, of 1836, when presented to the different departments of the Austrian government for an opinion, were unfavourably received by all, not excepting even the Council of State. There was, however, an influence paramount to that of law and justice, which triumphed over both, and inflicted upon the Zillerdalians the grossest oppression. The refusal to grant them the six-weeks' instruction, and the withholding of an answer to their complaints, plunged them into the greatest difficulty, and exposed them to all sorts of petty vexations, as well as violation of their conscience. Not being allowed to separate, they were compelled to send their children to the parish churches to be baptized, and thus to lay upon their necks the yoke of Rome. It is nothing to the purpose to say that the Roman baptism is valid; and that this, therefore, is no great hardship. Let our Romanists and Dissenters say whether a law compelling them to send their children to the parish church to be baptized would, or would not, be a violation of the liberty of conscience. We confess our perfect persuasion that the Anabaptists are in grievous error, and rob their children of inestimable privileges and benefits, by withholding them from baptism; but we should deprecate heartily all attempt at compulsory baptism, and regard it as un-Christian tyranny. The consequences were, however, in the case of the Zillerdalians, worse than the act itself. Once baptized in the Roman church, they were considered to be Roman Catholics, and therefore, as soon as they were old enough, compelled to attend Roman Catholic schools, and to receive the religious instruction there communicated; and in some cases, as the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is there given to children of eight and nine years old, to receive the wafer, and thus join in an act which the parents considered contrary to Christ's institution—in that worship

worship of the wafer which the book of Common Prayer pronounces to be 'idolatry, to be abhorred of all faithful Christians.' The attendance at the schools also was rendered as unpleasant as possible. Not only were the controversial points treated with great care and earnestness—(this was, in fact, nothing more than the duty of the Roman priests and schoolmasters)—but the heretics themselves were anathematised, and their persons so accurately described, that the school-children could not help recognising a father, a brother, a friend, or a neighbour. The children of the Papists enjoyed the sport, and laughed at the confusion and grief of their Protestant playfellows—and after school ensued quarrels and fights;—so that at last many of the latter refused to go to school, and then the parents were charged with disobedience to the constituted authorities. In one school the zealous master went so far as to divide the children into two classes,—Christian children and Devil's children; the latter, of course, containing none but the children of those inclined to Protestantism.

Another annoyance, which perhaps some may be more easily disposed to view in its due light, was the refusal to allow these people to marry. Not having been allowed to make a public profession of Protestantism, they were not permitted to celebrate marriage according to the Protestant rites; and, being considered as heretics, they were denied the nuptial benediction by the priests of Rome. How men professing to be Christian statesmen could prefer the risk of introducing immorality rather than grant the liberty which the laws of Austria guaranteed; but, above all, how any persons calling themselves ministers of Christ could wish to punish Christians with one of the worst features of savage life, is truly inconceivable. It is another sad evidence of the tendency of Popery to harden the heart against the dictates of morality as well as of humanity; and it is most ungenerous in the writers of Popish theological journals to charge the Zillerdalians with a disregard of the sanctity of marriage, when their own diabolical bigotry alone prevented them from entering into that holy state of wedlock; and highly creditable it is to the morality of Protestantism to be able to state that—during the eight years of their oppression—not more than two or three cases occurred of persons living together without the priestly benediction. Had many yielded to the temptation, to *whom* must the sin and misery have been justly ascribed?

The priests, however, were not content even with these means of forcing the stray sheep back. Both in the pulpit and in the confessional they warned their flocks against holding any intercourse with the heretics, and forbade the poor to accept of them

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an alms or a night's lodging. Nay, they would not allow the dead even the semblance of a Christian burial. According to Austrian law, where Protestants have no burial-ground of their own, they are allowed a resting-place in that belonging to Roman Catholics, may have the nearest Protestant minister to accompany the funeral procession, have the bells tolled, and erect a tombstone—but to the Zillerdalers this was refused. When one of their community died, if he had land of his own, there he was buried; if he had not, a place was looked out for him in a neighbouring wood. In neither case were the mourners allowed to offer up a prayer or to sing a hymn at the grave; and in both, the policeman and his dog were the only officials in attendance. The poor people were particularly grieved and indignant at the presence of the dog, which seemed to refer to the *sepultura canina*; and the most ignorant and the dullest could perceive that a religion which adds insult to injustice is not the religion of the New Testament. The inability to pay respect to the dead was, however, forgotten in the keen sense of want of all means of edification for the living. They had no schools for their children, no temple for themselves. All religious meetings were strictly prohibited. Their bibles and their books were their only resource, and even of these the priests endeavoured to deprive them. They conscientiously endeavoured to instruct their children and their households as well as they could—but to such of them as were only labourers or artisans this was difficult. Three of the most learned, Heim, Fleidl, and Gruber, tried to compensate for this deficiency by diligently visiting the scattered Protestants, and communicating what they could in conversation. The want of the Eucharist was deeply felt by all, and could not be supplied; for to the honour of these poor people be it remembered, that, though for eight years deprived of public worship and the sacraments, not one amongst them ever manifested the slightest wish to usurp the office of the priesthood, either by public teaching or otherwise. They waited in humble patience until it should please God to give them a lawful ministry, and looked immediately to himself for a supply of that grace, the external channels of which were denied them. Some did at first visit the Roman churches rather than be altogether excluded from public worship;—but the furious and damnable and personal addresses from the pulpit soon compelled them to stay away—and the same cause prevented the conferences which the priests held with them from being of any use. After a conference at Hüppach, which had lasted for several hours, and in which the people ably defended their faith from the word of God, the priest concluded with these words:—‘I only wish that the Lord Jesus Christ

himself might come into the room, that I might say to him—These are the people—make an end of them by casting them into hell-fire.'

It may be asked, how it is that the Austrians, who tolerate Protestantism in other parts of their dominions, did not suffer it in the valley of the Ziller. The simple answer is, that, up to this time, there was no Protestant community in the whole neighbourhood, and the Romish clergy were afraid lest its appearance should be followed by the defection of most of the population; nor can we affect to doubt that they had good grounds for their fears. Had permission been given to open a church in the valley, many would have joined it who could not make up their minds to forsake houses and lands and friends for the sake of the Gospel. Their intense anxiety to prevent Protestantism from striking any root in the Tyrol appears, however, in the most distinct shape—*first*, from the imperial decree which they obtained, forbidding those who were inclined to the Reformation to purchase land or acquire any immoveable property in the country—and, *secondly*, from the final decree commanding them either to return to Romanism or to quit the Austrian dominions.

In the year 1834 they had received an answer from Vienna, dated April 2nd, informing them 'That the government saw no reason for acceding to their request; but that, if they wished to secede from the *Catholic* church, they might emigrate to some other province of the empire where a Protestant congregation already existed.' For such an emigration, however, the majority felt no inclination. They justly concluded that, if they must find a new home, it would be better to seek for one not darkened by tyranny. The necessity which compelled them to look out in quest of a new country taught them to prefer one where law not only exists, but is justly administered—where Christianity is not only professed, but proves its vitality by mercy and a meek instruction of the ignorant; they therefore applied for passports to leave the Austrian dominions, and, after a delay of seven months, received an answer, dated March 7th, 1835, which denied them even the privilege of a voluntary exile. The people were, however, not to be shaken. They now fully made up their minds to leave a country rendered so unhappy by unjust rulers, and in 1836 signified their resolution in due form to the magistrates, who reported it to Vienna. And now the Court, that two years before would not give them passports, commanded them to quit the Austrian dominions within four months. The particulars were communicated in the following letter of John Fleidl to some friends in Bavaria, early in 1837:—

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‘ Most worthy Friends and Brethren in the Lord,

‘ We, your Protestant brethren in Zillerthal, inform you of the situation in which we are at present placed, and of which we were not aware when we sent to you Joseph Gruber. The matter stands thus: on the 12th of March the district-captain came to Zillerthal and summoned us all, the first on the 13th and the last on the 17th of March, to appear before him, and we did so with all due obedience. Thereupon he stood up, and said that to-day he appeared not as district-captain but as the Emperor himself, to declare to us the Imperial decision of January 11th, 1837, as to the following points:—

‘ 1st. That we must return to the Roman Catholic Church or leave our Fatherland; that he will not tolerate any Protestant community in the Tyrol.

‘ 2nd. That we might have the choice either to be translocated into Austrian provinces, where there are Protestant congregations, or to emigrate into foreign parts.

‘ 3rd. That we must declare within fourteen days which we prefer.

‘ 4th. That from the date of our declaration a term of four months should be granted us to prepare for translocation or emigration.

‘ 5th. “ If in four months ye are not ready for either one or the other, your freedom of choice will be at an end, the official authorities will summon you to move, and the Emperor will locate you where he pleases.”

‘ Thereupon we requested passports that we might look about for some place to go to, to which the answer was,—“ When you have made your declaration you shall have passports, but not before.” We then considered from all that we knew of old, and that we had just heard, that our brethren in the faith suffer oppression in Austria. We thought also of the 30,000 Saltzburgers who, for religion’s sake, were obliged to tread the same path, and how the King of Prussia graciously received them. We have heard that the present King too is a good and a pious King, and a friend of the Protestant church, and so, excepting eight persons who go into Austria, we ventured, in dependence upon God and the good King, to declare for foreign parts. Many now declared of whom we knew nothing before: the number of those who have declared for emigration is between 400 and 500 souls, and we intended, as soon as we could get a passport, to send one of the number to Prussia to pray and secure a gracious reception for all. But now they refuse the passport, and we do not know what is to be the end of it.

‘ Now we remember the 5th point, which says, “ If you are not ready within this term, the Emperor will locate you,” and think that they delay with the passport that the time may pass away, and so the last state be worse than the first. We therefore pray you one and all, most worthy friends, to intercede for us with the King, and to inform him of our condition; and as soon as one of us can get a passport, he shall go himself to Prussia, and we will look for you to give us information: but, should it happen that they will not give us a passport to Prussia, inform the bearer whether he could not enter Prussia with his labourer’s passport: he will return home at Whitsuntide. If it be possible for this man with his labourer’s passport to get into Bavaria and Prussia, we

should wish to send him. If we only knew that the King of Prussia would receive us, we would serve him faithfully and uprightly, as we have hitherto served the Emperor, who now persecutes us and drives us from our Fatherland.

‘ We greet you one and all, and pray for all things possible.

‘ JOHANN FLEIDL.’

The good King of Prussia had, however, heard already the tidings of this oppression in Austria; and another good King, our own late Sovereign, had heard also the tale of cruelty and injustice.

It is a deliberate falsehood of Popish agents which represents the religious movement in Austria as a Prussian machination against that power. It is true that Protestants in Bavaria sent reports of the Popish persecution to Berlin so early as 1834, but the Prussian Government meddled neither directly nor indirectly in the affair. They hoped that the patience and quiet demeanour of the Zillerdalers would ultimately procure them toleration. It was not until the overt act of the decree of January 11th, 1837, that any Protestant court took notice of the matter; and after that silence would have been unpardonable. The Tyrol and Salzburg belong to the territory of the Germanic confederation;—and Austria, by signing the great fundamental compact of June 8th, 1815, had pledged herself to the solemn observance of its 16th Article, which says :

‘ Difference of religious persuasion can, within the territory of the Germanic confederation, form no ground of difference in the enjoyment of civil and political rights.’

To the eternal honour of William IV. be it recorded that he was the first who moved in the matter. Again and again, in February and March, 1837, he called upon the King of Prussia to interfere. They had both been parties to the Act of Confederation—they had both guaranteed its observance: they could not see its provisions trampled under foot, to the oppression and ruin of the Protestants of the Tyrol—without sacrificing every principle of self-respect, humanity, veracity, honour, and religion. The King of England and Hanover found no want of sympathy on the part of his Prussian brother, a worthy descendant of those Sovereigns who opened their arms to receive the victims of Popery flying from France, from Salzburg, and Bohemia. He was as determined as King William, but desired to act as gently as possible to the Emperor of Austria, and therefore, instead of adopting the form of diplomatic reclamation, which must have been attended with a public exposure of political delinquency and breach of faith, he quietly commissioned his chaplain, Dr. Strauss, who was going to Vienna, to intercede with Prince Metternich,

Metternich, that, to such families as preferred emigration into Prussia, permission and time for preparation might be granted, as he was willing to receive them all. A revocation or alteration of the decree of banishment was not asked for—for this reason amongst others, that a longer stay in the Tyrol under such circumstances could not have been desirable to the Protestants themselves. In fact, immediately after the departure of the King's chaplain from Berlin, on the 23rd of May, 1837, the Zillerdalian deputy to the King of Prussia arrived to solicit a quiet habitation for the victims of intolerance: this was the already-mentioned Johann Fleidl. He presented to the King the following petition, drawn up almost entirely by himself:—

‘ Most Illustrious, most Mighty King,

‘ Most gracious King and Lord,

‘ In my own name and in the name of my brethren in the faith—whose number amounts to from 430 to 440, I venture to address a cry of distress to the magnanimity and grace of your Majesty, in your high character of Defender of the Gospel.* With my whole soul I desired to have advanced this prayer personally and orally, though I am content, too, if it be permitted to me to do so only in writing. After the lapse of an hundred years, another act of persecution and banishment is perpetrated in our Fatherland. Not for any crimes that we have committed, nor for any misdemeanors of ours, but because of our religion, we are compelled to forsake the land of our home, as the annexed certificate from the Landgericht Zell, dated the 11th of this month, will show. It is true we have the alternative of translocation into another Austrian province, or emigration; but, in order to spare ourselves and our children all further vexation, we prefer the latter. Once before, Prussia granted our forefathers an asylum in their time of need—we, too, put all our trust in God and the good King of Prussia. We shall find help and not be confounded.

‘ We therefore most humbly petition your Majesty for a condescending reception into your states, and kind assistance on the occasion of our settlement. We pray your Majesty to receive us paternally, that we may be able to live according to our Faith. Our Faith is built entirely upon the doctrine of Holy Scripture and the principles of the Augsburg Confession. We have read both with diligence, and have arrived at a full knowledge of the difference between the Divine Word and human addition. From this Faith we neither can nor will ever depart; for its sake we leave house and land, for its sake our native country. May your Majesty graciously permit us to remain together in one congregation—that will increase our mutual help and comfort. May your Majesty most graciously place us in a district whose circumstances have some resemblance to those of our own Alpine land. Our employments have been agriculture and the breeding of cattle. Two-thirds of us have property—one-third live by day-labour

* Schutzherr.

—only eighteen have trades, of whom thirteen are weavers. May it please your Majesty to give us a pastor faithful to his Lord, and a zealous schoolmaster; though at first we shall most probably not be able to contribute much towards their support. The journey will be expensive, and we do not know how much we shall bring to our new home, and we and our children have been for a long time deprived of the consolations of religion, and the benefit of school-instruction. If want should anywhere make its appearance amongst us, especially amongst the labourers, and those who are better off be not able to give sufficient relief, inasmuch as here they have to begin life over again, may it please your Majesty to be a father to us all. May it especially please your Majesty to intercede that the allotted term of four months, from May 11th to September 11th, may be prolonged until next spring. The sale of our farms, which has already begun, but which cannot be ended in so short a time without loss—the approach of winter—the infirmity of the old people and the children—make this prolongation of the term highly desirable. May God repay to your Majesty any good that your Majesty does to us. Faithful, honest, and thankful, will we remain in Prussia, and not put off the good features in our Tyrolese nature. We shall only increase the number of your Majesty's brave subjects, and stand forth in history as an abiding monument, that misfortune, when it dwells near compassion, ceases to be misfortune, and that the Gospel, whenever it is obliged to fly from the Papacy, finds protection near the magnanimous King of Prussia.

‘The Tyrolese of the Zillerthal, by their spokesman,

‘JOHANN FLEIDL, from Zillerthal.’

‘Berlin, May 27th, 1837.’

This letter speaks for itself: there is an heartiness and an openness about it which convince the reader at once of the truth of its statements: there is a tone of independence which spurns the idea of appearing as a beggar, and at the same time an honest avowal of the real circumstances of the exiles. Two-thirds of them had by honest industry acquired property: they did not, therefore, issue forth as a horde of needy adventurers. Their renunciation of Popery was not a profitable speculation, but a measure involving certain loss for the present, and the risk of temporal ruin for the future. Some amongst them were poor, and might perhaps require the assistance of Christian charity; and this they present to the consideration of the Prussian monarch. It is needless to say that this petition met with the attention which it deserved. Whilst Fleidl was urging his suite at Berlin, Dr. Strauss was successfully advocating the cause at Vienna. The Austrian ministers, ashamed at the presence of a foreign Protestant, assented to everything that was proposed, and tried to wipe off from their religion the foul stigma of persecution, and from their statesmanship that of tyrannous oppression. Their black repentance had, however, come too late.

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The history of eight years' perfidy and injustice was not to be effaced by a few words of tardy compliment, nor the deliberate cruelty of their policy to be atoned for by a short-lived and compulsory civility.

The Zillerdalers were delighted with the actual results, and set themselves vigorously to make preparations for their journey. The Prussian government behaved towards them with great consideration as well as good faith. Dr. Strauss met deputies from Zillerthal at Kreuth, and communicated to them the ecclesiastical relations of Prussia; and a counsellor of state was commissioned to explain the civil duties to which they would, by settling in that kingdom, become liable. They were perfectly satisfied: the manner in which they had been trained had delivered them from all sectarian particularism, and led them to lay hold of the realities of the Protestant faith. Their religion taught them to submit to every ordinance of the civil magistrate: they therefore began with alacrity to build the carts and waggons for the journey, and to dispose of their houses, lands, and other effects: they soon found purchasers, and, contrary to expectation, were successful in disposing of them on favourable terms. It has been reported that the buyers were obliged to swear that they would never 'turn to the Bible'—but this is not true. The husbands, wives, children, relations, however, who wished to remain behind in their native land, were compelled to swear 'That they would never know anything more of the emigrants';—a fact which shows that the Popery of the present day is just the same as it was an hundred years ago, when it imposed a similar oath upon the Salzburg exiles, and that it is at all times devoid, not only of mercy, but of the common feelings of humanity. It is, however, but fair to add, that the Austrian government did not require the payment of the emigration-tax, and even furnished the poorest of the exiles with the pecuniary means of pursuing their journey.

Fourteen days before the expiration of the appointed term, the wanderers were ready, and the first division commenced their pilgrimage. The farewell to their homes and their friends was rendered still more trying by the last words of those who had been their enemies and persecutors. The bigots among the peasants now relented, and met them with every expression of regret; protested that they had had no idea that their conduct would have led to a result so serious and so sad, and besought them to change their mind; urged upon them that their exile would bring disgrace upon the Tyrolese name, and made them tempting offers of temporal advantage if they would remain in 'the Church.' One poor family, with seven children, had their effects packed upon a small cart or



truck, ready for departure the following morning, when a rich relation came and offered the father a handsome freehold farm, if he would adhere to Romanism. 'I am not going to sell my religion,' was the calm reply. Even the priests did something to direct public attention to the exiles, though it must be acknowledged they did it in their own way. On the boundaries of the valley of Kützen, one took for the subject of his sermon 'The judgment of God upon the Lutherans;' in the course of which he showed the hardship of allowing them to carry away the sum of 200,000 imperial florins: 'But, my devout hearers,' said he, 'they will spend a great deal of it on the road, and soon get rid of the remainder. Prussia is a poor land, the necessities of life are all dear there, and even mouse-flesh is sold for money.' This sermon shows, however, that the impression on their Romanist neighbours was not that want had compelled them to emigrate. The fact is, they brought into Prussia 50,000 reichs-dollars, and about as much more remained due to them in their native valley.

According to the wish of the Austrian government, they took the route through the Imperial States, Salzburg, the Archduchy, Moravia, Bohemia—and in several divisions. The first, consisting of 150 souls, passed through Linz on the 7th September. As soon as the Protestant congregation at Rützenmoos heard that a second division was to follow, they sent deputies to them as far as Bocklabrug to invite them to partake of their hospitality, and to attend the divine service on September 8th, the festival of the nativity of the Virgin Mary. Here the majority, for the first time, entered a Protestant church. The pastor, Trautberger, preached upon the 23rd Psalm; immediately after, the commissary of the march summoned them to proceed on their journey. This division was more numerous than the first, and amounted to 200 souls. To every two or three families belonged a common waggon drawn by horses. Many of the poor dragged along a small two-wheeled covered cart, containing their effects and their children. Amongst these was Johann Fleidl, upon whose cart sat his mother and four little children. On the Saturday they arrived in Scharten, the residence of a Lutheran Superintendent, where the inhabitants received them into their houses, but where they had to encounter the first manifestation of Popish unfriendliness. Even a priest participated in the guilt of this unkindness, and said, 'You are going to the place to which you properly belong, the desolate Riesengebirg: very few of you, however, will get so far; most will perish on the road through Bohemia.' 'That does not alarm us,' answered an artisan; 'if we live, we live to the Lord, if we die, we die unto the Lord.' A third and a fourth division speedily followed, and, passing through evil report and good report, kindness and

and unkindness, they came at last, at Michelsdorf, to the borders of that good land which the Providence of God had opened to them, and which, if it did not flow with milk and honey, promised them the free enjoyment of that Word which to the Psalmist was 'sweeter than honey and the honey-comb.' The pastor, followed by a large portion of his flock, went forth to welcome them, and to say, 'Come in, ye blessed of the Lord.' It was a touching sight—at the head of the train advanced the fathers and mothers, tall and well-proportioned figures, wearing the well-known Tyrolese hat, and clothed in the costume of their country. It was easy to perceive that the clothes had all been newly provided for the journey. Saturday the 23rd, at noon, came the second division, weary and wet from the heavy rain which had continued for several days; on the 30th, the third; and, a few days after, the last and the smallest train. Schmiedeberg was to be their first halting-place and temporary home, until the intended settlement could be prepared for their reception; and here, on the 8th day of October, they observed a day of public thanksgiving to God for their safe arrival. The Tyrolese assembled on the great open *Place* before the church, at the doors of which stood the clergy to receive them. The hymn was sung—

'When Christ his Church defends,
All hell may rage and riot.'

The church-doors were opened and the clergy led in the people, whilst another hymn was sung—

'Up, Christians, ye who trust in God,
Nor let men's threats affrighten.'

The Exiles occupied the seats on the right and left, immediately before the altar. The service began with the hymn—

'In God my friend I put my trust.'

Then followed an address from the altar, and all concluded with the hymn—

'Now thank God, one and all.'

The church could hardly hold the crowds that streamed from all sides to take part in the solemnity. A few days after this, all the heads of families, as well as unmarried individuals, were summoned to the town-house, where they were presented with Bibles. The government at once made provision both for the schooling of the children and the instruction of the adults. A school-master from the Royal Seminary, in Buntzlau, was immediately appointed to the charge. From the hours of eight to twelve more than eighty Tyrolese children receive daily instruction, and from two to five, ninety adults. The instruction is stated to be in reading, writing, arithmetic, singing, and Bible history. From four to

five, more than twenty old people, at their own request, are taught to read, that they may be able to read the Bible themselves.

On the 13th day of October, being the birth-day of their illustrious benefactress, the Princess Marianne of Prussia, the school was consecrated and the schoolmaster inducted; after which, the President of the province, Dr. von Merckel, addressed a few words to the children, and, on their dismissal, to the adults, saluting them as the new subjects of his monarch. A more remarkable proof of the kindness and firmness of the king could not have been afforded, than the appearance of Dr. von Merckel on such an occasion—for this functionary had long been known as the implacable opposer of orthodox Christianity, and the especial enemy of the Augsburg confession of faith;—as one who, if his power had been equal to his will, would not have yielded the persecutor's palm to any Austrian Papist. The royal determination to protect these poor Lutheran confessors now compelled him to appear as their friend; and the fact furnishes a remarkable contrast to the conduct of the Emperor. The Austrian sovereign promised them every thing, granted them nothing. His humanity led him to pity them—his justice inclined him to secure to them the rights guaranteed by the law of his country; but his religion was adverse to humanity and justice, and obtained the victory over his veracity. In the one case the piety of the monarch triumphed over the hostility of the local government—in the other, the intrigues of Popish zealots overruled the natural feelings of Imperial humanity. The people of Schmiedeberg, however, partook heartily of the feelings of their sovereign, gave the Zillerdalers a cordial welcome, and were zealous in every little act of kindness which the necessities of their guests required. The Dowager Countess von Reden was particularly active in attending to the more destitute. Their spiritual necessities, meanwhile, were provided for by the clergy of Schmiedeberg and the neighbouring parishes. The first care was to prepare them for their reception into the Protestant Church of Prussia. For this purpose they were instructed three or four times a week, from their arrival to the 12th of November, when 197 adults were publicly admitted to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Their confession of faith was previously read by Johann Fleidl, after which, the Prince William, brother to His Majesty, preceded the men, and the Princess William the women, of Zillertal to the altar.

Soon after their arrival, nine members of the congregation went to their eternal rest. The cholera, which prevailed in the town at the time, carried off five; but even these had calmness in their last moments, and expressed humble thankfulness to God, who had permitted them to reach a land where they could be strengthened

ened for their long journey by the body and blood of Christ, and look forward to a Christian sepulture for their remains. To attain this object was the only purpose for which some had left their native valley. Ignatius Hauser, an old man, and for three years previously crippled by paralysis, came with his will ready-made in his pocket. A feeble matron, who had passed her 81st year, continually urged her children during the journey, to make haste, lest she should die in the land of persecution and inhospitality. The prayers of both were heard, and within a few days after the close of their toilsome march, both were permitted to close their eyes in peace. One of the women gave birth to a child within an hour of the arrival. The family of the Count von Schulenberg hospitably received her into their mansion, and the noble host subsequently presented the child as sponsor at the font, where she received the name of Frederica Wilhelmina. Some marriages also soon followed. During the winter they were taken care of in Schmiedeberg, and in summer entered upon their new possessions in the domains of Erdmannsdorf, where each obtained a house and farm suitable to his means and his former position in the Tyrol. The colony itself has received the name of their old home, Zillerthal. Reports have, we know, been circulated, that the exiles are discontented, and already wish to emigrate again; but nothing could be more untrue. Those of the labouring class who were accustomed to leave the Tyrol annually in search of employment continue their periodic migrations, and are readily furnished by the Prussian government with passports for the purpose. The great majority, whom no such necessity compels, remain stationary;—all are happy, and thankful for the kindness with which they have been received, and the liberty of conscience which they enjoy.

Such is the simple narrative of this Austrian oppression, and of the happy deliverance of its victims. Prudence forbade the fires and massacres, the dragonades and confiscations of former centuries; but the denial of justice, the withholding of the religious liberty guaranteed by the law, the refusal of Christian burial, and the most barbarous and unnatural prohibition to enter into the marriage state, concluded at last by an expulsion from house and home, can be designated by no milder term than that of persecution. When Protestants speak of the flames of Smithfield, or the horrors of St. Bartholomew's night, they are told that these things are not to be imputed to the religion of Rome, but to the barbarism of the age. They then point to the unprincipled perfidy which suggested, and the wanton cruelty which accompanied the revocation of the edict of Nantes; but again the times are made to bear the blame. The Salzburg persecution,

persecution, conducted by a Romish archbishop, rises up in the Protestant mind as proof that in the eighteenth century the practice of Popery was still the same; but it is once more replied that the true principles of civilization and toleration were **not** understood till within the last forty years. The history of the Zillerdale exiles comes to testify that even in the present age of supposed illumination the system of Rome remains unchanged—as intolerant, as tyrannical, as faithless, as it was in the darkest of the ages that have passed away.

Who that knows anything of the kind and amiable dispositions of the late or the present Emperor of Austria would believe that any power on earth could have transformed them into the relentless oppressors of their loyal subjects, or induced them to break a distinct promise, and deliberately to violate the express articles of the most solemn treaties? It is beyond all doubt that no temporal power could have moved them to measures so repugnant to their nature and their honour; but Popery has blinded them to the perception of right and wrong, and made them insensible even to shame. There can be neither doubt nor mistake about the matter. The Treaty of Westphalia, the Toleration-Edicts of Joseph II., and the Act of the Germanic Confederation, bound the Emperors of Austria to secure liberty of conscience to their subjects; and by the persecution of the Zillerdalers these solemn international engagements have all been violated; a fact not very creditable to the house of Hapsburg, but momentarily instructive to Protestant nations and churches. They may learn that all Popish professions of liberality, or concern for liberty of conscience, are hypocritical; that if there be such a thing as religious liberty in the world, it is because God in his goodness has turned the scale of power and might in favour of Protestantism; and that if ever by our folly, or as a punishment for our sins, the Papists should become the strongest, that moment Europe will cease to breathe the free air of Christian freedom. Wherever Popery now possesses the power, liberty of conscience is unknown. The Pope suffers it not in his own dominions. He has of late *compelled* the benevolent King of Sardinia to abrogate almost all the old privileges of the Waldenses.* Bavaria returns to intolerance, and compels her Protestant soldiers to pay homage to the wafer. Austria contracts the little measure of freedom which her statutes had provided, and forcibly drives Protestantism out of the Tyrol. Popery is still the same in her dispositions, her aim, and her means, and therefore Protestant nations must still entertain the same distrust, and exercise the same

* The recent history of the Waldenses is deserving of a separate article—and we purpose to treat of it in an early Number.

vigilance that they did two centuries ago. There can be no peace with Rome—nor any security for liberty of conscience—except in the continued existence of European Protestant ascendancy. It is a sad fact, of which this history reminds us, namely, that neither sovereigns nor churchmen of the Roman school can be bound by treaties or oaths; that fear is the only motive, and force the only argument, that can induce them to maintain a semblance of mercy and veracity. Thankful we may be that, by the fundamental law of the land, this system of cruelty and fraud is for ever excluded from the British throne.

It may, however, be a question whether the members of the Church of England can contemplate with sympathy this secession of the Zillerdalians from the Church of Rome, and their incorporation into the non-episcopal Church of Prussia. The conduct of our church in days past would certainly teach us to reply in the affirmative. Not now to refer to the early times of the Reformation, and to the support which the English Church and nation then uniformly accorded to continental protestants, we find a parallel case in the history of the Saltzburgers. When popish violence and faithlessness drove 30,000 of them from their properties and their homes, the Church of England did not look on in indifference. The venerable Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, with the archbishops and bishops of our church at its head, immediately came forward to help and to comfort the poor exiles, and, where it was necessary, to provide them with a home and a temple. Their conduct and feelings are best described in the words of their own published report:—

‘In the beginning of the year 1732, the Society, when they heard the melancholy account of the sufferings of the Protestants in Saltzburg (having first obtained his Majesty’s leave) resolved upon doing all that lay in their power to raise collections for their persecuted brethren. To this end, in June the same year, they published *An Account of the Sufferings of the persecuted Protestants in the Archbishopric of Saltzburg*, and afterwards published a further account in 1733. These accounts being enforced by the generous example of many noble and honourable persons, as also by liberal contributions and earnest exhortations from the right reverend the bishops and their clergy, had, through God’s blessing, so good an effect, that the Society (besides making many large remittances to Germany) have been enabled to send over to the English colony in Georgia in the years 1733, 1734, and 1735, three transports, consisting of more than one hundred and fifty protestant emigrants, who, with two missionaries and a schoolmaster, are settled by themselves at Ebenezer.*

Our

* *An Account of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.* Lond. 1740, p. 7. See also a most interesting little publication entitled ‘*An Extract of the Journals of Mr. Commissary von Reck, who conducted the first Transport of Saltz-burgers*’

Our church hailed these poor emigrants as brethren, and though doubtless such men as Wake, Gibson, and Potter duly appreciated the apostolical institution of episcopacy, they did not deny the right hand of fellowship to those whose hard alternative it was to choose between defective ecclesiastical government with purity of doctrine, and episcopacy with superstition and idolatry. It is foul and wicked slander which charges the assertors of apostolical succession and the divine right of bishops with a leaning to Popery or a disinclination to Protestantism. Perception of the sinfulness of schism does not necessarily imply a love of idolatry—neither does a desire to retain the venerable appellation of *Catholic* compel us to renounce the equally sacred name of *Protestant*. It is possible to consider want of episcopacy as a defect of constitution deeply to be lamented, and wilful rejection of episcopal authority as schismatical; and yet to believe that neither is so bad as the accumulated guilt of schism, heresy and idolatry, with which our church and our best churchmen have charged the system of Rome.* A higher churchman than the great Archbishop Laud can hardly be named, and yet he was not ashamed to defend the name of Protestant, or to protest against the Popish calumny which represents Protestantism as a bare negation.

‘The Protestants,’ says he to Fisher, ‘did not get that name by protesting against the Church of Rome, but by protesting—(and that when nothing else would serve)—against her *errors and superstitions*. Do you but remove *them* from the Church of Rome, and our protestation is ended, and the separation too. Nor is *protestation* itself such an unheard-of thing in the very heart of religion. For the sacraments both of the Old and New Testament are called by your own school *Visible signs protesting the faith*. Now if the sacraments be *protestantia*, signs protesting, why may not men also, and without all offence, be called *Protestants*, since by receiving the true *sacraments*, and by refusing *them* which are corrupted, they do but protest the sincerity of their faith against that doctrinal corruption which hath invaded the great sacrament of the Eucharist and other parts of religion? Especially, since they are men which must protest their faith by these visible signs and sacraments.’—*Conference*, edit. 1639, p. 135.

And again, he says—

‘A mere calumny it is, that we profess only a negative religion. True it is, and we must thank Rome for it, our confession must needs contain

burgers to Georgia; and of the Rev. Mr. Bolsius, one of their Ministers, giving an Account of their Voyage and happy Settlement in that Province. Published by Direction of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 1734.’

* ‘He who forsakes the English Church for fear of schism, to join in a stricter communion with Rome, plungeth himself into greater and more real dangers, both of schisme, and idolatry, and heresie.’—Archbishop Bramhall’s Works, Vol. i., Discourse iii., p. 152.

some

some negatives. For we cannot but deny that *images are to be adored*. Nor can we admit *maimed sacraments*. Nor grant *prayers in an unknown tongue*. And, in a corrupt time and place, it is as necessary in religion to *deny falsehood* as to assert and vindicate the truth. Indeed this latter can hardly be well and sufficiently done but by the former: an affirmative verity being ever included in the negative to a falsehood.'—*Ibid.* p. 155.

The Zillerdalers found their lot cast 'in a corrupt time and place,' and were therefore compelled to deny falsehood. Indeed they were members of a church, in which, as the same great prelate teaches, it was not possible to continue without peril of damnation:—

'He that lives in the Roman Church is presumed to believe as the church believes; and he that doth so, I will not say is as guilty, but guilty he is, more or less, of the schism which that Church first caused by her corruptions, and now continues by them and her power together; and of all her damnable opinions too, in point of misbelief . . . and of all other sins also, which the doctrine and misbelief of that Church leads him into.'—*Ibid.* p. 296.

'There is a great peril of damnation for any man to live and die in the Roman persuasion; and you are not able to produce any one Protestant that ever said the contrary; and therefore is a most notorious slander, where you say, that they which affirm this peril of damnation are contradicted by their own more learned brethren.'—*Ibid.* p. 302.

On Laud's principles, therefore, the separation of the Zillerdalers was not only justifiable but necessary. Their misfortune it is that they cannot at the same time enjoy freedom from idolatry, and a perfect ecclesiastical constitution: but no member of the Church of England can doubt, that the Church which they have joined, whatever its imperfections, is better calculated for the edification of Christian men, and more pleasing in the sight of God, than the Church which they have left. It puts the word of God into the hands of its children—conducts his worship in a language which they understand—teaches them the creeds received in the Church Universal—and instructs them in the necessity of keeping faith and practising mercy even towards heretics. Indeed, what can be more repugnant to Christianity, or more displeasing in the sight of God, than the peculiarities of Romanism, a system of which the main features, as professed in its authorized standards and exemplified in its history, are perfidy, perjury, persecution, murder, treason, schism, heresy, and idolatry? For blots like these, no canonicity of orders can atone in the eyes of Him who says 'I will have mercy, not sacrifice.'

At the same time every Anglican Protestant must heartily deplore the existence of any imperfection in any of the Churches of the Reformation, and earnestly desire the restoration of all to apostolical

apostolical order and uniformity. There is now no hope of any amendment in the Church of Rome, nor any possibility of reunion. At the time of the Reformation, the continental Bishops, with few exceptions, declared for Roman error; and yet, as long as a hope remained that they might repent, or that a general Council might correct abuses, it would have been wrong to erect new sees and appoint rival Bishops. The only *Catholic* course which the Reformed could have taken at the time, was the appointment of an interimistic administration. The wars which followed, the impenitence and unrelenting hatred of the Papal Church, and the continued turmoil of European politics, have all contributed to the perpetuation of a form of administration which, as arising out of the circumstances of the time, could not have been intended to be unchangeable. It is time therefore for the Protestants of Germany to think of ecclesiastical arrangements more agreeable to the model of Christian antiquity, more calculated to procure an universal acknowledgment of the validity of their orders—more suitable to secure communion with the Church Catholic throughout the world—and more likely to preserve the blessings of the Reformation. There can be no doubt about the fact that the want of Episcopacy is the weak point of German Protestantism. It induces some Protestants to go over to the Church of Rome—it deters many Romanists from embracing Protestantism—and it prevents the pastors of the reformed faith from rising to that station which the Ministers of Christ ought ever to hold in a Christian nation. It is true that the Apostles, with one exception, were unlearned men, and occupied but a low rank in the world's estimation of dignity; but German Protestants do not contend for an unlearned Ministry:—they acknowledge the power of learning—they must also appreciate the influence of station. All things can be sanctified and made useful in the great cause of truth. Protestantism has not fair play in Germany. Even in Protestant countries and under the sway of pious Kings, the Ministers of an idolatrous system, the Popish Bishops, take precedence of the highest functionary of the Protestant Church. What is this but to put a premium upon error, and to disparage and discountenance truth? The compliment is received and regarded by Romanists as an involuntary acknowledgment of the invalidity of Protestant orders and the inferiority of the Protestant religion. Public homage is rendered to the sacredness and dignity of the episcopal office, and thus an immense momentum of influence given to Popery and turned against Protestantism: the consequence is, that but few Germans of rank or wealth devote themselves to the work of the Protestant Ministry, and that the order itself is rather patronised than respected by the higher classes

classes of society. This may be of little consequence to the devoted Minister who looks beyond this world for his reward, but it is of vast importance to the cause of Protestantism and the best interests of society. Christianity can never flourish where a large and influential class think themselves too good for the Christian Ministry.

These evils, which can be remedied only by a legitimate episcopacy, are well deserving the attention of the Protestant sovereigns and divines of Germany. Protestant bishops holding their proper position in the Christian commonwealth will have a considerable influence in teaching the popish prelates to know their place—secure Protestant monarchs from those outbreaks of popish hierarchical insolence with which they are now troubled, and persuade the popish multitude that Protestants really have a church. A Protestant episcopacy would prove the great bulwark against the assaults of popery in Germany, as it does in England, and, above all, take away even the appearance of the evil of schism. Indeed it is most devoutly to be wished, if not hoped, that *all* the daughters of the Lutheran and Calvinist reformation may soon perceive that the corruptions of Rome, and the hard circumstances of the times, deprived the reformers of the benefits of an Apostolic institution, and be persuaded of the desirableness of restoring that form of government which prevailed in primitive times, and the want of which prevents communion with the largest portion of Christendom.

ART. VII.—1. *Foreign Office Correspondence relating to Persia and Afghanistan.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. London. 1839.

2. *Indian Papers—Correspondence relating to Afghanistan.* India Board, 26th March, 1839. Presented by Her Majesty's Command.

THE questions now pending between the British government and the sovereigns and chiefs of the countries which intervene between the Russian frontier in Georgia and the north-west frontier of British India, derive their real importance from the relative positions of England and Russia. They are therefore not merely Asiatic questions, but are likewise essentially European.

England has in India a great empire, which she holds by a tenure so peculiar that she is prudently jealous of the establishment, in its immediate vicinity, of any foreign European influence. She has therefore sought, by forming alliances with some of the

neighbouring nations, not only to protect India from actual invasion, but also to exclude from it the rival influence of other states. Independent of the necessity for adopting these precautionary measures which arose out of the very nature of our power in India, there were circumstances in the position, the previous policy and views of Russia, and in the character of her government, which pointed her out as the nation from which danger was to be apprehended, and against the effects of whose intrigues and violence it was therefore especially necessary to adopt every prudent and practicable means of defence.

Still the distance which separated her frontier from ours was so considerable; the difficulty of marching an army sufficiently numerous to endanger our possession of India was conceived to be so great; the assurances of friendly feeling towards England which Russia renewed from time to time were so strong; the protestations of the absence of all ambitious views—of all desire for territorial aggrandizement, or even for exclusive influence in the East, were so solemn—and Lord Durham was so fully satisfied of the perfect sincerity of all her professions—that this country was lulled into a feeling of security, from which the voice of the few who did not participate in these sentiments was unable to rouse it. Russia saw publication after publication, exposing her past and denouncing her present policy, issue from the press of England without awakening the nation; she saw every attempt which was made to direct the attention of the House of Commons to her designs fail. Indeed, she saw the British nation so exclusively occupied with domestic feuds that no question of foreign policy seemed to be at all thought of. She had heard it said that we had entered into recognizances of a thousand millions to keep the peace. She heard a party in the nation, whose weight she greatly overrated, opposing every augmentation of our army or navy, and even questioning the value of India and of our Colonies;—and having, as she imagined, tried the temper and the spirit of England by the seizure and condemnation of the *Vixen*, and thinking she had discovered that the one was docile and the other dormant—her government and her agents cast aside all apprehension of the only danger which would have deterred them. Yet it was not until civil war in Canada promised to direct the disposable military resources of England to the opposite extremity of her empire, that the intrigues of the Russian agents in the direction of India took such a shape, that it was impossible to doubt either the nature of their plans, or the tendency of their proceedings.

The first important step in this series of intrigues, which has occupied the Russian agents for some years, was taken in Persia.

From

From the death of Nadir Shah to the accession of Aga Mahommed Khan, the sovereigns of Persia had exercised no control over the province of Khorassan, which was governed by petty chiefs, who acknowledged a more or less imperfect allegiance to princes of the family of Nadir. These princes had their capital at Meshed, and affected sovereign state, though their authority was never fully established beyond the walls of the capital. Combinations amongst the hereditary chiefs of tribes more than once threatened to expel them even from that asylum; but the Affghan monarchs countenanced and supported their feeble authority, and Ahmed Shah on one occasion marched an army into Khorassan, and subduing the province as far as Neishapore, re-established for a time the descendants of his former master in possession not only of the city of Meshed, but also of a considerable portion of the province.

Aga Mahommed Khan, the first Shah of the Kajar dynasty, overturned the authority of the descendants of Nadir in Khorassan, and during the early part of the reign of the late Futteh Ally Shah, some progress was made towards the establishment of his authority in that province, of which one of his sons was invested with the government; but the authority of the Shah was not fully established, and the power of the chiefs remained unbroken until the late Abbas Meerza reduced their strongholds and removed them from their hereditary possessions in 1831-2.

It was then, for the first time since the death of Nadir, that Persia appears to have formed any fixed design to annex Herat to her empire.

The princes, governors of Khorassan, had on several occasions led armies against Herat, not for the purpose of subduing it, but of extorting money from its ruler, and they had sometimes been successful in accomplishing that which appears to have been the only object of these expeditions. On one occasion the Prince Hassan Allee Meerza, while governor of Khorassan, was received into Herat, formed an alliance by marriage with Prince Kamran, and having introduced a considerable body of his followers into the citadel, believed himself to be in a position to seize and to retain it. But in answer to the letter in which he made this disclosure to Futteh Ally Shah, he received positive orders to evacuate the place; and it was intimated to him that it was inconsistent with the views of the Shah to seek the conquest of Herat, or to disturb the descendants of Ahmed Shah in the possession of the only part of their kingdom which remained to them. When Abbas Meerza proposed to march against Herat, Futteh Ally Shah disapproved of the measure. He was of opinion that, even if success could be ensured, the advantage

was questionable. He felt the difficulty of establishing his authority over a people of a hostile sect and nation. He feared that by extending his frontier in that direction, he should be placing it in contact with lawless tribes, who could neither be effectually subdued nor made to feel any responsibility for their conduct: and he was of opinion that it was more advantageous to Persia to form an alliance with the government of Herat, and to make it responsible for the conduct of the tribes subject to its sway, than to destroy the only authority by which these tribes could be restrained, and undertake the almost hopeless task of reducing them to habits of order, and of obedience to a foreign power, by the sword. He felt convinced that the preservation of Herat to Persia, even should it be captured, would be more costly than profitable, and he urged Abbas Meerza to apply himself rather to the improvement of his own territories than to the conquest of other countries.

But the prince had weight and influence enough to overrule or overcome his father's objections, and in the year 1833 he sent an army under the command of his eldest son, Mahommed Meerza, now Mahommed Shah, to attempt the reduction of Herat. The expedition was unsuccessful. The Persian army had been some weeks before Herat, but had made little progress in the siege, when the death of Abbas Meerza at Meshed obliged it to retire. It did not venture, however, to commence a retreat until an amicable arrangement had been entered into with Prince Kamran; and although these engagements were concluded by the government of Herat while it was yet ignorant of the death of Abbas Meerza, the Persian army was permitted, in consideration of the promises which had been made, to retire unmolested.

On the return of Mahommed Meerza from Herat, he was nominated by his grandfather heir to the throne of Persia, in succession to his father, Abbas Meerza. In the course of the following autumn his grandfather died, and Mahommed Shah, aided by the British officers who commanded his army, and by supplies of money from the British Government, mounted the throne of Persia.

He had been mortified by the failure of his first great military enterprise, and had scarcely established his authority in his own kingdom, when he intimated his intention to attempt again the subjugation of Herat. The British Government had never encouraged Persia to engage in hostilities with any foreign state, or to seek foreign conquests; on the contrary, Persia had never received from England any other advice than to direct her attention to the amelioration of her internal condition, to the improvement of her means of defence, and to the cultivation of peaceful
and

and friendly relations with all her neighbours. When Persia engaged in hostilities with Turkey in 1822, she took that course in direct opposition to the urgent remonstrances and entreaties of Sir Henry Willock, the British Chargé d'Affaires then at her court. When she broke with Russia in 1826, the British Chargé d'Affaires used every argument and exerted all the influence he could command, to deter Persia from plunging into a war, even when she had received sufficient provocation to justify her in appealing to arms. When, in 1832, the Prince Royal of Persia proposed to march against Herat, the British Secretary of Legation, then in his royal highness' camp (Mr. McNeill), took it upon himself to dissuade Abbas Meerza from making the attempt, and induced him to abandon it for that year. The British Government had sought in their intercourse with Persia the tranquillity and the strength of that kingdom, and they desired its independence and its integrity; but while Great Britain wished to give security to Persia against foreign enemies, and believed that, by pursuing a course calculated to lead to that result, she was also giving additional security to her own empire in India, she has at all times endeavoured to prevent Persia from converting the elements of strength with which England supplied her for purposes of defence, into means of aggression against any other country.

The agents of Russia have pursued a very different course. When Persia made war upon Turkey in 1822, it was ascertained that the Russian Chargé d'Affaires, then in Persia, had instigated and encouraged the Prince Royal to commence hostilities. The Russian authorities in Georgia provoked the war with Persia in 1826; and when Abbas Meerza planned his campaign against Herat in 1832, he had been encouraged to the enterprise, and had received military advice and assistance from the Baron Ache, an officer of Russian engineers, who accompanied him into Khorassan.

It was to be expected therefore, when the present Shah proposed to march against Herat, that we should find the representative of the British government opposing, and that of the Russian Monarch encouraging, the undertaking. They were in fact persevering in that which had been the uniform policy of the two powers, from the moment when their representatives met at the court of the Shah. But independent of these general views which led England to desire the strength and tranquillity of Persia and of all the neighbouring countries that promised to serve as barriers to India, or to become outlets for our commerce, and which, on the other hand, led Russia, or at least her accredited agents, to seek every opportunity of involving Persia in hostilities with adjoining states, there were in the relative positions of England and Russia at the court

court of the Shah, and in the nature of the intercourse between Persia and the chiefs of Afghanistan, and between those chiefs and Russia, circumstances which made it demonstrable that the advance of Persian dominion towards India would lead to the advance of Russian influence in the same direction. The young Shah had mounted the throne with the countenance of Russia and the active support of England; but, although he was unable to move his army from Tabreez until he received pecuniary aid from the British Mission, and the assistance of British officers to command the troops and to give the soldiers confidence in the promises which had been held out to them; and although it was known and admitted at the time that the success of the Shah could not have been secured, without hazarding his independence, unless by the opportune and effective assistance he received from England, it unfortunately did so happen that, when he had been firmly seated on the throne, Russian influence was found to have gained an ascendancy in his counsels, which, under the circumstances, it would have appeared unreasonable, or almost absurd, to have anticipated.

When the Right Hon. Henry Ellis arrived in Persia in 1835 on an embassy of condolence and congratulation to the young Shah, he speedily found that Russian influence was dominant at court, and that the impression of the power of Russia as compared with that of England was always to the disadvantage of the latter. He found the Shah and his prime minister thirsting for military glory and dreaming of nothing but conquest, and he was not long left in doubt as to the direction in which this zeal was first to overflow. The Shah had determined to make another attempt to subdue Herat. This determination the Russian minister used every means in his power to confirm, and he even went so far as to propose to accompany the expedition, and to offer his military services to the Shah. Mr. Ellis, in obedience to his instructions, and guided by his previous acquaintance with the views of the British government, did not hesitate to oppose the projected expedition of the Shah, and to point out to the Persian government the hazard it must incur of giving umbrage to England by prosecuting schemes of conquest in Afghanistan.

He made his first formal communication on the latter head upon the 8th January, 1836, and his letters to Lord Palmerston of that date, and during some months after, detail how repeatedly and frankly he conveyed his views to the Persian ministers, and show that he exerted himself to the utmost in calling the attention both of the government here and of the East India Company to the serious interests which were in peril—*e. g.* (January 8th)—

‘I yesterday ascertained, from authority on which I could rely, that the

the Russian minister at this court had expressed himself in very strong terms respecting the expediency of the Shah losing no time in undertaking the expedition against Herat, and had assigned, as a reason for the immediate urgency of his doing so, the probability of the British government discouraging the attempt, in pursuance of their known wish to see a restoration of the Affghan monarchy.'

'15th January.—I feel quite assured that the British government cannot permit the extension of the Persian monarchy in the direction of Afghanistan, with a due regard to the internal tranquillity of India; that extension will, at once, bring Russian influence to the very threshold of our empire; and, as Persia will not, or dare not, place herself in a condition of close alliance with Great Britain, our policy must be to consider her no longer an outwork for the defence of India, but as the first parallel, from whence the attack may be commenced or threatened.'

'25th February.—I am convinced that every effort will be made by the Shah to obtain possession of Herat, and to extend his dominions in the direction of Afghanistan, and that, for this purpose, no opportunity will be lost of forming connexions with the chief of Cabool and his brothers. I cannot refrain from most earnestly calling the attention of his Majesty's government, and of the East India Company, to the danger of the Shah of Persia approaching, either by direct conquest or by the admission of his right of dominion, the frontiers of India; for I can conceive no event more likely to unsettle the public mind in the north-western provinces, and to disturb the general tranquillity of our eastern empire.'

Mr. Ellis proposed to the Persian government to undertake a mediation between it and that of Herat, and even offered to send a British officer to Herat for the purpose of facilitating the adjustment of their differences. To this proposal the Persian ministers at first assented, but they evaded the performance of the promise they had made to act upon it, and ultimately rejected it altogether.

In July, 1836, Mr. Ellis recurs to this subject, and, having in a previous letter informed Lord Palmerston of the arrival of an envoy from Kandahar for the purpose of negotiating a treaty with the Shah, details his conversation with that envoy. The Kandaharee expatiated on the readiness of all Afghanistan, with the exception of Herat, to come under feudal submission to the Shah, who might, the envoy observed, with the assistance of the Affghans, *like Nadir Shah, push his conquests to Delhi.*

'The Shah of Persia (says Mr. Ellis) may, and I begin rather confidently to hope will, be prevented, by want of means, from attacking Herat this year, and annexing it to his dominions; but he will not abandon the object unless compelled to do so by the declared opposition of the British government. His Majesty has been encouraged, and, I have been recently informed, has been promised positive assistance, in

in this design, by the Russians, who well know that the conquest of Herat and Kandahar by the Persians is in fact an advance for them towards India, if not for the purpose of actual invasion, certainly for that of intrigue and disorganization.'

Thus it appears that as early as January, 1836, the Russian Minister had exerted his influence to induce the Shah to attempt the subjugation of Herat—and that the sentiments of the British Government in respect to that project, and the light in which it would view the prosecution by the Shah of schemes of conquest in Afghanistan, had been formally announced to the Persian government, but had failed to deter the Shah from engaging in the enterprise, or to prevent the Russian minister from urging his Persian Majesty to hasten its execution. On the contrary, Count Simonich had adduced the certainty that England would oppose the course which Persia was about to pursue, as one of the strongest arguments he could employ to accelerate the execution of the schemes he was promoting.

The Shah marched from Tehran, but the appearance of the cholera in Khorassan delayed the advance of the army; and the fear of leaving in his rear the refractory Turcomans of the south-east shores of the Caspian induced him to deviate from the direct road to Herat, for the purpose of subduing them before he proceeded on his more distant expedition. The want of supplies, and the resistance offered by the Turcomans, rendered this a more difficult and tedious operation than had been anticipated, and the disorganisation of the Persian army was so complete, and the season so far advanced, when the Shah retreated from the banks of the Goorgann, that he found it necessary, instead of undertaking the march against Herat, to retire to his capital, and to dismiss his army to their homes. The only man who appears to have opposed this resolution was the Russian minister, for on the 15th September, 1836, Colonel Stoddart, who accompanied the Shah's camp, writes to Mr. M'Neill, who had succeeded Mr. Ellis:—

'Not a word is said about going to Herat; indeed the camp sent from Meshed to Koochaun appears conclusive on that score. On the other hand, the Russian envoy has officially complained to the Shah against his not going. His advice has been most coldly received.'

On the 3rd November Mr. M'Neill writes to Lord Palmerston, giving a deplorable account of the condition of the Persian army then in the vicinity of Asterabad, and adds—

'Yet, in this state of things, the Russian minister, as late as the 23rd ultimo, still continued to urge the Shah to undertake a winter campaign against Herat, an enterprise which, even were the army in the best condition as to feeling and preparation, would be extremely hazardous.'

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The proceedings of the Russian minister in Persia led the British Minister for Foreign Affairs to make a communication on the subject to the Russian government, through Lord Durham, then the ambassador at St. Petersburg—and Lord Durham's answer, dated the 24th February, 1837, is in the following terms:—

‘In conformity with your Lordship's instructions, I spoke to Count Nesselrode on the subject of the conduct of the Russian Minister in Persia. His Excellency stated that, if Count Simonich had acted in the manner stated by Mr. M'Neill, he had done that which was in direct opposition to his instructions. The Count had been distinctly ordered to dissuade the Shah from prosecuting the present war at any time and in any circumstances. His Excellency said that he was convinced that our Minister had been misinformed, and that Count Simonich had never given any such advice to the Shah as that which was attributed to him. Count Nesselrode further stated that he entirely agreed with the English Government as to the folly and impolicy of the course pursued by the Persian monarch.’

We have seen that Count Simonich had continued for an entire year to urge by every argument he could employ, and even by direct promises of support and assistance, the very course which Count Nesselrode declares to have been ‘in direct opposition to his instructions.’

Strange as it may seem that the Russian government should have remained for twelve months utterly ignorant of the proceedings of its own Minister at the Persian court, it is still more unaccountable that, after this explicit declaration of Count Nesselrode that the Russian Minister ‘had been distinctly ordered to dissuade the Shah from prosecuting the present war at any time or under any circumstances,’ the Russian Minister should have continued, for nearly two years subsequent to this declaration, to take a more open and active part in pushing on the Shah to the prosecution of the very course of policy which is here condemned, and should have been permitted, during all that time, not only to persevere in a direct violation of his instructions, but in furthering by his active co-operation, by pecuniary aid, and by promises of support from his government, the very enterprise which he had been ordered to dissuade the Shah from prosecuting. But that such has been the course pursued by Count Simonich is proved by clear evidence, and even by the admissions of the Russian government itself.

The government of India, informed of the projects of the Shah, and of the share which the Russian Minister had taken in exciting him to attempt the subjugation of Herat, and even of other portions of Affghanistan, felt the necessity of taking some measures to counteract the evils to which the extension of combined

bined Russian and Persian influence in Affghanistan could not fail to expose the British possessions in India and the British commerce in Central Asia. The Envoy in Persia was therefore instructed to inform the Shah that any attempt to prosecute schemes of aggrandizement in Affghanistan must diminish the cordiality which had hitherto subsisted between England and Persia.

In a letter of the 24th February, 1837, Mr. M'Neill, in commenting on the instructions he had received, expresses a belief that the Shah was justified in making war upon Herat; he states his opinion of the inadequacy of any remonstrances he might offer to prevent the Shah from prosecuting what he regarded as a just war, and his doubts of the advantage of producing the alienation which would probably result from such a remonstrance, unless the British government should be prepared to act as well as to threaten.

In the mean time an active intercourse was carried on between the chiefs of Cabool and Kandahar and the court of the Shah, in which the Russian minister, in concert with the Persian government, played an important part.

The increasing power of the Seiks; the success which had hitherto attended their able and warlike sovereign, Runjeet Sing, in all his contests with the Affghans; and especially the establishment of his authority over Peshawer, and some other places on the western bank of the Indus, which were inhabited by a Mahomedan population, had excited at once the fears and the religious enthusiasm of the chiefs of Cabool and Kandahar. At the same time the connexion which was supposed to exist between the English and the exiled sovereigns of Affghanistan, who had found an asylum in the British territories,—the opinion which prevailed, that the government had favoured the unsuccessful attempt which Shah Shoojah had made on a former occasion to recover his kingdom,—the intimate relations of friendship which were known to have subsisted for many years between the British government in India and the court of Lahore—and, more than all, the total neglect with which the British government had hitherto treated these Affghan chiefs—had led them to regard England with feelings of jealousy rather than of attachment; and had induced them to seek, in alliances with Persia and Russia, protection against the dangers with which they believed themselves to be threatened from the East.

The chief of Cabool sent accredited agents almost simultaneously to the courts of Tehran and St. Petersburg, soliciting from both assistance against the Seiks. The chiefs of Kandahar also sent

sent agents into Persia ; but, as the greatest danger which they apprehended was from the power of Kamran, Prince of Herat, their chief object was to concert with Persia a combined attack for the destruction of that Power.

But, although the chiefs of Cabool and Kandahar thus found in the nature of their external relations a reason for seeking to connect themselves more intimately with Persia, there were also circumstances in the internal condition of the countries they governed, and in their own positions in respect to the Affghan nations, which led them to desire the countenance and support of the Shah. They were usurpers—they had driven from the throne the descendant of Ahmed Shah—the representative of the Affghan monarchy and the chief of the tribe Suddozye. They knew that the Affghan people, however they might have been misled by intrigues, irritated by ill-treatment, and excited by ambition or by personal enmities, to aid in expelling princes of the royal family, still regarded with feelings of attachment or of reverence every member of that house, and they therefore distrusted the feelings of the Affghan people towards themselves. There were, both at Cabool and at Kandahar, Persian tribes which had been settled there by Nadir—in effect, colonies of hereditary soldiers, who were powerful by their union, by their military skill and reputation, and by their superior acuteness and intelligence. The chiefs of Cabool and Kandahar, dreading the influence of the Suddozyes, and doubting the attachment of the majority of the Affghans, early connected themselves with these Persian, or, as they are usually called, Kizzilbash tribes. But the Kizzilbashes had retained their language, their religion, and their attachment to their fatherland. They were still Persians and Sheeahs in the midst of an Affghan and Sooney population. By their connexion with the Barikzye chiefs they had become a dominant people both at Cabool and at Kandahar, and they shared with these chiefs the apprehension that the affection of the Affghans for the Suddozyes might one day restore that exiled family to the kingdom, and give the Affghan people, properly so called, the ascendancy in their own country which they had lost during the usurpation of the present rulers of Cabool and Kandahar. They therefore naturally turned to Persia, to their native country, for the support which was not only to defend them from foreign aggression and from internal revolution, but to confirm them in their dominant position in the country in which they were still regarded as strangers. They felt that, if the chiefs whom they served could be made to lean on Persia for support, Persian influence must from that moment be firmly established ; and that they, being the actual representatives

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of their nation in Affghanistan, must then become more necessary to their chiefs and the favoured instruments of the Shah. They therefore exerted all their influence, which was great, in favour of the connexion with Persia; and, as there were apprehensions in the minds of their rulers that Persia alone might not be strong enough to defend them, they advocated the advantages of an alliance with Russia also—for they were told by the agents of both these governments that Persia and Russia were one.

The Shah of Persia saw in this state of things at Cabool and Kandahar a prospect of establishing his own supremacy over all Affghanistan, and the means of promoting the immediate success of the favourite object of his ambition—the subjugation of Herat. The Russian agents, on the other hand, thought they had discovered in these combinations the means of establishing Russian influence in all those countries, and of striking a blow at England. In Persia the great impediment to the success of Russia's views had hitherto been the perfect community of interests between Great Britain and Persia, which had united them, not more by formal engagements than by a sense of common danger, in an intimate alliance for their mutual defence; and, so long as the late Shah lived, this sentiment had had its full weight in the councils of Persia. But the young Shah, after mounting the throne, had removed all experienced or wise counsellors from around him, and had placed the affairs of his empire entirely in the hands of persons who shared in the love of conquest by which he was himself actuated. To enable him to prosecute these schemes, it was necessary that he should so cultivate intimate relations with Russia as to relieve him from all apprehension that, while he was engaged on distant expeditions, Russia would profit by his absence to disturb or dismember his kingdom, and he was taught to believe that, if he could ensure the support of Russia, England would not venture to oppose him. But he felt that the first and most essential step towards gaining the entire confidence of Russia was to detach himself from England. The Russian agents, therefore, perceived that to induce him to prosecute his projects of military conquest and of aggrandizement in Affghanistan was the most effectual mode of leading him to transfer his confidence from England to Russia, and that it must ultimately lead to an opposition of interests between England and Persia, and a community of objects between Persia and Russia, which could not fail to further their own schemes. Though in the early part of these transactions they professed to desire only the success of the Shah's enterprises, and the advancement of his interests, they gradually unfolded to him their own views and intentions, which exhibited a community of interests between Persia and Russia, hitherto undiscovered, and a common
opposition

opposition to England which Persia had never before contemplated. In furtherance of the concerted projects of these parties, an envoy was sent by the Shah to Kandahar and Cabool, charged with presents and communications, not only from his Persian Majesty, but also from the Russian Minister at the Persian court.

Influenced by these considerations, the Shah, notwithstanding the ill success of his expedition against the Turcomans, again began to collect an army for the purpose of attacking Herat, but, before his preparations were completed, an envoy from Prince Kamran arrived at the Persian capital to negotiate an amicable adjustment of the differences between the Ruler of Herat and the Shah. The Herat envoy immediately put himself in communication with Mr. M'Neill, who was also invited by the Persian government to take part in the discussions.

In a despatch dated 30th June, Mr. M'Neill details the nature and the result of these negotiations, on which he makes the following remarks :—

‘ It soon became sufficiently evident that the real question at issue between the parties was the sovereignty of Herat, which the Shah of Persia claimed for himself, but which Kamran was not prepared to relinquish ; and this appeared to me to be precisely the question in which the British government was most interested. I regarded it as of the utmost importance to our security in India that Herat should not become dependent on Persia, in such a manner that it should follow the fate of this country, or become available to any Power which might obtain a controul over the councils of the Shah. I therefore not only could not advise the Herat Envoy to concede this point, but I considered it my duty to say that, if this concession should be made, and the relations of Kamran and the people of Herat to the Shah of Persia should thus become those of subjects to a sovereign, I could take no further part in the negotiation.

‘ I had been instructed by the government of India to dissuade the Shah from undertaking another expedition against Herat, and to inform his Majesty that to prosecute this war might diminish the cordiality which had so long subsisted between England and Persia. In my despatch of the 24th of February I expressed an opinion that the war which the Shah was prosecuting against Herat was a just war ; and I ventured to question the advantage, under such circumstances, of endeavouring, by implied threats, to dissuade him from renewing it ; but when the Herat government offered terms so very advantageous, that I felt convinced Persia could not, by the conquest of the place, have gained so much in strength and security, it appeared to me that the war had from that moment become, on the part of Persia, an unjust war ; and that, having been requested by the Persian government to take a part in the negotiation, while the Herat Envoy had placed himself entirely in my hands, I could no longer with advantage maintain the reserve I had hitherto thought it advisable to maintain in regard to this question.

which Persia has much reason to hope that any arrangement will be concluded; but the envoy assures the Shah that he will be able to send me a copy of the letter of Kamran Shah, and by his minister to exchange it for a similar copy, should they at any time consent.

It is so advantageous, it is sufficiently secured in the past and security for the future is in view; and if any doubt could be entertained, it would have been removed by the terms proposed by the Persian prime minister transmitted to me, which was enclosed in the despatch above. It is unequivocally announced that the Persian government was to annex Herat to the empire, and that no conditions which did not conform to that object would satisfy his Persian

minister. He asserts that at this time he endeavoured to prevent the Shah from marching against Herat; and a despatch dated the 23rd July (p. 43 of the volume) was communicated by the Russian government minister at St. Petersburg, announces the intention of the Shah to engage in the war, and Count Simonich to dissuade him from proceeding. Count Simonich pointedly states that if he could have remained until the autumn, the differences with Persia would have been terminated by negotiation, and adds, 'I was not able to convince me of the necessity of war with Kamran, he at least proved that he was irresolute.' Here, then, is an admission on the part of the Russian minister himself, that if the Shah had not commenced hostilities there was reason to expect that the war with Herat might have been amicably arranged, and that the Shah had been unable to convince him of the necessity of going to war upon Herat. These circumstances will have a significant bearing on the statements and the policy adopted by Count Nesselrode in a letter to Lord Palmerston at Borgo, in which he offers explanations to the British government respecting the proceedings of Russia and her allies; and this letter of the Russian minister is also the only one of his despatches which has been communicated to the British government—especially as its tone and the course which it represents.

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question. I therefore determined to take this opportunity of making a stand; and to remove every excuse for mutual distrust, I ventured to engage, on the part of the British government, that it would use its endeavours to get the terms fulfilled by both parties. While I was determined to maintain, at all hazards, the principle of the independence of Herat, I did not object to the concessions which were voluntarily made by Shah Kamran, because, so long as the Persian government was precluded from interfering in the internal affairs of Herat, and marching troops into that country, Herat would form a barrier against the further advance of Persia in that direction, and one, too, which, by an engagement to look to the faithful observance of the proposed arrangement, we should have acquired the right of assisting to guard.

‘The pretensions of Persia to the sovereignty of Afghanistan appeared to me to be such as we were neither called upon by a sense of justice, nor permitted by a due regard to our own security, to sanction or allow. I thought I could show, from our treaty with Persia, that the Affghans were looked upon by the Persian government itself, at the time when that treaty was signed, as an independent nation; while the fact of our having concluded a treaty of defensive alliance with their sovereign, in 1809, precluded the possibility, so long as they preserved their actual independence, of our being called upon to acknowledge them to be subjects of Persia.

‘In my letter recommending the Persian government to accept the terms offered by the Herat Envoy, I had stated my fears that, if these terms were rejected, and troops were sent against Herat, the British government might suspect that Persia had in view, in prosecuting the war, other objects than those which she had avowed. His Excellency refers to the perfect union of the nations as an answer to this statement. In my reply, I have thought it necessary to point out to him that the course pursued by the government of the present Shah has not been that which was best calculated to secure to Persia the advantages of that perfect confidence in her views and intentions which she expects the British government to feel; and I have endeavoured to make his Excellency perceive that, if Persia is deterred by fear of others from rendering justice or evincing her friendship to England, such a state of things must effectually destroy all confidence in her policy, especially as the increasing disorganization and weakness of the government must tend to increase the evil.

‘I think it possible that this discussion may, for a time, produce some unpleasant feeling on the part of the Shah and his minister towards myself; for everything done by a public servant here is looked upon as emanating from his own feelings, and becomes personal; but after very anxious deliberation, and keeping in mind the instructions I had received from India, I came to the conclusion that the announcement of the sentiments and opinions I have conveyed to this Government in these letters was more important than my own personal position at this court.

‘I was about to close this despatch when I received from his Excellency the prime minister the enclosure No. 6. Judging from the
Shah’s

Shah's present feelings, I do not see much reason to hope that any arrangement will, for the present, be concluded; but the envoy assures me that, on his arrival at Herat, he will be able to send me a copy of the proposed arrangement, sealed by Kamran Shah, and by his minister Yar Mahommed Khan, with permission to exchange it for a similar copy, sealed by the Shah and prime minister of Persia, should they at any time be induced to accept the arrangement.'

When Persia rejected terms so advantageous, it is sufficiently obvious that reparation for the past and security for the future were not the objects she had in view; and if any doubt could have remained on this subject, it would have been removed by the memorandum commenting on the terms proposed by the Herat envoy, which the Persian prime minister transmitted to Mr. M'Neill, and which was enclosed in the despatch above quoted. In this document it is unequivocally announced that the object of the Persian government was to annex Herat to the dominions of the Shah, and that no conditions which did not imply the accomplishment of that object would satisfy his Persian majesty.

The Russian minister asserts that at this time he endeavoured to dissuade the Shah from marching against Herat; and a despatch from that functionary dated the 23rd July (p. 43 of the printed papers), which was communicated by the Russian government to the British minister at St. Petersburg, announces at once the fixed resolution of the Shah to engage in the war, and the endeavours of Count Simonich to dissuade him from prosecuting it. The Count pointedly states that if he could have induced the Shah to remain until the autumn, the differences with Kamran might have been terminated by negotiation, and adds, 'If his majesty was not able to convince me of the necessity of making war upon Kamran, he at least proved that he was immoveable in his resolution.' Here, then, is an admission on the part of the Russian minister himself, that if the Shah had abstained from hostilities there was reason to expect that the differences with Herat might have been amicably arranged, and a declaration that the Shah had been unable to convince him of the necessity of making war upon Herat. These circumstances will be found to have a significant bearing on the statements and the line of argument adopted by Count Nesselrode in a letter to Count Pozzo di Borgo, in which he offers explanations to the British government respecting the proceedings of Russia and her agents in the East; and this letter of the Russian minister is also important, as it is almost the only one of his despatches which appears to have been communicated to the British government—and more especially as its tone and the course which it represents
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Count Simonich to have adopted, are altogether at variance with the whole of his previous and subsequent proceedings.

On the 23rd of July the Shah marched against Herat, disregarding the remonstrances of the British minister and the *dissuasions* of Count Simonich; but various impediments delayed the progress of the army, and on the 14th October it had advanced no further than to the vicinity of Nishapoor, not much above half the distance from the capital to the frontier of Persia, on the side nearest to Herat. On that day Colonel Stoddart writes to Mr. McNeill—

‘ Captain Vicovich of the Russian service, an aide-de-camp of the general at Orenberg, arrived here from Tehran and Resht on the 10th instant. He is gone on a mission to Cabool. Horsemen have been given to pass him to Toorbut, thence a change to Khain, thence again to Lash, from thence Kandahar. He left yesterday.’

With reference to this communication, Mr. McNeill informs Lord Palmerston that—

‘ Vicovich had everywhere announced that he was sent to intimate the arrival at Asterabad of a large Russian force, destined to co-operate with the Shah’s army against Herat.’

And adds,—

‘ Count Simonich has never on any occasion mentioned to me the name of this individual, or alluded in any way to the intercourse between Russia and Cabool.’

The despatch of the Russian minister in Persia, announcing his unsuccessful endeavours to dissuade the Shah from marching against Herat, was communicated to Mr. Milbanke, at St. Petersburg, on the 8th September. That communication could have been made for no other purpose than to convey to the British government a renewed assurance that the cabinet of St. Petersburg was acting, and had forced its representative in Persia to act, in conformity with the language it had held to Lord Durham, and therefore in concert with the British government. Yet, at this very time, at the moment when it was renewing these assurances, it must have been employed in secretly despatching to Cabool an accredited agent, whose proceedings have been proved by incontestable evidence to have been but a series of intrigues unfriendly to England and hostile to her interests. Capt. Vicovich arrived in the Shah’s camp about one month after this communication had been made.

We have seen that in 1835 Dost Mahommed Khan had despatched accredited agents to Russia and to Persia to ask assistance against the Seiks. In the following year he addressed a letter to Lord Auckland, who had lately arrived in India, soliciting his Lordship’s advice and protection. This correspondence ultimately

ultimately led to the employment of Captain Burnes on a mission into Afghanistan, and especially to Cabool, for the purpose of making arrangements with the chiefs of those countries, such as might tend to facilitate the commercial intercourse which has at all times been carried on between India and Central Asia, and to which it was believed the arrangements then recently concluded for the navigation of the Indus, would give a considerable impulse. Captain Burnes's instructions are dated the 5th September, 1836, but the previous arrangements which he had to conclude with the chiefs on the Indus, and the impediments which were thrown in his way by the hostilities which had broken out between Dost Mahommed Khan and the Seiks, delayed his arrival at Cabool till September, 1837. In the mean time, the Persian envoy had arrived at Kandahar, and had communicated with Cabool, and the first effect of this communication was to diminish the cordiality of tone which had previously marked the letters Dost Mahommed Khan had written to Captain Burnes while on his way to Cabool. The Persian envoy at Kandahar had expatiated on the intimacy and the concert which existed between Persia and Russia, contrasting the high value of an alliance with these two powers with the comparative worthlessness of a connexion with England, and extolling the military power of Russia as superior to that of all other nations; still, Dost Mahommed Khan professed to prefer the friendship of England to that of the more distant powers to the westward.

The appearance of the Persian envoy in these parts, and the language he was holding, induced the government of India to give more of a political character than had been originally intended to the mission of Captain Burnes, and circumstances occurred shortly after his arrival at Cabool, which made him feel that even the more extended authority with which he had been furnished was not sufficient to enable him to meet the exigencies of the occasion.

Kohundil Khan, of Kandahar, influenced by the presence and the promises of the Persian envoy, and by the advice and the hopes which were held out to him by the Russian minister at the Persian court, seemed determined to prefer the alliance with Persia and Russia to that with England. Desirous to secure to himself all the advantages of being the leader of the Persian and Russian party in Afghanistan, even to the exclusion of his brother of Cabool, he detained the Persian envoy at Kandahar,—entered with him on the negotiation of a treaty, placing himself under the protection of Persia, with the guarantee of Russia,—despatched another messenger to the Shah to forward these negotiations,—and made preparations to send his son, Omar Khan, to co-

operate in the attack upon Herat, and to serve as a hostage for the faithful performance of the engagements his father was contracting with Persia.

The professed object of Dost Mahommed in seeking foreign alliances, whether with Persia and Russia on the one side, or with England on the other, was to protect himself against the Seiks. When the government of India felt itself called upon by the proceedings of Persia, in concert with Russia, to deviate from the rule which it had hitherto prescribed to itself of not interfering in the political affairs of Affghanistan, it appears to have contemplated the adjustment of the differences between Dost Mahommed and the Seiks, in such a manner as would afford security to the Affghan chief, as the first step to be taken for promoting the tranquillity of Affghanistan and the prosperity of commerce, as well as with the view of defeating the intrigues of Persia and Russia in those parts. And as the only object of Dost Mahommed Khan, in seeking alliances with foreign courts, appeared to be protection against the Seiks, it was not unreasonable to presume, that any arrangement which should ensure to him that protection, would meet the difficulties which had led him to court a foreign alliance, and would therefore remove the only inducement which he appeared to have to form connexions which might ultimately prove to be injurious to our interests. The government of India, therefore, authorized Captain Burnes to tender its good offices, with a view to the adjustment, on equitable terms, of the differences between Dost Mahommed and the Seiks; but coupled with this proposal was a condition that the chief of Cabool, in consideration of the friendly intervention of the British government to effect this object, should renounce all connexion with the governments to the westward—that is, with Persia and Russia,—except with the concurrence of England. It is quite obvious that the British government had a right, under all circumstances, to annex to the proposal for mediation between the Affghan chief and the Seiks any conditions it might think proper, and that, if the proposal it made was not accepted, it still retained the right to defend its own interests from the evils with which it might be threatened by the proceedings of the chief of Cabool. He had already sought the assistance of Russia, and he had addressed the sovereign of Persia in terms which were almost equivalent to a proposal to place himself in actual dependence on that power. The Persian government had rejected the very advantageous terms which had been offered by the government of Herat, and had unequivocally announced their intention to annex Herat to the Persian dominions. They were negotiating a treaty with the chiefs of Kandahar, under the guarantee of Russia, which had for

for its object to place these chiefs in a state of dependence on Persia, and to secure to them the aid of Persia against England. The concert of Persia and Russia in their proceedings in Afghanistan had ceased to be doubtful, and the hostile views towards England with which the Russian agents were prosecuting this scheme of concerted action with Persia, had been exposed in the correspondence of Dost Mahommed Khan's agent at the court of Persia with his master. The nature of these hostile views will be made more intelligible by the following letter from Captain Burnes, written before his arrival at Cabool, and addressed to the Secretary of the Indian Government:—

' Cabool, 15th November, 1837.

' I do myself the honour to transmit, for the information of the Governor-General, the copy of a letter received some time since by the Ameer of Cabool from His Excellency Count Simonich, the Russian Ambassador at Tehran; likewise one from the Ameer's agent forwarding the same.

' His Lordship is already aware, by the dispatches of Her Majesty's Ambassador in Persia, that a communication was also addressed by the Russian Ambassador to the Chief of Candahar. A double opportunity is now offered of judging of the designs and intentions of Russia in this quarter.

' If anything were wanting to bear out the correctness of Mr. McNeill's views as expressed in his dispatch of the 30th June last, to Her Majesty's Secretary for Foreign Affairs, regarding the encouragement given to Persia by Russia to extend her influence to the countries eastward, these papers now forwarded carry the clearest proof of it, for the Russian Ambassador himself commences the correspondence with the Chief of Cabool, and tells him that, if the Shah of Persia will not assist him, *his court is ready to do so.*'

' Inclosure 1.

' The Russian Ambassador, at Tehran, to Ameer Dost Mahomed Khan of Cabool.

' In these happy days, the respectable Hajee Ibrahim Khan, one of your people, arrived at the door of His Majesty the Shah. He has now got leave to return to you, and I embrace the opportunity to write to you, being induced to do so by the praises which I am always hearing of you, and the friendly conversation which has passed between your man and myself. Through him, therefore, I send this friendly letter, and hope that you in future will keep up a correspondence with me.

' Considering me your friend, I trust that you will strengthen the bonds of friendship by writing to me, and freely commanding my services, as I shall always be happy to do anything for you.

' Look upon me as your servant, and let me hear from you.

(Sealed.) *' COUNT IWAN SIMONICH.*

' Minister Plenipotentiary of the Russian Government.'

‘Inclosure 2.

‘*Letter to Ameer of Cabool, forwarding the preceding, from Hajee Ibrahim, his Agent at Tehran.*

‘I reached the camp of the Shah in the month of Jumad-ool-wal. When His Majesty learned the contents of your letter he was happy and kind to me; at that time the Shah was at Chushma Ali, seven marches from Tehran, near Dam Ghan; he stated that on arriving at Khalpash he would discharge me with some messages to you. On his reaching Khalpash, he went to punish the Turkomans, and I accompanied His Majesty as desired. When we returned to Sharood the winter set in, and the Shah, by the advice of his counsellors, left his artillery there, abandoned the intention of going to Herat this year, and returned to Tehran. He ordered his nobles to get ready by Noo-Roz, for an expedition to Herat.

‘The Shah directed me to inform you that he will shortly send an Elchee, who, after meeting you, will proceed to Runjeet Sing to explain to him, on the part of the Shah, that if he (Runjeet) will not restore all the Affghan countries to you, the Ameer, he must be prepared to receive the Persian army. When the Shah takes Herat he has promised to send you money and any troops you want.

‘The Russian Ambassador, who is always with the Shah, has sent you a letter, which I inclose. The substance of his verbal messages to you is, that if the Shah does everything you want, so much the better; and if not, the Russian government will furnish you (the Ameer) with everything wanting.

‘The object of the Russian Elchee, by his message, is to have a road to the English (India), and for this they are very anxious. He is waiting for your answer, and I am sure he will serve you. The letter you sent through Aga Mahomed Kashee pleased the Shah very much, and he (Mahomed Hossein) will soon return to you.

‘The Ausef-ud-Dowlah, the Ruler of Khorassan, has written to the Shah that he saw Yar Mahomed Khan on this side of Furrah; he says that he has not power to oppose the Shah, but he will not serve him until the Shah gives him money to take Candahar and Cabool.

‘I send you the letter (Firmaun) of the Shah, which will, I trust, meet approbation.’

It was surely high time to put an end to an intercourse which was secretly carried on with such intentions, and if the attempt to do so by negotiation should fail, there could be no doubt that the time was come when it was indispensable to the security and the tranquillity of India to take whatever measures might be necessary to separate Affghanistan from the league which it was proposed to form against us.

Captain Burnes, with his usual activity and energy, applied himself to the difficult task which had been assigned to him. His reception at Cabool was cordial, and Dost Mahomed Khan for some time appeared to be disposed to connect himself with England rather than with the Russo-Persian league. He had

had conceived some jealousy of the proceedings of his brothers at Kandahar, who were obviously endeavouring to negotiate not only as independent of him, but separately from him, and to put themselves more prominently forward in the negotiations with Persia and Russia than was altogether consistent with the relative positions they had previously occupied. His confidence in Captain Burnes personally,—his knowledge of the influence which the British government in India could exercise at the court of Lahore,—the importance which he derived in the eyes of his subjects and his neighbours from the presence of a British mission at his capital,—and the hopes he permitted himself to entertain, that by the support of England he might not only obtain security against the Seiks, but gain other considerable advantages in his negotiations with their ruler,—led him to support the views of Great Britain, even in opposition to his brothers at Kandahar,—induced him to decline receiving the Persian envoy at Cabool,—and predisposed him to co-operate with Captain Burnes in detaching those brothers from the connexion they seemed resolved to form with Persia. These advantages were turned to the best account by the British minister at Cabool, and there appeared to be every prospect of a successful termination to his negotiations with Dost Mahomed. Captain Leech was detached to Kandahar to communicate with Kohundil Khan and his brothers; and, deeply as they had already involved themselves in the intrigues of Persia and Russia, they seem for a time to have expressed a readiness to enter into engagements with England. But the hope of playing off England against Russia and Persia, and these powers against England—and the prospect of advantage to themselves, which they believed to be opened to them by a competition between states so powerful and wealthy for their attachment—divested their communications of all sincerity, and enough transpired to destroy every feeling of confidence in their good faith. A comparison of dates will show that they were at the same time holding out to England on the one side, and to Persia and Russia on the other, professions of the most cordial attachment, and proposals for an intimate and exclusive alliance. Their object appeared to be to put themselves up to public sale, and it would therefore have been extremely hazardous to have placed any reliance on their assurances, their promises, or their engagements. Even if we had condescended to become the purchasers of their prostituted attachment, we could have had no security that the subsequent offer of a larger price might not have been as successful as it usually is in obtaining for a new suitor the advantages, whatever they may be, of a connexion avowedly mercenary. What had become necessary to us was a permanent

nent influence in Affghanistan, and it could hardly be hoped that a permanent influence could be founded on so unstable a basis.

Meanwhile these chiefs were in continual correspondence with the Shah of Persia, and with the Russian mission at his court. And the Shah himself, his prime minister, M. Goutte, the member of the Russian mission then with the Shah, and M. Borowski, a Polish officer in the Persian service, who was in intimate connexion with the Russian mission, all addressed letters to the chiefs of Kandahar, urging them to conclude the proposed alliance with Persia, and offering them every advantage and security which extensive military and pecuniary aid, the possession of Herat when it should be taken, and the moral support of these two powers with Russia's guarantee of the treaty between them and the Shah, could afford.

It must be admitted that to men incapable from their ignorance of estimating accurately the value of the promises made to them, or the probability that these would or could be performed, and who were by the same cause unable to perceive the full extent of the danger to which they might expose themselves by accepting proposals *primâ facie* so advantageous, the temptation must have been almost irresistible. Yet the chiefs of Kandahar appear for some time to have hesitated, or at least delayed the conclusion of the proposed treaty, and showed a disposition to await the result of the Shah's operations at Herat before they should take a decided course. Unquestionably the most important consideration which they were to receive was the possession of Herat, and the territory dependent upon it, which would have more than doubled in extent, tripled in value, and infinitely increased in political weight their territorial possessions; and it was of the utmost consequence to them to be secured in this advantage before they closed the bargain. In this state of things the Russian emissary, Captain Vicovitch,—"the respectable Captain Vicovitch,"—appeared at Kandahar, armed with letters, not only from the Russian minister in Persia, but also from the Emperor himself, and from Count Nesselrode, and finding that matters there were easily put in a favourable train, he hastened on to Cabool to deliver his credentials to Dost Mahomed Khan, to promise him pecuniary assistance against the *Seiks*,—to urge him to renounce his connexion with England,—and to persuade him to place himself in intimate alliance with Russia and Persia, if not in dependence upon them, as his brothers at Kandahar were already prepared to do. We have seen what were the ultimate objects for which the Russian agents cultivated this connexion. "The object of the Russian Elchee by this message

is to have a road to the English (India), and for this they are very anxious."

But notwithstanding this active interference on the part of Persia and Russia, the chiefs of Cabool and Kandahar still hesitated to commit themselves openly to a connexion which involved opposition to the views and interests of England, and for some time they seem to have persevered in the intention to play off the Russian against the English agent. This appears more particularly to have been the scheme of the Kandahar chiefs and their advisers, for in a letter from Moola Reshid—the counsellor of Kohen Dil Khan, to the Ameer of Cabool, we find the following passages:—

' You have now both the English and Russian Ambassadors at your court. Please to settle matters with any of them who you may think may do some good office hereafter.

' When this Russian Elchee arrives at Cabool show him respect, and it will rouse the mind of Alexander Burnes. His appearance will also induce him (Mr. Burnes) to be sharp, and to put off delay in promoting objects.'

Captain Vicovitch arrived at Cabool, and Captain Burnes reports his proceedings in a letter of the 22nd December, 1837, in which we find this remarkable inclosure:—

' *Count Simonich, the Russian Ambassador at Tehran, to Ameer Dost Mahomed Khan, of Cabool. (Received on the 20th December, 1837.)* -

' The respectable P. Vicovitch will wait upon you with this letter.

' Your agent Hajee Hoosain Alee has been attacked by a severe illness, and therefore he stopped at Moscow: when the intelligence of his bad health was conveyed to the Emperor, a good physician was ordered to attend, and cure him as soon as possible. On his recovering I will not fail to facilitate him in his long journey back to Cabool.

' Knowing your anxiety to hear from this quarter I have hastened to despatch the bearer to you. He was ordered to accompany your agent to Cabool. I hope on his arrival at your court that you will treat him with consideration, and trust him with your secrets. I beg you will look upon him like myself, and take his words as if they were from me. In case of his detention at Cabool you will allow him often to be in your presence; and let my master know, through me, about your wishes, that anxiety may be removed.

' Though the great distance has been preventing the continuance of my correspondence with you, I am always very happy to respect and serve your friends, to show my friendly opinions towards you.

' The cause of our often hearing from each other merely depends upon our friendship and acquaintance.

' I have some Russian rarities to forward to you: as the bearer (P. Vicovitch) is lightly equipped, it was beyond his power to take them along with him; but I will take the first opportunity to convey them safely

safely to you, and now have the pleasure to send you the undermentioned list of them :—

‘ First kind of Samoor.

| | Piece. | | Piece. |
|-----------------------------------|--------|----------------------------------|--------|
| Gilt and silvered cloth . . . | 1 | Do. white with gold flower . . . | 1 |
| Cloth with do. flowered . . . | 1 | Alachah with gold flower . . . | 1 |
| Do. with gilt do. | 1 | Do. yellow and silver do. . . . | 1 |
| Do. with green gilt flowers . . . | 1 | Do. red with green | 1 |
| Zari Abi with gilt do. | 1 | Do. light blue | 1 |
| Do. firmaz of gold | 1 | Do. with red flower | 1 |
| Do. do. of silver | 1 | Do. green | 1 |
| Parcha huzir red and white . . . | 1 | Do. banassh | 1 |
| Do. painted | 1 | Do. red and light blue | 1 |

On the following day Captain Burnes thus continues to Lord Auckland his report of M. Vicovitch's proceedings :—

‘ Cabool, 23rd December, 1837.

‘ In the despatches, which I forward by this opportunity to Mr. Macnaghten, your Lordship will find a report of the extraordinary circumstances of an agent having arrived at this capital direct from St. Petersburg, with a letter from the Shah of Persia and Count Simonich, the Russian Ambassador at Tehran.

‘ Before I enter upon the messages delivered by the agent to the Ameer, it is proper to state the information which has reached me regarding what has passed at Candahar. In my official communication of the 9th of September last, your Lordship will remember that I reported the departure of one Hajee Mobeen on a mission to Persia, and, as it was believed, in pursuance of the advice of the Russian Ambassador. That individual accompanied Mahomed Shah to Khorassan, and was requested by his Majesty to await the arrival of Captain Vicovitch, and proceed with him to Candahar. The connexion between Russia and Persia in this part of the transaction leaves little doubt of the whole being a concerted plan between these powers. The statement made by the Emissary to the Sirdars of Candahar was to the effect that Russia had full influence in Persia; and that they should assist the Shah, and draw on him for money, and if their drafts were not paid, that the Russian Government would be responsible for their discharge; but that they should follow the wishes of Mahomed Shah if they sought the Emperor's good offices, and on no account ally themselves with the English nation. This declaration, if true, is certainly most explicit; but though it has been communicated to me by a man whose other reports entirely tally with all that is passing in Candahar, and who is the individual that made known to me five months ago the then inexplicable nature of Hajee Mobeen's Mission, I should not wish your Lordship to give to it that confidence which I seek to place on the report of events that have transpired in Cabool.

‘ On the evening of the 20th instant, the Ameer received the Russian messenger. On the agents producing Mahomed Shah's ruckum, the Ameer felt a degree of irritation which he could hardly control, and said, in Affghanee, “ That it was an insult to him, and a proof of Ma-
homed

homed Shah's being guided by advisers; for his master, the Emperor, wrote him a letter, and the subservient Shah of Persia arrogated to himself the right of sending him a ruckum, or order, with his seal in the face of the document." The agent was then dismissed, and invited to the Bala Hissar on the following day.

'The communications which passed on this second occasion have been also made known to me, and are of a startling nature. M. Vicovitch informed Dost Mahomed Khan that the Russian Government had desired him to state his sincere sympathy with the difficulties under which he laboured; and that it would afford it great pleasure to assist him in repelling the attacks of Runjeet Sing on his dominions; that it was ready to furnish him with a sum of money for the purpose, and to continue the supply annually, expecting in return the Ameer's good offices. That it was in its power to forward the pecuniary assistance as far as Bokhara, with which state it had friendly and commercial relations; but that the Ameer must arrange for its being forwarded on to Cabool. The agent stated that this was the principal object of his mission; but that there were other matters which he would state by and by; that he hoped the Ameer would give him a speedy answer to despatch to St. Petersburg; and that with reference to himself, he would go, if dismissed, along with it, though he gave the Ameer to understand (and under which impression he still continues) that it is his wish to remain, at least for a time, in Cabool. The report of this interview has been communicated to me from two sources, and they both agree in the substance of what passed.'

These facts and observations require no comment; they speak a language which is intelligible to all men; they disclose views on the part of the Russian agents which cannot be mistaken; and Lieutenant Leech's report of the language Captain Vicovitch had held at Kandahar is equally unequivocal.

The Secretary to the Government of India, on receiving intelligence of the arrival of the Russian emissary at Cabool, addressed to Captain Burnes the following letter:—

'20th January, 1838.

'His Lordship attaches little immediate importance to this mission of the Russian agent, although he will bring all the circumstances connected with it to the notice of the Home authorities, as it undoubtedly marks a desire, which has long been known to exist on the part of the Russian Government, to push at least the influence of their name to our Indian frontier; and the proceedings, especially of the Russian envoy at Tehran, in regard to it, are open to much observation.

'His Lordship is much gratified at the deference to our views shown by Dost Mahomed Khan, in requesting your advice as to the reception of this agent; and he entirely approves your having sanctioned his being admitted to the presence of the Ameer, and treated with becoming civility. If he be not already gone from Cabool, you will suggest to the Ameer that he be dismissed with courtesy, with a letter of compliments and thanks to the Emperor of Russia, for his proffered kindness to Cabool

bool traders. His mission should be assumed to have been, as represented, entirely for commercial objects; and no notice need be taken of the messages with which he may profess to have been charged.

‘This course will be recommended by you, in the event of the Ameer being firmly disposed to abide by our good offices. If he should, on the other hand, seek to retain the agent, and to enter into any description of political intercourse with him, you will give him distinctly to understand that your mission will retire; that our good offices with the Sikhs will wholly cease; and that, indeed, the act will be considered a direct breach of friendship with the British Government. It has been before, at different times stated to you, that the continuance of our good offices must be entirely dependent on the relinquishment by the Ameer of alliances with any power to the westward.’

It therefore became the duty of Captain Burnes to bring Dost Mahomed Khan to a speedy decision as to the course he would pursue. The alternative offered him was a connexion with England, which involved a renunciation of his intercourse with Persia and Russia—or a renunciation of his intercourse with England, and an alliance with Persia and Russia for objects unfriendly to Great Britain, and hostile to her interests.

The eyes of central Asia were at this time directed to Herat. The Shah of Persia, having collected all the disposable forces of his empire, had advanced against that city. He had proclaimed his intention to annex it and its dependencies to Persia; he had revived the ancient claims of Persia to the sovereignty of Affghanistan; he had publicly announced that both Kandahar and Cabool had offered their allegiance to Persia, and had become dependencies of that empire; he had received encouragement and promises of support, and even pecuniary assistance from the Russian minister at his Court; he had sent an accredited Persian agent to Kandahar and Cabool, who boasted the intimate connexion and concert between Persia and Russia; he had promoted and encouraged the intercourse between the Russian authorities and the chiefs of Affghanistan, and he had taken an active part in forwarding and recommending to the Affghan chiefs the Russian agent, who had secretly been sent to them; in short, both by his acts and his declarations he had put it beyond all doubt that his views of conquest in Affghanistan were favoured and promoted by the agents of Russia, and that his operations, both military and diplomatic, in that country, were carried on in concert with them. But not content with affording the most unequivocal evidence of concert with Russia, the Persian Government had also taken an opportunity to resent the existence of even a diplomatic intercourse between the British minister and the government of Herat, and in doing so had offered a grave indignity to the British mission and Government, by seizing and openly ill-treating one of its public messengers

gers who was on his way from Herat to the British mission at Tehran. The language held by the Persian ministers, from the moment on which the Shah finally advanced against Herat, had been disparaging to England and contemptuous in regard to her power in India. They even indulged in threats of a march to Delhi, and of following in the footsteps of Nadir Shah. They had set at nought the remonstrances of the British minister against the expedition, and they took every opportunity to express to the Affghans, who approached them, their contempt of the English, and their perfect confidence in the superior power of Russia. But the fact that England opposed the Shah's views in Affghanistan was as well known as was the share which the Russian agents had taken in forwarding his enterprise and in promoting his success; the conduct of the Persian authorities to the English messenger, as well as the language which they held, had become too notorious to leave any doubt in the minds of any of the chiefs who rule the countries from the Russian frontiers to those of British India, that the contest in which the Shah had engaged with the Affghans of Herat was one in which the Russians were ranged on the side of Persia, and the English on the side of the Affghans. 'All central Asia,' says Mr. M'Neill, 'will regard it as a question between the greater powers, whose views are so publicly spoken of, that I did not converse with a villager between Tehran and this place, who did not ask me whether the Russians did not favour and the English oppose the Shah's enterprise against Herat.'

On the 16th December, 1837, Mr. M'Neill communicated to Lord Palmerston the following intelligence:—

'Tehran, December 16, 1837.

'I have the honour to inform your Lordship, that by the latest intelligence I have received, Captain Vicovich had passed Khain, from whence he was escorted, by order of the Persian Government, to Jowain, on the road to Kandahar. I find that this person was furnished with letters of recommendation from the Persian Government to the several chiefs in Affghanistan, with whom it is in correspondence, that he was supplied with funds by the Shah, and that he was treated with great distinction in the camp, where presents of some value were bestowed upon him.

'It is reported and believed at Tehran, that the Russian Minister has announced the intention of his Government, if the Shah should succeed in taking Herat, to release Persia from the engagement to pay the balance of the debt due by her to Russia; and the reason assigned for this act of grace is, that the Emperor desires to contribute that amount towards defraying the expenses of the campaign.

'I also learn from good authority that Prince Karaman Meerza at Tabreez was publicly informed by Hoossein Khan, on his return from the royal camp, that the Russian Minister had lent the Shah 50,000 tomauns to enable him to proceed on this campaign.

It

'It is only a few days since Count Simonich, in conversation with a Persian, stated it as his opinion, that the capture of Herat by the Shah could not fail to cause disturbances in India amongst the Mahometans of that country; and the Persian Government has lately been in the habit of descanting largely on the facility with which its disciplined infantry and artillery, aided by the Affghan horse, could overturn the power of the Seiks, and follow the course of Nadir Shah. The insecurity of the tenure by which the British Government holds India has become a frequent subject of conversation in camp since the army set out on this campaign against Herat. Orders have just been received from camp to cast 60,000 shot.'

To the chiefs of Cabool and Kandahar the result of the siege of Herat was of greater importance than to any one else. It is obvious that until the Shah of Persia should have reduced Herat he could not with facility or security establish or maintain his authority in the other portions of Affghanistan which lay beyond it; but that as soon as he should have made himself master of that important city, he would not only have opened the way for his troops to Kandahar and Cabool, but he would, at the same time, have produced so great a moral effect by his success, and by the advantages of the position he would then have acquired, as must have decided in his favour the vacillating policy of Dost Mahommed and Kohundil Khan. He would have been enabled to carry out the scheme of uniting Herat and Kandahar into one principality tributary to Persia, and he would, therefore, have had it in his power to offer to Kohundil Khan all the advantages which he expected to derive from the treaty he was negotiating with his Persian Majesty. But the extension of Persian dominion must have involved a similar extension of Russian influence, to the exclusion of that of England; for the operations of Persia and Russia were concerted, and Russia would have acquired a right to interfere authoritatively in the relations of Persia with Affghanistan, for she was to guarantee the treaties which would have given to the Shah the sovereignty of that country.

The Shah's first operations were successful. He arrived before Ghorian without having encountered any opposition; and, after a siege of only ten days, that fortress, which many of the Persians as well as of the Affghans considered stronger than Herat itself, surrendered on terms. The Persian army immediately advanced to Herat, and the siege of that city was commenced;—a memorable siege, in which the Affghans displayed qualities more resembling the antique heroism of Greece or Rome than the military character of modern Asiatics, and the Persian troops also gave proof of the eminent fitness of the men for all the operations of war which require courage, endurance, and intelligence combined.

We have seen that during his stay at Tehran, Mr. Ellis had expressed

expressed a strong opinion of the necessity to the security and tranquillity of India that the Shah should be prevented from prosecuting his views of conquest and aggrandizement in Affghanistan. In the negotiations at Tehran, Mr. M'Neill had stated his determination to maintain, at all hazards, the principle of the independence of Herat, and his conviction that it was of the greatest importance to the security and tranquillity of India that that independence should be preserved.

On the 23rd February, Mr. M'Neill, in a letter to Lord Palmerston, gives the following account of the state of affairs at the end of the third month of the siege:—

‘The defence which Herat has made is very creditable to its inhabitants; and considering the amount of the means which the Shah succeeded in collecting before it (nearly forty thousand men and eighty guns), the want of artillery in the town, the facility with which His Majesty has obtained supplies, the depressing effect upon the Heratees of the fall of Ghorian, the failure of all their allies to afford them efficient succour, and the unusual mildness of season, so favourable to the operations of a siege, I confess the value of Herat has been greatly enhanced in my estimation. Although I have always regarded it as a most important position with reference to the security and tranquillity of India, I was not prepared to look on it as so strong and defensible a place, or as one so capable of being made a barrier to the advance of any hostile Power; and I feel that, if Herat should fall into the hands of any such Power, it would be an evil even greater than I had hitherto believed it would be.

‘On the other hand, the fact that the Shah has been able, for above two months, to feed 40,000 men in his camp before Herat, notwithstanding the efforts that were made by the Herat Government to carry off and destroy the supplies which the country afforded, is a proof that a hostile army might move through that country without suffering from want, and gives great additional importance, as it appears to me, to the position of Herat, and to the influence which the Power that holds it may exercise over the future security of India, with reference, not only to its internal tranquillity, but to the possibility that such a position may be occupied by a hostile Power.

‘From these considerations I am led to believe, that it may be of the very highest importance to preserve the independence of Herat, or at least to prevent its being incorporated with Persia, and that if the Shah should succeed in taking Herat, we shall have reason to regret not having interfered to prevent it. It appears to me, that success at Herat must inevitably lead the Shah farther into Affghanistan, where he will come into collision with our influence, if not with our actual power; and that the possession of Herat by the Shah would therefore probably hasten the time when Persia would be openly opposed to our views, under circumstances which would hold out no promise of a speedy reconciliation, and at a time when Persia, already in possession of Herat, would have acquired the means of making her opposition to us more formidable,

' It is only a few days since the Persian, stated it as his opinion, that he could not fail to cause disturbance of that country; and the Persian habit of descending largely on infantry and artillery, aided by the power of the Seiks, and fellowing of the tenure by which the British a frequent subject of conversation this campaign against Herat, camp to cast 60,000 shot.'

To the chiefs of Cabulistan of Herat was of course obvious that until the Shah he could not with facility authority in the other parts it; but that as soon as that important city, he was his troops to Kandahar, time, have produced the advantages of the must have decided in Mahommed and Kader to carry out the principality tri it in his power he expected Persian Me have invol conclusion of Russia was to interfere ghanistan given to the

The Shah Ghorian siege of well as rendered Herat, siege, in the anti-racter of the which We

which I have always attached to securing the independence of Herat, whilst it is a source of satisfaction to me to find my view of the subject confirmed by an officer of the enlightened judgment and long-approved experience of our present Ambassador in Persia, I cannot help agreeing in opinion with Mr. M'Neill, that it ought to be the primary object of the British Government to "maintain, at all hazards," for reasons which I have often declared, the integrity of Herat, as the only safe and sure means of opposing the efforts of Persia to annihilate the independence of Afghanistan.

'The position in which our discussions with respect to Herat are now placed is one from which no consideration of submission to the views of Persia should, I think, divert our attention.'

In these opinions of the importance of preserving the independence of Herat, Captain Burnes entirely concurred; and it appears, from a letter of Mr. M'Neill to Lord Auckland, that the success or failure of the negotiations at Cabool were at this time believed to depend on the failure or success of the Shah in his attack on Herat. The Indian Government, therefore, became desirous that Mr. M'Neill should again attempt to mediate between the Persian and Herat Governments, and to remove the Shah from Herat by treaty or otherwise. The British Minister, accordingly, set out for the Persian camp. In his letter to Lord Palmerston, announcing his intention, and dated 3rd March, 1838, we find the following passage:—

'I hope to arrive in the Shah's camp on the 5th or 6th of April, and if Herat should hold out so long, and no terms should already have been agreed upon, I shall endeavour to effect what appear to be the Governor-General's wishes; and although I do not feel confident of success, I still think there is a prospect of my being able to withdraw the Shah, sufficiently promising to justify the attempt. I should have awaited the receipt of the Governor-General's instructions, had I not feared that the delay might have caused me to arrive too late; and it is still possible that they may overtake me before I can arrive at Herat.'

Mr. M'Neill arrived at Herat on the 6th of April, as appears from his letter of the 12th of that month, to Lord Auckland,—a letter which we cannot extract, but to which we refer for a detail of the attempts of the Persian authorities to prevent him from advancing. On the same day he also writes to Lord Palmerston, and after giving an account of the progress of the siege and the privations of the Persian army, he adds—

'In the mean time, Captain Vicovich continues to remain at Cabool, and I learn from Captain Burnes's communications that the success of his negotiations there will in a great measure depend on the failure of the Shah's enterprise against Herat. At Kandahar, our position is even more precarious; and I have the honour to inclose a translation of a draft of a treaty between the Shah and the Chief of Kandahar, which it is proposed to conclude by the mediation and under the guarantee of

Russia,

Russia, and which has for its object to unite Herat and Kandahar under a chief, who shall be nominally subject to Persia, but actually under the protection of Russia. I am unable to inform your lordship what progress has been made towards the conclusion of this treaty, or what view the Shah may have taken of the position in respect to these countries, in which, by this arrangement, he would be placed; but the treaty is said to have been signed by Kohundil Khan, and I am not without very serious apprehensions, that even before the fall of Herat, Kohundil Khan may be induced to co-operate with the Shah; while in the event of Herat's being reduced, I cannot doubt that the Chief of Kandahar will consider it to be for his advantage to connect himself with Persia and Russia rather than with England. I, therefore, continue to be of opinion that the fall of Herat would destroy our position in Afghanistan, and place all, or nearly all that country under the influence or authority of Russia and Persia. I need not repeat to your Lordship my opinion as to the effect which such a state of things would necessarily have on the internal tranquillity and security of British India; and I cannot conceive that any treaty can bind us to permit the prosecution of schemes which threaten the stability of the British empire in the East. The evidence of concert between Persia and Russia for purposes injurious to British interests is unequivocal, and the magnitude of the evil with which we are threatened is, in my estimation, immense, and such as no power in alliance with Great Britain can have a right to aid in producing. Our connexion with Persia has for its real and avowed original object to give additional security to India, and it has been maintained for the purpose of protecting us against designs of the only power which threatened to disturb us in that quarter; but if the proceedings of Persia, in concert with that very power, are directed to the destruction of the security and tranquillity which it was the sole object of the alliance with Persia to maintain; and if they obviously tend to promote and facilitate the designs which the alliance was intended to counteract; I confess I cannot believe that we are still bound to act up to the letter of a treaty, the spirit of which has been so flagrantly violated. I do not hesitate to repeat my conviction, that if our only object were to preserve as long as possible the alliance of Persia, that object could best be effected by preventing her from taking Herat.'

The progress and result of the negotiations at Herat is detailed in Mr. McNeill's letter to Lord Palmerston, dated the 12th May, 1838, to which we refer our readers.

In the mean time the following instructions had been addressed to him by Lord Palmerston:—

' Foreign Office, May 21, 1838.

¹ I have received your despatches to the 8th of March, reporting the progress of events in Persia, and stating your intention of setting out to the camp of the Shah before Herat, in order to endeavour to prevail upon the Shah to abandon the attack upon that town and its territory; and I have to inform you that her Majesty's government entirely approve the step which you were going to take.

' If,

‘If, when you receive this despatch, you shall have succeeded in inducing the Shah to retire from Herat, either with or without an arrangement with the Ruler of Herat, you will have accomplished an object of great importance to British interests in the East; and you will then only have to express to the Shah the lively satisfaction which her Majesty’s government will derive from this proof of friendly deference on the part of the Shah to the wishes of the government of Great Britain.

‘But it is possible that you may have failed in the object of your journey, and that, when this despatch reaches you, the Shah may be still engaged in besieging Herat; or may have taken it, and not have advanced beyond it; or, having taken it, may have marched farther into Affghanistan.

‘In either of these cases, you are instructed to proceed at once to the Shah, and to declare to him explicitly that the British government cannot view with indifference his project of conquering Affghanistan; that the British government must look upon this enterprise as undertaken in a spirit of hostility towards British India, and as being wholly incompatible with the spirit and intention of the alliance which has been established between Persia and Great Britain;—that, consequently, if this project be persevered in, the friendly relations which, up to this time, have so happily subsisted between Great Britain and Persia must necessarily cease; and that Great Britain must take such steps as she may think best calculated to provide for the security of the possessions of the British crown.

‘You will lose no time in informing the Governor-general of India of the result of the communications which you may hold with the Shah in consequence of this despatch.

‘You will explain to the Shah that this question about Affghanistan is independent of, and separate from, the question of satisfaction for the outrage committed upon your messenger, for which outrage her Majesty’s government demand and expect to receive full redress.’

Foreign Office, July 27, 1838.

‘I have to instruct you to state to the Shah of Persia, that, whereas the spirit and purport of the treaty between Persia and Great Britain is, that Persia should be a defensive barrier for the British possessions in India, and that the Persian government should co-operate with that of Great Britain in defending British India; it appears, on the contrary, that the Shah is occupied in subverting those intervening states between Persia and India which might prove additional barriers of defence for the British possessions; and that in these operations he has openly connected himself with an European power for purposes avowedly unfriendly, if not absolutely hostile, to British interests;—that under these circumstances, and as he has thought fit to enter upon a course of proceeding wholly at variance with the spirit and intent of the above-mentioned treaty, Great Britain will feel herself at liberty to adopt, without reference to that treaty, such measures as a due regard for her own interests, and the security of her dominions, may suggest.”

In a letter of the 25th June Mr. M'Neill announces the unsuccessful termination of his negotiations at Herat, the determination of the Persian government not to grant reparation or give satisfaction for the insults it had offered us, and the consequent suspension by the British minister of his official intercourse with the Persian government.

Captain Burnes's negotiations at Cabool had been equally unsuccessful, and there appeared to be an immediate prospect of the establishment of Persian and Russian dominion to the banks of the Indus. The only impediment which remained was the resistance which Herat continued to offer; and, as the Shah still prosecuted the siege, it was doubtful whether even the indomitable energy and brilliant talents of Yar Mahommed Khan, ably seconded by the skill of Lieut. Pottinger, and the determined spirit of the brave Affghans, would enable it to hold out much longer.

While things were in this state the British detachment arrived at the island of Karrak, and Mr. M'Neill immediately sent back Colonel Stoddart to the Shah's camp to deliver to his Persian Majesty the following message:—

‘I am directed by her Britannic Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary to state that he has been intrusted by her Majesty's ministers to inform your Majesty that the British government look upon this enterprise, in which your Majesty is engaged against the Affghans, as being undertaken in a spirit of hostility towards British India, and as being totally incompatible with the spirit and intention of the alliance which has been established between Great Britain and Persia. That, consequently, if this project is persevered in, the friendly relations, which up to this time have so happily subsisted between Great Britain and Persia, must necessarily cease, and that Great Britain must take such steps as she may think best calculated to provide for the security of the possessions of the British crown.

‘I am further directed to inform your Majesty that, if Herat should have surrendered to your Majesty, the British government will consider your Majesty's continuing to occupy that, or any other portion of Afghanistan, as a hostile demonstration against England.

‘Her Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary anxiously hopes that, by speedily withdrawing the Persian army into your Majesty's own dominions, your Majesty will avert the inevitable consequences of persevering in a course of hostility to England.

‘The British government also demands reparation for the violence offered to its messenger, which is a matter quite distinct from the question of Herat. Her Britannic Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary trusts your Majesty will grant that reparation in the manner which he pointed out, and thus relieve the British government from the necessity of having recourse to other measures to exact it.

‘Your Majesty is no doubt informed by the government of Fars, that
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a body of British troops, and a naval armament, consisting of five ships of war, have already arrived in the Persian Gulf, and that for the present the troops have been landed on the Island of Karrak. The measures your Majesty may adopt in consequence of this representation will decide the future movements and proceedings of that armament; but your Majesty must perceive, from the view which her Majesty's government has taken of the present state of affairs, and from the effect which must have been produced on the minds of her Majesty's ministers and the British authorities in India, by the subsequent proceedings of the Persian government, with which they were not then acquainted, that nothing but the immediate adoption of measures to comply with the demands of the British government can induce the authorities acting under the order of that government to suspend the measures which are in progress for the defence of British interests, and the vindication of British honour.

'In the mean time her Britannic Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary will pursue his journey to the Turkish frontier, and will remove all the English from the Persian territory: but he trusts that the bad counsel of the ill-disposed persons who have induced your Majesty to persevere in a course which has placed affairs in this position will no longer influence your Majesty; and that, guided by your own wisdom, and by a regard to the true interests of Persia, your Majesty will adopt such measures as will enable her Britannic Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary to return to your Majesty's court, and to restore to its former footing of cordiality the alliance between the two governments.

'Your Majesty has seen that all her Britannic Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary has stated to your Majesty in regard to these matters has been dictated by sincerity and truth, and by an anxious desire to avert the evils which it was obvious must result from a perseverance in the course which the Persian government was pursuing; and he again assures your Majesty that nothing but immediate danger and injury to Persia can result from rejecting the demands of the British government.

'That God may guide your Majesty to a wise decision, and that he may forgive those whose evil counsels have led to such a state of things, is the earnest prayer of an old and faithful servant, who has ever been a sincere well-wisher of the Shah and the Persian government.'

But before this message had been delivered to the Shah the treaty with Kandahar had been concluded, and the Russian minister had formally guaranteed the performance of the engagements contracted by both parties. A treaty of nearly similar import was in progress with Cabool; and Captain Vicovich, having visited the Shah's camp at Herat, had returned to Cabool and Kandahar, provided with funds to a large amount, to complete the arrangements he had so successfully commenced for the establishment of Persian dominion and Russian supremacy in all the Affghan states. Kohundil Khan was induced to march an army
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against

against Herat, Captain Vicovich providing the funds. Dost Mahommed Khan, in furtherance of the common objects, commenced a system of hostile intrigues, even in India. Persian emissaries, or, at least, persons professing to be such, and using the name of the Shah, engaged in similar practices. Letters from the Shah were addressed to the Ameer of Scinde, calling upon them to join the league against the English, and Captain Vicovich made similar communications to these chiefs. The power of Russia, her designs against India, and her intimate union with Persia for objects hostile to England, were the common subjects of discussion and the motives of action in all the states of Central Asia. The influence of these circumstances was felt in India, in the mountains of Nepaul, and in the marshes of Burmah; and the best mode to defend the British empire in the East against the hostile attacks and intrigues of foreign powers had ceased to be merely a speculative question: it had become a practical one. We were not called upon to prepare the means of counteracting distant and possible evils, but to defend ourselves against dangers which were present and urgent. All the evils which the most hostile diplomatic agency, backed by the weight and power of Russia, by the moral and religious influence of Persia, and by a liberal supply of money furnished by the Russian agents, could effect, had already been produced. The whole of the countries from the frontiers of Russia on the Araxes, to the banks of the Indus, had been successfully tampered with, and had been instigated by accredited Russian agents—some openly, and some secretly sent—to unite in one great league for the purpose not only of opposing the views and the interests of England, but of disturbing and threatening her empire in Asia. A treaty of a hostile tendency had been concluded under the guarantee of the Russian minister at the Persian court; promises of direct support from Russia herself had been freely made by agents so accredited that no one was entitled to deny the authenticity of their communications. Military enterprises against which the British government had protested, and which on good grounds it declared to be undertaken with views hostile to England, were urged on with unremitting perseverance, and were promoted and aided, not only by supplies of money, but by the active military exertions of the Russian minister himself, and of the officers of the Russian army who composed his suite.

It can excite no wonder that these substantial and formal evidences of the intentions of Russia, which were furnished by her own agents, should have induced the sovereign of Persia and the chiefs of Affghanistan to take their measures under the conviction that they had every security they could reasonably have desired that
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these agents were acting with the approbation and the entire concurrence of the Russian government ; that, in placing themselves in a position hostile towards England, they were acting in concert with Russia, and that they had, therefore, established an undoubted claim to her continued support and assistance. But they were not the only parties who were entitled and bound to take this view of these proceedings. The government of India, finding that all the rulers had thus connected themselves with Russia and with one another, for purposes injurious to itself, had to decide whether it would permit that state of things to exist, and thus permit Persian and Russian supremacy to be extended to the very frontier of British India ; and the intrigues which were even then beginning to be felt in India, when carried on from a greater distance, to be pushed with the increased activity and the greater advantages which success would have induced, and a nearer vicinity and a more frequent and easier intercourse would have afforded ; or whether it would take a more decided course, and, by driving Russia and Persia out of Afghanistan, and re-establishing British influence in that country, keep at a distance those dangers with which India was threatened.

It is impossible to read even these papers and to doubt that there was but this alternative.

We have heard it argued that it was a hazardous policy to extend our influence in such a manner as should make us responsible in any way for the security of countries so much nearer the Russian frontier than the British possessions now are ; that it is of great advantage to all parties that a certain space of independent territory should intervene between that frontier and our own ; that powers so formidable, and whose collisions would shake the world, should not seek to approximate their limits—to diminish the space which divides them ; and that, therefore, we ought not to have advanced into Afghanistan. We admit the premises, but we deny the conclusion. Surely the persons who argue thus forget that, if we had quietly permitted Russia to work out her scheme, we should unavoidably have been brought into much closer contact than we are now likely to arrive at ; that it was a question whether Afghanistan should be Russian or English ; and that, if it had become Russian, we should have had our outposts on opposite banks of the Indus. Is this a position which any man could covet as preferable even to contact in the western parts of Afghanistan ?

This is no party question : it is a question of the power, the dignity, and the honour of England ; and, however much we may in almost all other questions disapprove of the conduct of her Majesty's ministers,—although we may think that errors have been committed

committed even in this, and that there has been a tardiness of action and a vacillation of policy on the part of Lord Auckland, of which it would be easy to point out the evil consequences,—we are desirous to convince every foreign power that, when there is a question of the honour and the essential interests of this country, party feeling, or party contentions, will never prevent Englishmen from cordially uniting to vindicate the one and to defend the other.

We hold it to be incontrovertible that the military defence of India must be undertaken in advance of its own frontier. The mere fact that a European army had appeared on the frontier of India would produce evils incalculable in that country, and would infinitely weaken our position. When once an enemy should have got possession of Affghanistan we must be content to defend the line of the Indus, and to abide the consequences in the interior of India of the presence of an enemy, who will be regarded as equal, if not superior, in military power to the English. No large army can march to India by any other line than the great road through Affghanistan, and it must pass in the vicinity of Kandahar, between the ranges of mountains which bound the great vale of Affghanistan. This is the shortest line on which India can be defended—the gorge of the great pass. Are we to leave it undefended—to permit the enemy quietly to occupy and to march through it? The most defensible country on the whole road from the Russian frontier to the Indus is Affghanistan. Are we to allow it to be occupied by the very power which threatens to attack us in India? The best undisciplined soldiers in Asia are the Affghans. Are we to place them at the disposal of Russia, or to permit her to acquire the right to dispose of them?

But even if Russia should not invade India, is no evil to be apprehended from her proximity—from the arts of her agents? If from her present frontier these agents push their intrigues to Lahore and Scinde, are we to presume that they will suddenly and unaccountably desist from all their attempts the moment they find themselves near enough to the object they have had in view to give them a prospect of success? It must never be forgotten that the object of Russia in seeking such a position must be disorganization; while our object, in all circumstances, must be to maintain order and tranquillity. But the interests of Russia, if even she were in possession of that kind of authority in Affghanistan which she seems to have contemplated establishing, could not have been seriously affected by any attempts we might have made to retaliate by disorganizing Affghanistan, for it would not have been necessary to her purposes that it should be organized. Confusion would have been her element and her object; and to have spread

spread that confusion into India would have been the most effectual mode she could have adopted to injure us.

It is not in Asia alone that we should have felt the effects of the position of Russia in respect to India, if she had been permitted to establish herself in Afghanistan. Her power to shake our empire in India would in effect have been the power to check and often to control the whole course of our policy in Europe. The *ultima ratio* between Sovereign States is war; and, in every grave discussion where the important interests of Empires clash, it is obvious that the one which is most vulnerable, which on a reasonable calculation of probabilities would be the greater loser by a war, must generally give way before that which has a superior power to inflict injury. How much would the power of Russia to injure Great Britain have been increased, if she had occupied such a position as would have enabled her to carry on a system of intrigue and disorganization in India, to threaten it with invasion, and even to march an army to its frontier through countries in which her own authority was paramount!

Is it not obvious that, if we had become dependent on her forbearance for the tranquillity and even for the security of India, we must have been forced, in every discussion in which our interests might happen to be opposed, or in which our opinions might chance to be at variance, to purchase that forbearance by a certain amount of sacrifice, either of interest or of opinion; and that to have permitted her to occupy such a position must therefore have had an immediately injurious effect on the whole course of our policy all over the world, wherever we might come into contact with Russian diplomacy; and where is that country in which we do not?

But the moment it became necessary for us to interfere at all in Afghanistan, it was obvious that we could not do so advantageously except in concert with Runjeet Sing. The geographical position of the Punjab makes this so obvious, that it is quite unnecessary to enter on any detailed proof of what no one, we presume, will deny. But Runjeet Sing had already concluded a treaty with Shah Shoojah for the avowed object of replacing that Sovereign on his throne; and when the present rulers of Cabool and Kandahar had entered into engagements with Persia and Russia which placed them at the disposal of those powers, and made it necessary for the Government of India to break down, if possible, this combination against us, by a direct interference in Afghanistan—which could not have been attempted without the concurrence of the Seik ruler—there was absolutely no other course open to us but to become parties to the treaty by which he had already formally engaged to aid in re-establishing on the throne of
Afghanistan

Affghanistan the representative of the exiled family. Shah Shoojah had very nearly succeeded on a former occasion, without any assistance from us, in regaining his kingdom. It was known that a large proportion of the Affghans were still favourable to his interests, and ready to join him as soon as they should see him in sufficient strength to afford a reasonable prospect of success. Experience had proved the difficulty, or rather the impossibility, of excluding foreign intrigue and foreign interference, so long as Cabool and Kandahar and Herat remained independent principalities, open to separate and opposing influences; and if there had not existed the necessity which the engagements already contracted by Runjeet, and the impossibility of dispensing with his co-operation, imposed upon us, of supporting Shah Shoojah's just claims, if we sought to raise up in Affghanistan a barrier for the defence of India—even in that case it might, we think, be proved that no better course than the re-establishment of the Suddozye family on their hereditary throne could have been adopted. The Government of India, influenced by these considerations, became parties to the treaty between Shah Shoojah and Runjeet, and the British and the Seik troops are now in Affghanistan to carry the objects of that treaty into effect.

The Shah of Persia—alarmed by the appearance of the British troops and ships of war in the Persian Gulf, and by the tone and terms of the message he had received—disheartened by the signal failure of an assault on the fortress, which had been made by his whole forces under the guidance of Major-General Count Simonich, the Russian minister at the Persian court—perceiving also that the Government of India was determined to march a force into Affghanistan, and that the Russian agents were hardly yet prepared to promise him direct assistance against England—the Shah promised compliance with all the demands of the British Government, and, raising the siege, retired with his army into his own country. The Russian agents, more persevering, continued their intrigues in Affghanistan, and still endeavoured to organize there an opposition to the operations which the British Government contemplated. But the successful resistance of Herat had disconcerted the whole scheme of operations in Affghanistan; possession of that important position was necessary to the success of the whole project of Persia and Russia; and the opposition which the Russian agents were now exciting in Affghanistan had no other object than to cause embarrassment and delay, and to postpone their successful termination of an enterprise which they knew the Government of India had pledged itself to undertake, and in which it was therefore obvious it would be obliged to persevere.

The proceedings of the Russian minister in Persia, and of the
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Russian agents in Affghanistan, led her Majesty's Government to demand explanations from the Court of St. Petersburg; and Count Nesselrode, informed of the communications which had been verbally made to the Russian ambassador in England, and desirous to have the advantage of offering his explanations rather with the appearance of its being a spontaneous act than a consequence of the demands of the British Government, transmitted, as it were, by anticipation, an answer to the note which the British ambassador at St. Petersburg had been instructed to present to him.

In this note the Russian minister distinctly disavows any intention, on the part of the Russian government, to disturb the British empire in Asia, and declares that, far from approving the expedition of the Shah to Herat, it had at all times continued to disapprove it, and to recommend to the Shah to adjust his differences with Prince Kamran by negotiation; and his Excellency adduces as incontestable corroboration of this statement, that the Emperor had demanded the surrender to Russia of the regiment of Russian deserters in the Shah's service at the moment when his Persian Majesty was setting out on that expedition. But it is a curious fact, that, although the demand for the surrender of these deserters was certainly made before the Shah entered the Herat territory, and before he had finally decided on marching against Herat at all, still this very regiment of Russian deserters accompanied the Shah during the whole campaign; and we believe, from the information we have received through private channels, that this same regiment not only remained in the trenches before Herat, after it had been formally surrendered to the Russian minister, but that it actually took part in the assault of Herat after it had ceased to be in the service of the Shah.

Count Nesselrode also admits that Count Simonich took an active part in conducting the siege of Herat for the Shah, but justifies it on the grounds that, having found the Shah in extreme difficulty, it was his duty to aid a friendly sovereign. It is, however, obvious, from the correspondence we have been examining, that Count Simonich took an active part in the operations of the siege at a time when the British minister was urging the Shah to accept the terms to which he had induced the Herat Ruler to agree,—nay, at a moment when the Persian government had actually agreed to those terms, and when there could not, therefore, have been any difficulty or danger whatsoever in the position of the Shah.

Count Nesselrode founds his whole argument on the assumption that Persia had a right to make war upon Herat, because of the previous proceedings of its government and its subjects; but he seems to have forgotten that that right ceased to exist from
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the moment that the Herat envoy at Tehran offered, through the British minister, the terms which we have seen he did offer, and which secured to Persia everything she had a right to demand. The Russian minister himself bears testimony to the possibility of arranging matters by negotiation, and says that the Shah failed to convince him of the necessity of making war upon Herat. If the war was unnecessary, how could it be just?

In a subsequent note Count Nesselrode is more explicit, and, abandoning in a great measure these grounds of defence, disavows the acts of the Russian agents both in Persia and in Afghanistan, and announces that they have been recalled.* He admits that the Russian minister had guaranteed the treaty between the Shah of Persia and the Sirdars of Kandahar, but announces that the emperor had disavowed that guarantee. He renounces, on the part of Russia, any intention to take any part in the civil wars of the Afghan chiefs, or in their family feuds, and declares that Russia desires to have nothing to do with them,—that the wishes of the emperor have been ill expressed or ill understood, if any political tendency whatever have been attributed to them. He acknowledges that the British Government is justified in demanding reparation for the insult offered to the British mission by the arrest of its messenger; and states that, even from the reports of the Russian mission in Persia, he had, from the first, been of that opinion, and that the Russian minister at Tehran had therefore been instructed ‘formally to advise the court of Tehran not to delay the satisfaction which England is entitled to demand.’

Russia has, therefore, disavowed the hostile proceedings of her agents against England, and has repudiated all their acts; but, so far as the whole influence of her name, aided by a considerable expenditure of money, by the active military assistance of her officers, by liberal promises of support, and by formal engagements, could be employed to excite all the nations and tribes which occupy the country intervening between her frontier and ours to combine in opposing the views and the interests of England, and ultimately to contemplate an attack on the British empire in India—that influence and those means have been as effectually wielded by her agents as if she had been prepared to adopt their acts as her own, and to avow instead of repudiating them. These agents not only had the boldness to enter upon a course of action diametrically opposed to the professed views and intentions of the Government which employed them, but they had the address to preserve not only their heads but their places, and the hardihood to persevere in the same course for two entire years after the Russian Govern-

* We are informed that, soon after his return to St. Petersburg, Captain Vicovich disappeared, and has never since been heard of,

ment had been warned of their proceedings. With a fearlessness of consequences worthy of a better cause, they actually became more open and unreserved in the pursuit of the objects they had in view *after* the Russian Government had declared its disapproval of their conduct. Yet these men were serving, not a popular government, where they might hope to find one party in the state to approve their proceedings while another condemned them—not a weak prince whose power was inadequate to the assertion of his authority—but an arbitrary monarch, one of the ablest and one of the most acute who ever exercised unlimited sway over a vast empire.

How are we to account for these things? Are we to accuse Russia of bad faith? She declares that she has recalled her agents, and that she has repudiated their acts; and Lord Palmerston declares he is satisfied that she is sincere in disavowing any intention to disturb the British empire in India.

But, if she has been acting with good faith, what a picture of insubordination, of the total absence of all discipline and control, and of the weakness and inefficiency of the internal government of Russia, even in its highest and most important departments, does this state of things expose to our view! What should we think of a British Minister for Foreign Affairs who should be forced, on the demand of a foreign government for explanation, to admit that he had allowed a British representative at a foreign court to brave the Government for two entire years, and to continue the whole of that time, in direct opposition to positive instructions, to use the influence of England, her money, and the services of her officers, for the purpose of promoting objects hostile to a nation for which we were professing the most entire friendship, and to which we had given the most unequivocal assurances that, in respect to the very matters on which our agent was engaged, we were acting in perfect concurrence with her views? But in the case of the Russian agents it is not a question of the power or authority of a minister moveable at the sovereign's pleasure—it is a question of the authority of the Autocrat himself. And this is a most important consideration to every state which has relations with Russia. If the authority of the Emperor over his own diplomatic agents is so imperfect—if we can never feel secure that their language or even their acts are sanctioned by their government or controlled by its will—if they can persevere with impunity for an almost indefinite length of time in a course hostile and highly injurious to us, in direct opposition to the wishes and orders of their government—it is evident that the friendly professions of that government, even when they are sincere, can afford us no security, and that our relations with Russia, and those of every other state with which she

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is connected, must continue to depend, not on the will of the Emperor, or on the reciprocal interests of the nations, but on the caprice of his Imperial Majesty's representatives. But is it conceivable that a Russian agent should venture to disregard the orders of his government, and that he should even act in direct opposition to his instructions, unless he had some prospect of support, some assurance of impunity? Are we then to suppose that there is in Russia a party opposed to the will of the Emperor, which is powerful enough to control it, and to protect those who brave his displeasure and counteract his views? If so, then the sentiments of the Emperor afford no security for the acts of the nation; and, while the Russian Ministry may be sincerely professing the most friendly feelings towards England, this secret and superior power may be prosecuting, through the Emperor's own diplomatic servants, schemes the most injurious and hostile to us. We find it impossible to escape from between the horns of this dilemma. If we assert the good faith of the Emperor and his Cabinet, we must deny his authority and even his influence in his own empire, and regard his opinions and the professions of his Cabinet as inconsequential; and, if we attribute to him authority, we must question his good faith. But, whichever of these embarrassing alternatives we may choose to adopt, one inference is equally inevitable—from the professions of the Russian government we can derive no security for the future.

ART. VIII.—*Narrative of an Expedition into Southern Africa during the years 1836 and 1837, from the Cape of Good Hope through the Territories of the Chief Moselekatse, to the Tropic of Capricorn, &c. &c.; and a Zoological Appendix.* By Capt. W. C. Harris, H. E. I. Company's Engineers, &c. Bombay, 1838. 8vo.

AFRICA was looked upon by the ancients as the land of zoological prodigies. It is impossible to open the works of those among them who have treated of the natural productions of the country, without finding some passage in unison with the general opinion of the time, that in this wild quarter of the globe nature sported even to prodigality, and was profuse of monsters in her chartered libertinism. Here lived the Troglodytæ in their caves, vocalists whose vocalism, like that of some of our candidates for theatrical fame, was the mere 'whizzing' of a Wombat, 'stridor non vox,' and who were very appropriately dieted on the flesh of serpents. Pliny, after giving this account of their *organ*, to adopt the cant of Opera critics, sagely remarks, 'adeo sermonis commercio

mercio carent,' which may be translated, 'therefore they do not shine in conversation,' or, as our Shakspeare has it, 'want discourse of reason.' Here, also, were to be found the Blemmyæ, who, whatever else may be alleged against them, could never have been accused of sporting 'a shocking bad hat,' since they had no heads, but rejoiced in a mouth and eyes affixed to their breasts. Here, too, were the satyrs, who, like some of our bearded dandies, had nothing of man about them but their figure.* Then, to descend in the scale of creation, Æthiopia nourished not only its lynxes, but also its sphinxes, with a depth of bosom which a Greek beauty might have envied, and which Mr. Etty would most certainly transfer to canvas if it were in the nature of things that the Zoological Society could contrive to import any of these bewitching monsters—to say nothing of horses with wings, and armed with horns, 'quos pegasos vocant,' and to which, we doubt not, must be referred the real poetic Pegasus that sprang from the blood of Medusa, when the son of Jupiter and Danaë, aided by the guiding hand of the outraged Minerva, cut off the frail but beautiful Gorgon's head, and, leaving his hissing brood of serpent brothers and sisters behind him to desolate Libya, flew through the air, nor stopped till he lighted on Mount Helicon to be petted by the Muses on nectar and ambrosia. These and many more wonders, natural and unnatural, could Africa boast, so that it became a Greek by-word that she was always producing something new. Her wildernesses were the principal source whence was drawn the stream of animal life that soaked the Roman Arena, where the cross now towers, as if to expiate the deeds of blood done on its site.

Whether the ancient historians went a little too far in their accounts of Africa's monstrous fertility, we do not pretend to determine; but sure it is, that, up to a recent time, no traveller could publish his account of the natural curiosities which he had there observed, without being set down as gifted with a remarkably vivid imagination. We need only instance Bruce and Le Vaillant—to whom posterity has done justice.

Sparrman, Barrow, Burchell, Denham and Clapperton, Steedman, Rüppell, and Smith, to name a few only, have also contributed, more or less, to throw light on the natural history of this continent; and we have now to notice a gallant captain, who is a tolerable zoologist and a capital shot,—one who, after exhausting the wild sports of Western India, sighed for the more savage shooting of Africa, and arrived at the Cape with barrels of bullets hardened with tin, determined to take the field against elephants, rhinoceroses, lions, hippopotami, and giraffes,—game to which

* Satyris præter figuram nihil moris humani.—*Plin. Nat. Hist.*, lib, v. c. 8.

even the magnificent stags, stretched on the heather by Mr. Scrope's rifle, must be considered but 'small deer.'

The Captain's passion showed itself early; for he tells us that his first essay in practical gunnery was made at the age of six, when he discharged a bouncing blunderbuss, yclep'd 'Betsy,' at a flock of sparrows perched on the corner of a neighbour's pigsty, with considerable success, which was, however, alloyed by a severe corporal chastisement, consequent on the complaint of the proprietor of the peppered sty, which seems to have suffered nearly as much as the sparrows. Nothing daunted, he next rose to a condemned joint-stock musket, purchased by the Christmas capital of two juvenile sporting confederates and himself. The investment appears to have been unsatisfactory, probably owing to each of the partners wanting the joint-stock capital at the same time; and the firm was dissolved by mutual consent, the principal result being, the consigning of our hero to the Military College, whence he started for India as an officer of Engineers, at the age of sixteen, 'in possession of a rifle, before the deadly grooves of which a kite had but little chance at one hundred and fifty yards'—sitting or flying the deponent sayeth not.

The Captain arrived in Simon's Bay in May, 1836, and was so fortunate as to meet with Dr. Andrew Smith, the able leader of the scientific expedition sent forth by the 'Cape of Good Hope Association for exploring Central Africa.' Dr. Smith had just returned from that excursion, the fruits of which are now appearing in his beautiful 'Illustrations of the Zoology of South Africa,' published under the authority of the Lords of the Treasury. And here we beg to offer our tribute of praise to the Government for giving that assistance, without which it would have been impossible to lay these most interesting additions to natural knowledge before the public. Such assistance had formerly been granted in those cases only where the expeditions emanated from the government of this country; but by this precedent—and in England precedent seems to be the one thing needful—the Lords of the Treasury established the principle that private scientific enterprize, if deserving, should not be cut off from national aid. The recent publication under the same auspices of 'The Zoology of the Voyage of Her Majesty's ship *Beagle*,' involved, indeed, the same principle in a great degree: for though the expedition was under the command of Captain Fitz Roy, R.N., and though the editor and superintendent of the work, Mr. Darwin, now Secretary to the Geological Society of London, is described as 'Naturalist to the Expedition,' he was a volunteer, who, led by the love of scientific researches,
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left his Cambridge cloister, to expose himself to all the vicissitudes of a long voyage—without fee or reward, save that which he is now justly reaping for the splendid contributions which he has made to the natural history of the western world, especially in relation to those most interesting mammiferous animals, now utterly blotted from the book of life, which have employed the pen of Professor Owen. By Dr. Smith's advice, a royal gift was immediately imagined; for it seems that in Africa, as well as in Turkey, nothing can be done without a present, and accordingly—

'I ordered,' says the Captain, 'from a tailor in Cape town, as a present, amongst others, to the redoubted chief Moselekatse, called by some Umsiligas, whom we proposed to visit, a great coat, so unique that I may be excused for describing it. Of dimensions suited to the figure of a portly gentleman, pointed out by the Doctor, as resembling the chief, it was composed of drab duffel, a coarse shaggy cloth commonly worn by the colonists, surmounted by six capes, and provided with huge bone buttons, and a ponderous brazen clasp in the shape of a crest, the whole being lined and fancifully trimmed with scarlet shalloon in a manner calculated to captivate the taste, and propitiate the esteem, of the most despotic and capricious of savages.'—pp. 3, 4.

With this elegant investment the captain embarked in a little schooner, whose master, or rather mate, contrived to mistake St. Francis's Bay for that of Algoa; and, after having narrowly escaped foundering, they all floundered somehow or other into the harbour of Port Elizabeth. Here they found everything very dear in consequence of the recent Kafir war, but succeeded in purchasing a comfortable travelling-waggon, seventeen feet in length, and a *span* of twelve tough little Faderland oxen. With this equipage, driven by a drunken Hottentot, they took the road to Graham's Town, through a miserable country, where, at Sunday River and Bushman's Hill, they found two inns, but neither bread nor forage, though besides the inns there appears to have been a pretty sprinkling of gin-shops.

From Graham's Town they proceeded to Graaff Reinet, travelling at the rate of thirty miles a-day; and while on the road a herd of spring-bucks (*Gazella Euchore*) gave the captain an opportunity of trying his rifle, with which he knocked over three of those beautiful little antelopes. This initiatory bit of sport—a sleepless night in the waggon, occasioned by the uproariousness of an Irish cobbler, who was keeping it up with two Hottentot boys, neither of them under the age of fifty, in a roofless mud hovel, and who apologised next morning for not inviting the waggon party, 'because *they* were gentlemen, and *he* was not quite self-possessed'—and a good day's wild-guinea-fowl shooting on Mynheer Klerck's farm, one of whose tenants they had re-

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stored to the longing arms of his doating young *crouw*,—these were the principal incidents that arose till their arrival at the swampy Somerset, a paltry little town, in which nine of the twenty-four mansions were owned by gentlemen of the name of Smith. All these Smiths possessed waggons; but none of them could be induced to accede to the earnest request of the travellers for the hire of one. We beg to introduce our friends to one of the ladies of the clan.

‘One of the several John Smiths, a straight-haired methodistical little man, was sitting down to dinner with Mrs. Smith and the children, when we called to pay our respects, and, bowing to the ground, ventured to seat ourselves on a vacant sofa; but, though the young Smiths stared abundantly at us, neither the master nor mistress even condescended to look at us, the lady after a time informing us, whilst she shovelled down the pease and gravy with her knife, that she could not think of allowing her poor dear oxen to go another journey so immediately after their return from the country.’—p. 17.

After clearing the mountain-barrier of Bruintjes Hoogte, and suffering some delay from the abstraction of their oxen, in which matter they suspected a boor named Erasmus, who had given them permission to unyoke on his land,* they again set forth on their journey, the country becoming more open and practicable as they advanced, and being covered with large herds of elegant springbucks, which bounded playfully across the road. After passing Sunday River, and having completed a total of two hundred miles from Graham's Town, they arrived at Graaff Reinet.

‘The village is sheltered on each side by high conical mountains, decorated with perpetual verdure, which is derived from the abundance of speckboom that covers their rocky declivities. The serpentine banks of the river are lined with willows and acacias; many of these latter are overgrown with misseltoe, and both with evergreen creepers, which, climbing to the very topmost branches, fall gracefully in festoons adorned with a profusion of fragrant white flowers, not unfrequently concealing the tree upon which they have entwined themselves. Nothing can exceed the neatness of the quaint little Dutch houses; and whilst the salubrity of the climate has no rival in Southern Africa, the produce of the gardens and vineyards may vie with those of Europe. Fruits and vegetables of all kinds grow here in abundance and perfection. On looking out of the window in the morning we saw the street carpeted with snow, while garden-hedges of quince, and a row of lemon-trees on

* A striking instance of the frail tenure on which we hold our existence is here recorded. ‘Before dismissing Erasmus from these pages, I may add that, on our way back through the colony, about twelve months afterwards, we were forced by heavy rain, I need scarcely say contrary to our wishes, again to halt at his farm. The hand of fate had fallen heavily upon him and his race; the house was deserted and its inmates extinct—a small group of graves before the door being all that remained instead of a numerous and well-favoured family.’—p. 20.

either side, bending beneath a load of ripe fruit, formed decorations as beautiful in themselves as they were novel to an Indian eye.”—pp. 22, 23.

This district our travellers considered the starting-point or base of their operations; and here they procured a capital waggon, with thirty draught oxen, and completed their stud of twelve horses. The vehicle appears to have been well freighted:—

‘Our waggon, fitted up with water-casks, tar-buckets, side-chests, beds, pockets, and other appurtenances for the long journey before us, during which it was to be our only abode, might now not inaptly be compared to a ship proceeding to sea. Besides ourselves and our personal conveniences, it contained, with the addition of a barrel of gun-powder, and the commodities for barter already enumerated, six sacks of flour, two bags of rice, and two of sugar, with chests of tea and bales of coffee. The baggage-waggon carried tent, camp-stools, table, and cooking utensils: hams, tongues, and cheeses in profusion: salt and dried fish, biscuits, wax candles, soap, and oilman’s stores, or, in other words, sauces and pickles. The luxury of beer, so palatable to an Anglo-Indian, we were compelled to dispense with in consequence of its bulk; but we provided ourselves instead with a few dozens of brandy, and a small barrel of inferior spirits for the use of the followers. Crevices and empty spaces were filled up with spades, pickaxes, hatchets, sickles, and joiner’s tools, together with nails, screws, spare bolts, and linchpins; and, as if all these were not weight sufficient, no less than eighteen thousand leaden bullets duly prepared, to say nothing of a large additional supply of that precious metal in pigs, to be converted into instruments of destruction as occasion required, were added to our stock.’—p. 26.

They now engaged six additional Hottentots, under a formal contract of service for six months, executed in presence of the clerk of the peace—strange jumble of the savage and the civil. These Hottentots were all *tronk volk*, or discharged criminals. Their beauteous names were Piet van Roy, Cobus Jacobus, John April, Claas September, Ethaldur Wildman, and—here is a name of promise—*Frederick Dangler*. A precious drunken crew they seem to have been. On preparing to start, one-half of the muskets were found to be already in pawn, and the proceeds squandered in the gin-shop, which is almost as great a nuisance at the Cape as it is in Holborn. At last, however, they finally quitted Graaff Reinet for the desert, where a long and heart-breaking separation from gin-and-bitters awaited the dejected *tronk volk*; and, to cheer *them* up, they had not proceeded far before they met with a brother of their tribe riding post to fetch a surgeon for his master, a young Dutch boor, who had been fearfully clawed by a leopard.

On the morning of the 6th of September they found the whole of the brooks frozen over with ice a quarter of an inch thick, and

the manes of the horses and the surrounding herbage glittered with icicles. The glass at seven A.M. had sunk to 18°. yet the cold was neither intense nor disagreeable. Here they first saw large troops of gnous (*Catoblepas Gnou*), three of which they killed, having hemmed a herd into a valley and obliged them to run the gauntlet. Here is a lively description of these strange antelopes:—

‘Of all quadrupeds, the gnou is probably the most awkward and grotesque. Nature doubtless formed him in one of her freaks, and it is scarcely possible to contemplate his ungainly figure without laughter. Wheeling and prancing in every direction, his shaggy and bearded head arched between his slender and muscular legs, and his long white tail streaming in the wind, this ever-wary animal has at once a ferocious and ludicrous appearance. Suddenly stopping, showing an imposing front, and tossing his head in mock defiance, his wild red sinister eyes flash fire, and his snort, resembling the roar of a lion, is repeated with energy and effect. Then lashing his sides with his floating tail, he plunges, bounds, kicks up his heels with a fantastic flourish, and in a moment is off at speed, making the dust fly behind him as he sweeps across the plain.’—p. 34.

On the 7th they reached Boks-fontein, and, having despatched two Hottentots to seek for two horses which had absconded, they continued their journey to the Seven Fountains, where ‘the face of the country was literally white with spring-bucks, myriads of which covered the plains, affording a welcome supply of food. When hunted, these elegant creatures take extraordinary bounds, rising with curved backs high into the air, as if about to take flight: and they invariably clear a road or beaten track in this manner, as if their natural disposition to regard man as an enemy induced them to mistrust even the ground upon which he had trod.’

The following is, we think, a singularly striking passage—it fixes for ever upon the reader’s imagination one of those great herbivorous irruptions that occasionally desolate countless leagues of those regions:—

‘The *trek bokken*, as the occasional immigration to the abodes of civilization, of countless swarms of these antelopes, is called by the colonists, may be reckoned amongst the most extraordinary examples of the fecundity of animal life. To offer any estimate of their numbers would be impossible: pouring down like locusts from the endless plains of the interior, whence they have been driven by protracted drought, lions have been seen stalking in the middle of their compressed phalanx, and flocks of sheep have not unfrequently been carried away with the torrent. Cultivated fields, which in the evening appeared proud of their promising verdure, are in the course of a single night reaped level with the ground, and the despoiled grazer is constrained to seek pasture for his flocks elsewhere, until the bountiful thunder-clouds restore vegetation to the burnt-up country. Then the unwelcome visitors instinctively retreat

retreat to their secluded abodes, to renew their attacks when necessity shall again compel them.'—pp. 35, 36.

The boundary of the colony was now passed, and our travellers were about to enter wilder scenes, which the Captain sketches with that strong (though sometimes rather over-loaded) pencil which our readers must have begun to appreciate.

'We had now fairly quitted civilization, and were entering upon a steril, inhospitable region, sparingly inhabited by Bushmen—the remnant of Hottentot hordes, and the wild aborigines of the country—who, gradually receding before the encroachments of the European colonists, have long since sought refuge in the pathless desert. Unblessed amongst the nations of the earth, the hand of these wandering outcasts is against every man, and every man's hand is against them. Existing precariously from day to day—heedless of futurity, and forgetful of the past,—without either laws, arts, or religion—only a faint glimmering ray of instinct guides their benighted path. Depending for subsistence upon the produce of the chase or the spontaneous gifts of nature, they share the wilderness with beasts of prey, and are but one grade higher in the scale of existence.

'From this point until we reached Kuruman, a distance of 300 miles, the number of our oxen became daily diminished by the effects of a drought which had prevailed, and which had so completely removed every vestige of vegetation, that they were frequently compelled to pass two days without tasting food or water. Extensive—to the eye boundless—plains of arid land, with neither eminence nor hollow, were on all sides expanded to the view: of these the prevailing colour was brownish yellow, variegated with a few black and sickly shrubs. Scarcely an object met the straining eye but an ostrich sometimes striding in the distance, or a solitary vulture soaring in the sky. Over the wide desolation of the stony waste not a tree could be discerned, and the only impression on the mind was—that of utter and hopeless sterility. Occasionally, however, as we advanced, the sameness of the scene was varied by a wide-stretching undulation. Our caravan was then the only object in the landscape upon which the eye could repose. Waggon after waggon slowly rising to view, the van was to be seen advancing over the swell, whilst the cattle and sheep were yet hidden from the sight. The world before us was still nought but earth and sky—not a green herb enticed the vision, not a bird winged through the air: the loud cracking of a whip, rolling in suppressed echo along the sun-baked ground, alone disturbed the silence of the sultry atmosphere, which gave to the azure vault of heaven the semblance of an unnatural elevation from the globe.

'Whilst the days were oppressively hot, and the sky unveiled by a cloud, the nights were piercingly cold—our feelings during the latter indicating, as well as the thermometer, that the temperature was near the freezing point: and, to add to our discomfort, fuel was rarely procurable. In the morning the ground was sometimes covered with hoar-frost: but the absence either of vapour or cloud, to diminish the heat of

the sun, soon dispelled the appearance, and rendered visible the nakedness of the land. Mirage in these regions, flickering in the distance, presents to the thirsty traveller an illusion as tempting as tantalizing. Blue and delusive lakes, of which the surface seems agitated by a ripple, recede as he advances—and, ultimately disappearing, “leave not a wreck behind.”

‘We halted the first day on the borders of what appeared to be a body of water many miles in circumference—an oasis in the desert, towards which, after a sultry march of twenty miles, lured by the appearance of several waggons on its brink—both man and beast rushed with impetuosity. We soon perceived to our disappointment that we had been deceived by a saline deposit of immense extent, at which a party of boors were engaged in obtaining salt for the use of the colonists: but it was long ere the broken-hearted oxen discovered that what they had understood to be water was a mere mineral efflorescence in the desert.

‘The fourth day brought us to the magnificent Orange River—the only stream within many hundred miles that is entitled to the appellation. Emerging from desolation and sterility, the first glimpse that we obtained of it realized those ideas of elegant and classic scenery which exist in the minds of poets. The alluring fancies of a fairy fiction, or the fascinating imagery of a romance, were here brought into actual existence. The waters of this majestic river, 300 yards in breadth, flowing in one unbroken expanse, resembled a smooth translucent lake; and as its gentle waves glided past on their way to join the restless ocean, bearing on their limpid bosom, as in a polished mirror, the image of their wood-clothed borders, they seemed to kiss the shore before bidding it farewell. Drooping willows, clad in their vest of vernal freshness, leaned over the bank, and, dipping their slender branches into the tide, which glistened with the last rays of the setting sun, seemed fain to follow: whilst at intervals the wrecks of stately trees, that had been torn from their roots by the violence of the torrent during some vast inundation, of which the traces on the shore gave evidence, reared their dilapidated heads in token of the then resistless fury of that flood which now appeared so smooth and tranquil. To those who may conceive this description overcharged, I will only remark, that the sight of water after days in the desert is probably one of the most delightful sensations that a human being can experience.’—pp. 40—44.

This noble river was crossed with the usual excitement and amusement. Elevated platforms for the baggage were made in the waggons, while the followers, now wading, now swimming, though laden with the lighter baggage, urged on the loose horses and sheep.

Before the little expedition reached the missionary station of Campbellsdorp, our sporting friends had the pleasure of seeing a race not to be enjoyed at Epsom, Ascott, or Newmarket. A large party of Corrannas were engaged in an attempt to run down an ostrich on foot. The racing-dress of the unfeathered bipeds, who

who frequently had it hollow, *was* a cloak and cap of leather, be-daubed, in common with their own skins, with an unguent of grease and red ochre : but, alas for innovation ! the missionaries, with an eye to propriety, no doubt, have encased these rivals of Achilles and Camilla in leathern jackets and trousers of Dutch cut and dimensions—an innovation much, we doubt not, to the advantage of the ostriches.

At Kramer's Fontein the Captain saw, he says, 'a horrible spectacle'—and we respect him for the expression—a figure worthy of a place in the *Inferno* of Dante—an emaciated old Bushwoman, who had come down from her kraal, five miles distant, to fill two ostrich egg-shells with water, and to whom Otway's Witch was a Grisi.

'It is no exaggeration to say that her attenuated form appeared a skeleton covered with a wet cloth. Those rounded proportions which are given to the human form divine had no existence in her. Her skin resembled wrinkled leather, and I can compare her legs and arms to nothing but straightened sticks, knobbed at the joints. Her body was actually crawling with vermin, with which she was constantly feeding a little half-inanimate miniature of herself in arms.

———"Wither'd and wild in her attire,

She looked not like a habitant of earth,

And yet was on it."

We were glad to bribe her to depart by a present of tobacco, and the wretched creature's countenance evinced thankfulness at our liberality.

'The pigmy race usually reside in holes and crannies of rocks, and sometimes in wretched huts incapable of protecting them from the inclemency of the seasons. These, their constant fear of discovery induces them to erect in secluded spots at a great distance from water : a precaution to which they are further prompted by a desire to leave the pools open for wild animals, which they occasionally shoot from an ambush with poisoned arrows, and devour on the spot. They possess neither flocks nor herds—are unacquainted with agriculture—and the most wealthy can boast of no property beyond his weapons and his starving dog. With no cares beyond the present moment, they live almost entirely upon bulbous roots, locusts, reptiles, and the larvæ of ants, by the habitations of which latter the country is in many places thickly strewed. Not a trace of their hovels could be seen from the road, and a traveller might even pass through their country without seeing a human being, or suspecting that it was inhabited. Such is their general distrust of visitors, that the males would never willingly approach us, evincing great trepidation when forced to do so—no object being more unwelcome to their sight than a troop of horsemen on the plain.

'The stature of both sexes is invariably below five feet. The males are usually meagre, bow-legged, and ill made : yet they display a singular ease of motion and flexibility of joint. The rapidity with which they drive off a herd of cattle is perfectly astonishing. Their complexion

is

is sallow brown, darkened by dirt and grease: their only dress a piece of leather round the waist, and their sole defence a diminutive bow, with poisoned arrows, rather resembling children's toys than mortal weapons.

'The women, who were much less shy, and who never failed to follow the tracks of our waggons when they happened to come upon them, with the hope of obtaining tobacco in exchange for ostrich eggs, are of small and delicate proportions, with hands and feet of truly Lilliputian dimensions. Their foot-prints reminded us of Gulliver's adventures, and are not larger than those of a child. When young they have a pleasing expression of countenance, which they take care to render as captivating as possible by bedaubing their flat noses and prominent cheek-bones with a mixture of red ochre and fat. The toilets of many were made with scrupulous attention, the effect of the paint being enhanced by necklaces composed of the fresh entrails of wild beasts—a few cowry-shells, old bones, and buttons, being also interwoven with their matted hair: but the life they lead, their frequent long abstinence, and constant exposure to the wind and glare of light in a dry open country, soon inducing the habit of keeping their naturally small eyes more than half closed, their comeliness is very ephemeral, and never extends beyond youth. The females possess much greater volubility and animation of gesture than the men—but the sounds they utter are a succession of claps of the tongue produced by forcing that unruly member against different parts of the teeth and palate: and, whilst the enunciation is thus rendered troublesome and full of impediment, it resembles rather the chattering of monkeys than the language of human beings.—pp. 45-48.

And this is human nature !

M. F. Cuvier has faithfully represented the female form of this variety, *simplex munditiis*, in the vaward of her youth, at the head of his excellent work on *Mammifères*; and no one, philosopher or no philosopher, can look at the accurate representation, without being satisfied that the well-developed Bushwoman had no need of that bustling assistance which has been but too prevalent among our fair countrywomen, who might pass for Houris, as we once heard the most agreeable and intelligent of Pachas say, if they would but leave nature alone.

Those who know how kindred spirits mingle will understand Captain Harris's 'unexpected pleasure' at meeting Captain Sutton of the 75th foot, 'a mighty Nimrod,' and a man after his own heart, who was returning to the colony from a successful expedition against the elephants, but who gave the party the first intelligence that Moselekatse was embroiled with the emigrant farmers; a turn-up which, though it may not create interest in our Great Babel, was of no small consequence to the population of the Cape.

On entering Kuruman, or New Litakoo, which Captain Harris describes as a lovely oasis in the desert, by which it was completely environed, he received a cordial welcome from a missionary of the

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London Society, Mr. Moffat, who had devoted his life to the cause of Christianity ;—and to him and his wife, says the good Captain, —a true sportsman is always right at heart—‘ we were indebted, during our stay at Kuruman, for hospitality and kindness which we shall never be enabled to repay.’

The Moffats confirmed the reports respecting Moselekatse, the ruler of a powerful tribe called Abaka Zooloo or Matabili ; and, after bidding adieu to the excellent couple, they set forth towards Masega, this Moselekatse’s capital. Their hot march was over immense plains, chiefly of red sand, and bounded for the most part only by the distant horizon ; the fading blue summit of the Kamhanni mountains, near the Kuruman, only slightly breaking the evenness of the line from which they were receding : at intervals, long coarse dry grass abounded and deluded the travellers with the appearance of ripe corn-fields. On leaving the Matluarin, they found the morning air piercing cold, and, during the early part of the following day, their road continued across an ocean-like expanse, unbroken, save by ant-hills, or here and there dwarf bushes, among which troops of ostriches were grazing. As they proceeded, they passed through extensive areas of waving grass, and the country gradually became adorned with larger shrubs, profuse of yellow blossoms, and straggling clumps of mimosas, from ten to fifteen feet high. They were welcomed at Motito, which they had indistinctly seen for some hours through the distant glare, by a French missionary and his agreeable wife, the eldest of the couple not appearing to be more than twenty-two years of age.

We shall now let our author describe the dress and appearance of the Bechuana tribes—an adventure with Mahura and some other bullying savages, which shows the wholesome effects of a little firmness—a change of scenery—and the despair of a constitutional coward, who was one of the party.

‘ Of the habiliments of the Bechuana men little need be said, as they have generally adopted a rude imitation of the European costume. The females, however, almost invariably retain the garb of their ancestors. The appearance of these ladies is masculine, and far from attractive. Fat and grease of all kinds form their delight : their bodies and skin cloaks being also plentifully anointed with *sibilo*, a grey iron-ore sparkling like mica, procured from mines in the neighbourhood, which are visited from all parts of the country. Their naturally woolly hair is twisted into small cords, and matted with this substance into apparently metallic pendules, which, being of equal length, assume the appearance of a skull-cap or inverted bowl of steel. Tobacco having undergone considerable depreciation by the introduction of the plant—beads are the medium through which exchanges are usually effected amongst the Bechuana. The more wealthy of their women are adorned with a profusion of these, hung in cumbrous coils round the waste and neck, along
with

with ivory tooth-picks and gourd snuff-boxes : but even the indigent are not altogether without them. An apron of leather, cut into thin strips, and clotted with an accumulation of grease and filth, reaches to the ankles—and, with a rude skin cloak, completes the costume.

‘ We were subjected to continual interruptions from the visits and curiosity of crowds of these ladies, who appeared to have no domestic concerns to attend to : and, although the assertion may subject me to the accusation of want of gallantry, I am compelled to state that the effluvia arising from their persons, which are not always free from vermin, was far from agreeable. Their language, termed *Sichuana*, is exceedingly melodious. Few syllables end with a consonant, and the remarkable abundance of vowels and liquids gives it a smoothness of sound to which both sexes do ample justice by the gentle tones of their voice.

‘ Early the following day our waggons were surrounded by natives with skins and *carosses* for sale. Foremost in the motley group was Mahura, the Batlapi Chief—brother of Motibe, king of that tribe—a portly personage of exceedingly forbidding manners and unprepossessing exterior. He was habited in a threadbare braided jacket and leathern trousers, with a broad-brimmed white hat which obscured a large portion of his sinister physiognomy. His A. D. C., another prominent figure, had inducted his shrivelled frame into a green surtout and military chaco, being withal the least martial character I ever beheld. We made them propitiatory offerings, and handed round the snuff-box : but, far from meeting our advances, they seemed disposed to quarrel, more especially when they discovered that we knew exactly how many yards of brass wire were esteemed an equivalent for a caross. At length, finding it impossible to come to terms, we closed our little shop, and were preparing to depart—when, on a sign made by Mahura, a tall gaunt savage pounced upon a drinking-cup, and declared his intention of retaining it in compensation for alleged injury to the fence of his field. Deaf to our remonstrances, he was moving off with his prize, when Richardson seized it from him, and threw it to the right owner. In the mean time another obtrusive savage deliberately seated himself on the pole of the waggon, from which he refused to move, although civilly requested to make way for the oxen. In this posture of affairs I found it necessary to resort to personal violence, which so exasperated him that he sprung at me, brandishing his weapons, and exclaiming that I had kicked him on his own premises. The clamour now became fast and furious, and the threatening attitudes of our assailants obliged us to protrude the muzzles of two or three fowling-pieces from the waggon, so as to bear upon their masses—when they instantly dispersed, leaving us to pursue our journey.

‘ Mahura and Moselekatse are bitter foes. Shortly after Dr. Smith's expedition arrived at Kuruman, the former, who had carried off several head of cattle from the Matabili, expressed his determination of opposing the Doctor's advance—a threat which he did not, however, carry into execution. From that period, until within a few days of our arrival at Motito, this boaster, dreading the vengeance of Moselekatse, had ignominiously

ignominiously concealed himself—now, for the first time, venturing from his hiding-place. Before we had proceeded many miles, a savage, breathless with haste, met us, as if by accident, and implored the waggon-drivers to turn back—representing Moselekatse as highly incensed—and stating that that prince had attacked a party of farmers with great slaughter, and that the same fate awaited us if we advanced farther into his territory. He then decamped, leaving every face blank with dismay. We instantly suspected that the whole was a plot of Mahura's, and it had the effect he desired of creating such a panic among the people, that they positively refused to advance another step. Andries was the first to declare this determination, repeating the savage's story with fifty exaggerations of his own, and confidently predicting an attack during the night. The spirits of the bolder were damped by the gloomy forebodings of the more cowardly, nor would they have proceeded if John April had not fortunately, though unwarrantably, presumed to broach the grog-cask during the night: getting so drunk himself, that we were obliged to leave him to come on behind, whilst the rest became sufficiently courageous to resume the journey in the dark—not, however, until they had broken the pole of the waggon, which we soon replaced.

'As the morning's dawn slowly withdrew the curtain from the landscape, we perceived the aspect of the country completely changed. Instead of the dreary waste over which we had lately passed, we might now imagine ourselves in an extensive park. A lawn, level as a billiard-table, was everywhere spread with a soft carpet of luxuriant green grass, spangled with flowers, and shaded by spreading *mokaalas*—a large species of acacia which forms the favourite food of the giraffe. The gaudy yellow blossoms with which these remarkable trees were covered yielded an aromatic and overpowering perfume—while small troops of striped quaggas or wild asses, and of brindled gnoos, which were for the first time to be seen through the forest, enlivened the scene. After travelling four hours we reached Lake Chooi, an extensive salt lake, surrounded by troops of ostriches and spring-bucks, attracted thither by the luxuriant, yet crisp and sour grass, which our cattle refused to eat—and by a small pond of intolerably alkaline water, which we found it impossible to purify.

'Several armed natives of the Barolong and Batlaroo tribes, branches of the Béchua, visited us for the purpose of begging *muchuco*, or tobacco, causing great consternation by their approach. Poor Richard in particular, who till yesterday had considered himself a perfect Bayard, "*sans peur et sans reproche*," had been rapidly sinking since the affair of the flying savage, and now felt convinced that the threatened attack was at hand. Enveloped in a great coat, with a red nightcap on his raven pate, he sat on the box of the baggage-waggon looking the very picture of despair—and, as he thought of his wife and helpless family, with the improbability of his ever seeing them again, his feelings quite overpowered him, and he wept aloud. Never was the heart of a hen-partridge concealed beneath so bushy and so black a beard. We dubbed him *Cœur-de-Lion*, and he bore the surname ever afterwards.'—

pp. 55-60.

The

The captain remarks that the true zebra (*Equus Zebra*) is confined to mountainous regions, from which it rarely ever descends; while the extensive plains of Southern Africa abound with two distinct species of the same genus, the quagga (*Equus Quagga*), and the striped quagga, or Burchell's zebra (*Equus Burchellii*). The gnou and the quagga, delighting in the same situations, not unfrequently herd together, but he seldom saw Burchell's zebras unaccompanied by troops of the brindled gnou (*Catoblepas Gorgon*), with its black mane and tail, elevated withers, and comparatively clumsy action. As he was preparing to leave Chooi, a party of Griquas arrived in three waggons.

'They had been hunting giraffes on the Molopo, and, having expended their ammunition, were returning to Daniel's Kuil with the spoils. Their horses and oxen were perfect skeletons, and their waggons literally tumbling to pieces. Tireless wheels were lashed together with strips of raw hide, and festoons of sun-dried meat, termed *biltong*, occupied the place of the awning: whilst a number of filthy women and children were stowed away with an odorous *melange* of garbage and fat. These people had approached to the western limit of Moselekatsé's territory without molestation—a circumstance which seemed to inspire our timid followers with confidence. Large parties are annually formed for the purpose of hunting the cameleopard and eland—the flesh of these animals being held in great estimation, and the skins applied to the manufacture of shoes and a variety of uses. We would gladly have purchased some of the miserable horses, but the owners declined receiving anything in exchange but gunpowder, which we could not have given without incurring the risk of twelve months' imprisonment on our return to the colony.'—p. 62.

After crossing the Saltpan, a long line of pitfalls was passed:

'Upwards of sixty of these were dug close together in a treble line: a high thorn-fence extending in the form of a crescent a mile on either side, in such a manner that gnoos, quaggas, and other animals, might easily be driven into them. They are carefully concealed with grass, and their circumscribed dimensions render escape almost impossible. Heaps of whitened bones bore ample testimony to the destruction they had occasioned.'—pp. 62, 63.

The travellers now entered upon the nearly flat and entirely treeless Chooi desert, all suffering, the poor oxen especially, from want of water. During the night the hyænas, attracted by the smell of their mutton, devoured a spring-buck within the very limits of their camp. As they advanced, the game became hourly more abundant, though very wild.

'Groups of hartebeests [*Acronotus Caama*], quaggas, and brindled gnoos, were everywhere to be seen. A short chase was sufficient to seal the fate of three quaggas—all males, averaging thirteen hands high. During the run I had not seen a human being, and fancied myself alone: but I had scarcely dismounted to secure my game, when a woolly head protruded itself from every bush, and in an instant I was surrounded by thirty Baralongs,

Baralongs, who, having by signs expressed their approbation of my performance, proceeded to devour the carcase with the greatest avidity—greedily drinking the blood, rubbing the fat upon their bodies, and not leaving so much even as the entrails for the birds of prey.’—pp. 63, 64.

On they went among the broken remnants of various Bechuana tribes conquered by Moselekatse, and now destitute of cattle, and depending entirely for subsistence on locusts and the produce of their pitfalls. These desolate wretches hovered round the captain’s little band to divide a portion of the spoil with the vultures, hyænas, and jackals. The winged scavengers wheeling in circles above their heads, ‘were ever ready to pounce upon game that had been shot, or upon the carcasses of oxen that perished on the road—devouring the largest bodies with a promptitude truly surprising.’

The Chooi desert was now passed, and before reaching the Siklagole River they journeyed by many ruined though recently inhabited villages. Two days had now elapsed since they had seen a human being not of their own party, and when, on the morning of the 9th of October, the waggons had started for the Meritsane River, the captain, led by the love of sport, made a deviation that had nearly terminated his career, and wanted but little of leaving his bones to bleach on the arid sands:—

‘The sun’s eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan;
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man.’

Surely this little episode is given with admirable ease, simplicity, and energy.

‘I turned off the road in pursuit of a troop of brindled gnoos, and presently came upon another, which was joined by a third still larger—then by a vast herd of zebras, and again by more gnoos, with sassaybys and hartebeests, pouring down from every quarter, until the landscape literally presented the appearance of a moving mass of game. Their incredible numbers so impeded their progress, that I had no difficulty in closing with them, dismounting as opportunity offered, firing both barrels of my rifle into the retreating phalanx, and leaving the ground strewn with the slain. Still unsatisfied, I could not resist the temptation of mixing with the fugitives, loading and firing, until my jaded horse suddenly exhibited symptoms of distress, and shortly afterwards was unable to move. At this moment I discovered that I had dropped my pocket-compass, and, being unwilling to lose so valuable an ally, I turned loose my steed to graze, and retraced my steps several miles without success, the prints of my horse’s hoofs being at length lost in those of the countless herds which had crossed the plain. Completely absorbed in the chase, I had retained but an imperfect idea of my locality, but, returning to my horse, I led him in what I believed to be a north-easterly direction, knowing, from a sketch of the country which had

had been given me by our excellent friend Mr. Moffat, and which, together with drawing materials, I carried about me, that that course would eventually bring me to the Meritsane. After dragging my weary horse nearly the whole of the day under a burning sun, my flagging spirits were at length revived by the appearance of several villages. Under other circumstances, I should have avoided intercourse with their inhospitable inmates, but, dying with thirst, I eagerly entered each in succession, and, to my inexpressible disappointment, found them deserted. The same evidence existing of their having been recently inhabited, I shot a hartebeest, in the hope that the smell of meat would as usual attract some straggler to the spot. But no. The keen-sighted vultures, that were my only attendants, descended in multitudes, but no woolly-headed negro appeared to dispute the prey. In many of the trees I observed large thatched houses resembling hay-stacks; and, under the impression that these had been erected in so singular a position by the natives as a measure of security against the lions, whose recent tracks I distinguished in every direction, I ascended more than one in the hope of at least finding some vessel containing water. Alas, they proved to be the habitations of large communities of social *grassebeaks*, those winged republicans of whose architecture and magnificent edifices I had till now entertained a very inadequate conception. Faint and bewildered, my prospects began to brighten as the shadows of evening lengthened. Large troops of ostriches running in one direction plainly indicated that I was approaching water; and immediately afterwards I struck into a path impressed with the foot-marks of women and children—soon arriving at a nearly dry river, which, running east and west, I at once concluded to be that of which I was in search.

Those only who have suffered, as I did during this day, from prolonged thirst, can form a competent idea of the delight, and, I may add, energy, afforded me by the first draught of the putrid waters of the Meritsane. They equally invigorated my exhausted steed, whom I mounted immediately, and cantered up the bank of the river, in order, if possible, to reach the waggons before dark. The banks are precipitous—the channel deep, broken, and rocky—clusters of reeds and long grass indicating those spots which retain the water during the hot months. It was with no small difficulty, after crossing the river, that I forced my way through the broad belt of tangled bushes which margined the edge. The moonless night was fast closing around, and my weary horse again began to droop. The lions, commencing their nightly prowl, were roaring in all directions, and, no friendly fire or beacon presenting itself to my view, the only alternative was to bivouac where I was, and to renew my search in the morning. Kindling a fire, I formed a thick bush into a pretty secure hut, by cutting away the middle, and closing the entrance with thorns; and, having knee-haltered my horse to prevent his straying, I proceeded to dine upon a guinea-fowl that I had killed, comforting myself with another draught of *aqua pura*. The monarchs of the forest roared incessantly, and so alarmed my horse, that I was obliged repeatedly to fire my rifle to give him confidence. It was piercingly cold, and, all my fuel being expended, I suffered as
{much

much from chill as I had during the day from the scorching heat. About three o'clock, completely overcome by fatigue, I could keep my eyes open no longer, and, commending myself to the protecting care of Providence, fell into a profound sleep.

'On opening my eyes my first thought was of my horse. I started from my heathy bed in the hope of finding him where I had last seen him, but his place was empty. I roamed everywhere in search of him, and ascended trees which offered a good look-out, but he was nowhere to be seen. It was more than probable he had been eaten by lions, and I had almost given up the search in despair, when I at length found his foot-mark, and traced him to a deep hollow near the river, where he was quietly grazing. The night's rest, if so it could be called, had restored him to strength, and I pursued my journey along the bank of the river, which I now recrossed opposite to the site of some former scene of strife, marked by numerous human skeletons, bleached by exposure. A little further on I disturbed a large lion, which walked slowly off, occasionally stopping and looking over his shoulder, as he deliberately ascended the opposite bank. In the course of half an hour I reached the end of the dense jungle, and immediately discovered the waggon-road, but, as I could detect no recent traces upon it, I turned to the southward, and, after riding seven or eight miles in the direction of Siklagole, had the unspeakable satisfaction of perceiving the waggons drawn up under a large tree in the middle of the plain. The discharge of my rifle at a little distance had relieved the anxiety of my companion and followers, who during the night had entertained the most gloomy forebodings on my account, being convinced that I had either been torn piecemeal by lions, or speared by the assagais of the cannibals! A cup of coffee was immediately offered me, which, as I had scarcely tasted nourishment for thirty hours, proved highly grateful.'—pp. 67-73.

Nothing daunted, however, we find our sportsman, soon after passing the river, leaving the waggons again—with a companion, however. Sallying through a magnificent park of *Kameel doorn* trees—many of which were groaning under the huge nests of the social grosbeak, whilst others were decorated with green clusters of mistletoe with bright scarlet berries—they soon came upon large herds of quaggas and brindled gnoos, which continued to join each other until the whole plain seemed alive. We quote another masterly piece of writing:—

'The clatter of their hoofs was perfectly astounding, and I could compare it to nothing but to the din of a tremendous charge of cavalry, or the rushing of a mighty tempest. I could not estimate the accumulated numbers at less than 15,000; a great extent of country being actually chequered black and white with their congregated masses. As the panic caused by the report of our rifles extended, clouds of dust hovered over them; and the long necks of troops of ostriches were also to be seen, towering above the heads of their less gigantic neighbours, and sailing past with astonishing rapidity. Groups of purple sassaybys [*Acronotus Lunata*],

Lunata], and brilliant red and yellow hartebeests, likewise lent their aid to complete the picture, which must have been seen to be properly understood, and which beggars all attempt at description. The savages kept in our wake, dexterously despatching the wounded gnooks by a touch on the spine with the point of an assagai, and instantly covering up the carcasses with bushes, to secure them from the voracity of the vultures, which hung about us like specks in the firmament, and descended with the velocity of lightning, as each discharge of our artillery gave token of prey. As we proceeded, two strange figures were perceived standing under the shade of a tree; these we instantly knew to be elands [*Boselaphus Oreas*], the savages at the same moment exclaiming with evident delight, *Impoofo, Impoofo*, and, pressing our horses to the utmost speed, we found ourselves, for the first time, at the heels of the largest and most beautiful species of the antelope tribe. Notwithstanding the unwieldy shape of these animals, they had at first greatly the speed of our jaded horses, but, being pushed, they soon separated; their sleek coats turned first blue and then white with froth; the foam fell from their mouths and nostrils, and the perspiration from their sides. Their pace gradually slackened, and, with their full brilliant eyes turned imploringly towards us, at the end of a mile, each was laid low by a single ball. They were young bulls, measuring upwards of seventeen hands at the shoulder.

'I was engaged in making a sketch of the one I had shot, when the savages came up, and, in spite of all my remonstrances, proceeded with cold-blooded ferocity to stab the unfortunate animal, stirring up the blood, and shouting with barbarous exultation as it issued from each newly-inflicted wound, regardless of the eloquent and piteous appeal, expressed in the beautiful clear black eye of the mild and inoffensive eland. In size and shape the body of the male eland resembles that of a well-conditioned Guzerat ox, not unfrequently attaining the height of nineteen hands, and weighing 2000 pounds. The head is strictly that of the antelope, light, graceful, and bony, with a pair of magnificent straight horns, about two feet in length, spirally ringed, and pointed backwards. A broad and deep dewlap fringed with brown hair reaches to the knee. The colour varies considerably with the age, being dun in some—in others an ashy blue with a tinge of ochre—in many sandy grey approaching to white.

'The flesh is esteemed by all classes in Africa above that of any other animal; in grain and colour it resembles beef, but is better tasted and more delicate, possessing a pure game flavour; and the quantity of fat with which it is interlarded is surprising, greatly exceeding that of any other game quadruped with which I am acquainted. The female is smaller and of slighter form, with less ponderous horns. The stoutest of our savage attendants could with difficulty transport the head of the eland to the waggons, where one of the Hottentots had just arrived with the carcass of a sassaby that he had dragged a considerable distance, assisted by upwards of twenty savages. These men were no sooner made acquainted with the occurrences of the morning than they set off at speed upon the tracks of our horses, and were presently out of sight.

About

About sunset the party returned, gorged to the throats, and groaning under an external load of flesh, which having been unable to consume, they had hung round their necks.'—pp. 74-77.

We strongly suspect that Captain Harris would not have written as he has done about *this* 'quadruped game,' had he ever tasted the Duke of Hamilton's or Lord Tankerville's *wild beef*. But this is conjecture. After their hard day's sport, however, our amiable party did not 'Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking.'

'About midnight an unusual commotion caused us to start from our sleep. The whole of the cattle had burst through the thorn-fence by which they were surrounded, and, panic stricken, were blindly charging, they knew not whither; oxen, horses, and sheep, tumbling headlong over the waggon-poles, and over each other, in indescribable confusion. The night was intensely dark, and all the fires had gone out; Cœur-de-Lion had clambered on to the top of the baggage-waggon, and was screaming like a woman, whilst each Hottentot was discharging his gun, loaded with ball, in any direction that the muzzle might happen to have assumed. The horses were the least alarmed, and, after floundering about in the dark for some time, we succeeded in recovering all but one; but, every endeavour to reclaim the oxen and sheep proving abortive, we retired again to rest, having first ascertained by the light of a candle that the consternation had been occasioned by three lions that had entered the fold and slain two of the sheep.'—p. 78.

When they had crossed the sedgy Mimori, and had ascended to a higher level, they were presently met by his Excellency the deputy-governor,

'a tall athletic savage of commanding appearance, blind of the left eye. His attire was of the nature already described, and, saving that he was unarmed, differed in no respect from that of his attendants. A general greeting and hand-shaking ensued—the snuff-box circulated briskly, and we all became capital friends.'—p. 89.

We once heard a highly-gifted friend, whose noble handiwork is known and valued in every part of the civilized world, undertake a defence of snuff-taking, which he wound up by asking his antagonist 'of what use is a nose except to take a pinch?' The Matibili seem to be of our friend's way of thinking, and indeed they appear to value it too highly to waste a grain on any other part of their persons, however much they may require the application, unlike that worthy monkey Don Pedro,

'In the gardens of zoology,'

who, grasping a handful from your box, rubs his whole body most pertinaciously with it, using not only his hands but also his tail, which he converts into a strigil for the nonce, that no lurking parasite, saltatory or ambulatory, may escape the purification. No: the Matabili would consider this a sad abuse of heaven's gifts, and carefully inhales,

'to

to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.'

'Smoking is not a fashionable vice amongst the Matabili, but all classes are passionately addicted to snuffing—indeed the sharing the contents of your box with a stranger is the greatest compliment that can be paid him. The mode of taking it is not unworthy of notice. One-half of the powder having been transferred to the palm of the hand, by means of a small ivory spoon, which is usually hung round the neck, the recipient leisurely seats himself under a convenient bush, drawing every grain into his nostrils at once, with an eagerness which, although followed by a copious flood of tears, proves the extent of the enjoyment afforded. Worse than barbarian would that man be esteemed who should wantonly interrupt a social party so employed.'—p. 89.

Indeed, so precious is the herb, that it is always adulterated by these worthies with sand, &c., and it decides the lover's fate; for the acceptance or rejection of a snuff-box by the beauty to whom it is offered seems to be a decision from which there is no appeal.

Pursuing their course, our travellers entered a pass which conducted them between two ranges of the Kurrichane hills, and here our strenuous Captain met with a serious accident:—

'The ground was broken and stony, and in parts abounded with deep holes. In the act of killing a sassayby, my horse put his feet into one of these, and came down with frightful violence, cutting my knees and elbows to the bone, breaking his own nose, and, what was a far greater misfortune, and one that I had long anticipated, fracturing the stock of my only and especially favourite rifle. I could have wept if the doing so would have availed anything. A strip of the sassayby's hide rectified the damage for the present at least; and, having packed the flesh in the waggon, we continued winding among the hills, constantly assured by the guides that the kraal at which they had resolved we should pass the night was close at hand, but still not reaching it until we had travelled full thirty miles from Mosega, by which time it was fairly dark. At last we perceived fires in the valley beneath us, and soon drew up under the fence of a little village.'—pp. 99, 100.

Soon afterwards appeared one of King Moselekatse's heralds, whose bearing upon occasions of ceremony we beg to recommend to the notice of Garter, Clarencieux, and their august brethren.

'We were preparing to start, when a herald, called in the Matibili language *Imbongo*—i. e. a proclaimer of the king's title—suddenly made his appearance outside the kraal to give us a little insight into his majesty's biography. Advancing slowly towards the waggons he opened the exhibition by roaring and charging, in frantic imitation of the king of beasts—then, placing his arm before his mouth and swinging it rapidly in pantomimic representation of the elephant, he threw his trunk above his head and shrilly trumpeted. He next ran on tiptoe imitating the ostrich, and lastly, humbling himself in the dust, wept like an infant. At each interval of the scene, he recounted the matchless prowess and mighty conquests of his illustrious monarch, and made the hills re-echo

with

with his praise. He was a brawny athletic savage, upwards of six feet in height, naked as he was born. Frenzied by his energetic gesticulations, the perspiration trickled from his greasy brow, and white foam descended in flakes from his distorted mouth, whilst his eyes glared with excitement.'—pp. 101, 2.

The road became almost impracticable, but our sportsman was now for the first time to be gratified by a sight of the *spoor* or track of the cameleopard, which he thus describes :—

'It was different from everything I had seen or imagined it would resemble. The largest impression was eleven inches in length, of parallelogramatic form, tapered at the toe, and rounded at the heel. I felt singular satisfaction in finding myself at length treading on ground imprinted with the recent footsteps of that extraordinary animal.'

As they advanced,

'A contumacious rhinoceros [*Rhinoceros Africanus*] was standing directly in our path, and, although hailed repeatedly, refused to make way. There was just light sufficient to admit of my discharging both barrels of my rifle into his unwieldy sides. Sneezing violently and wheezing, he ran off in the direction we were taking, and presently subsided in the path. We approached him with caution, but he was dead. At the same moment a discharge of musquetry, and a bright beacon fire bursting forth, directed our benighted steps to the encampment. It was at the termination of the forest, and not more than two hours' journey from the residence of the king.'—p. 103.

The following description of the approach of the travellers to the royal residence, the court of Moselekatse, and their gracious reception, will be read with due respect :—

'Piet and the Parsee now guided the waggons: Cœur-de-Lion, not wishing to find himself in the front of the battle, volunteered to drive the cattle in the rear, and the other six Hottentots proceeded in advance with solemn step, saluting the King with repeated discharges of musquetry, as a complimentary mode of announcing our arrival. Several of the subordinate chieftains, who were standing near the gateway of the kraal, then advanced, and, as the waggons ascended the acclivity, took the hand of each of our party in succession, repeating the word, *fellow! fellow! fellow!* several times. The principal of these men was Um' Nombate, a peer of the realm. He was an elderly man of slight figure, benevolent aspect, and mild but dignified demeanour. He wore the usual tails, consisting of a few strips of wild cat and monkey skin dangling in front, and some larger and more widely apart behind. The elliptical ring, or *issigoko*, was surmounted by the inflated gall-bladder of a sheep. Andries, Piet, and April, were old acquaintances, and he appeared glad to see them. In reply to our inquiries respecting the health of the King, and whether it was the royal pleasure that we should visit him, he observed that his Majesty was very glad we had arrived, and would come to the waggons anon, at the same time directing them to be drawn up outside the gate. The next in rank was a chief of mean and contemptible exterior, whose repulsive manners were

but too exactly indicated by his scowling profile. He was deeply scarred with small-pox; and, excepting a necklace of lions' claws, three inflated gall-bladders on his pate, and a goodly coat of grease upon his hide, was perfectly naked. I saw nothing remarkable about any of the others. They all carried snuff-boxes stuck in their ears; a collection of skin streamers, like the tails of a lady's boa, attached to a thin waist-cord, being the nearest approach to an habiliment amongst them. All their heads were shaven, sufficient hair only being left to attach the *issigoko*, which is composed of sinews sewn to the hair and blackened with grease.

'Shortly after the oxen were unyoked, and the tent erected, Mohanycom, the King's page, came forth from the kraal bearing the congratulations of his Majesty. He, too, was unencumbered with raiment of any sort; but wore a red feather from the long-tailed finch in his hair, which, unlike that of the rest, was unshorn, and destitute of the *issigoko*. The dimensions of his mouth were calculated to excite the astonishment of every beholder; that feature literally extending from ear to ear. An inspection of our property then took place. Not a word was spoken: neither did any of the party betray the smallest symptom either of surprise or even of gratification. An imperturbable gravity pervaded the countenance of every one, and as soon as they had sufficiently scrutinized they retired to report to the chieftain the result of their observations.

'It was some hours before we could obtain any breakfast, the nearest water being three miles from the kraal. We felt quite certain that the King must be dying with impatience to obtain possession of the various presents we had brought for him, but he thought it dignified to affect indifference, and prosecuted his ideas of propriety so rigorously, that his non-appearance became at length alarming. We therefore despatched Baba to say that everything was prepared for his reception, and that we were extremely anxious to pay our respects. In the course of a few minutes, loud shouting and yelling announced his approach. He was attended by the spies that had accompanied us from Mosega, several of his chiefs, and most of the warriors who were not absent on the expedition I have alluded to, armed with shields and assagais. As he advanced others rushed up with a shout, brandishing their sticks. A number of women followed with calabashes of beer on their heads; and two pursuivants cleared the way, by roaring, charging, prancing, and caricoling as already described, flourishing their short sticks in a most furious manner, and proclaiming the royal titles in a string of unbroken sentences. As we advanced to meet him, several of the crowd exclaimed "*Haiyah! Haiyah!*" a shout of congratulation and triumph. Having shaken hands, we led him into the tent, and seated him on a chair; the courtiers and great men squatting themselves on their hams on the ground in semicircular order on either side. He was particularly glad to see Andries, and shook him by the hand several times.

'The expression of the despot's features, though singularly cunning, wily, and suspicious, is not altogether disagreeable. His figure is rather tall, well turned and active, but leaning to corpulency. Of dignified

and

and reserved manners, the searching quickness of his eye, the point of his questions, and the extreme caution of his replies, stamp him at once as a man capable of ruling the wild and sanguinary spirits by which he is surrounded. He appeared about forty years of age, but, being totally beardless, it was difficult to form a correct estimate of the years he had numbered. The elliptical ring on his closely-shorn scalp was decorated with three green feathers from the tail of the paroquet, placed horizontally, two behind and one in front. A single string of small blue beads encircled his neck; a bunch of twisted sinews encompassed his left ankle, and the usual girdle, dangling before and behind with leopards' tails, completed his costume.

'The interpreters, three in number, were ranged in front. After a long interval of silence, during which the chieftain's eyes were far from inactive, he opened the conversation by saying he rejoiced we had come to bring him news from his friends the white people. Mohanycom put this speech into Bechuana, Baba translated it into Dutch, and Andries endeavoured to render the meaning intelligible in English. To this we replied, that, having heard of the King's fame in a distant land, we had come three moons across the great water to see him, and had brought for his acceptance a few trifles from our country, which we thought would prove agreeable. He smiled condescendingly, and the Parsee immediately placed at his august feet the *duffel* great-coat which I have already described as being lined and trimmed with scarlet shalloon; a coil of brass wire weighing fifty pounds; a mirror, two feet square; two pounds of Irish *blackguard* snuff, and fifty pounds' weight of blood-red beads. Hitherto the King had considered it beneath his dignity to evince the slightest symptom of astonishment—his manner had been particularly guarded and sedate—but the sight of so many fine things at once threw his decorum off the balance, and caused him for the moment to forget what he owed to himself in the presence of so large an assembly. Putting his thumb between his teeth, and opening his eyes to their utmost limits, he grinned like a school-boy at the sight of ginger-bread, patting his breast, and exclaiming repeatedly, "*Monanti, monanti, monanti; tanta, tanta, tanta!*"* Having particularly brought to his notice that the device of an uplifted arm grasping a javelin, on the clasp of the great-coat, referred to his extensive conquests, of which all the world had heard, we placed before him a suit of tartan sent by Mrs. Moffat, with a note which he requested me to read; and, hearing his own name, coupled with that of Ma Mary, as he termed that lady, and the word *tumerisho* (compliments), he grinned again, clapped me familiarly on the back, and exclaiming as before "*tanta, tanta, tanta!*" He now rose abruptly, big with some great conception, and made signs to the Parsee to approach and assist him on with the coat; habited in which, he strutted several times up and down, viewing his grotesque figure in the glass with evident self-applause. He then desired Mohanycom to put it on and turn about, that he might see if it fitted behind; and this knotty point settled to his

* 'Good, good good; bravo, bravo, bravo.'

unqualified satisfaction, he suddenly cast off his tails, and, appearing *in puris* (?) *naturalibus*, commanded all hands to assist in the difficult undertaking of shaking him into the tartan trousers. It was indeed no easy work to perform—but, once accomplished, his Majesty cut a noble figure.

'The Parsee wore a pair of red silk braces, which he presently demanded, observing that they would supply the place of those that Mrs. Moffat *had forgotten* to send. Shortly after this, he directed an attendant, who was crouching at his feet, to take everything to his kraal; and, resuming his solemnity and his seat, tea was brought in. A number of gourds filled with *outchualla*, or beer, were placed by the King's orders before the assembly, who, passing them from one to the other, emptied them on the spot. Richardson and myself drank tea out of two battered plated goblets, whilst the King's mess was served in a flowered China bowl, as being a more attractive vessel, and less likely to retain the heat; but, having eyed the different drinking-cups for some time suspiciously, he handed his own to his attendants, and then, extending his arm, abruptly seized upon my goblet, and greedily drained the contents. It is well known that savages, however debased they may be in the scale of humanity, are keenly susceptible of indignity; and he either considered himself slighted, or had prudently determined, until we should become better acquainted, to taste nothing of which we had not in the first instance partaken ourselves.'

Permission to hunt elephants was now asked and granted, and, the conversation becoming general, Moselekatse inquired after the health of the British Sovereign, whom he, with frank condescension declared to be, *next to himself*, the greatest monarch in the universe; adding, however, as a further saving clause, that the white king's nation was undoubtedly second to his own in power. On another occasion he conducted himself with that charming familiarity which sits so amiably on a monarch, joking, laughing, and pulling the luxuriant beards of the Captain and his friends, whilst he frequently inquired how many wives they had, and whether those wives had beards also. Always on the look-out for presents, he repeatedly desired the interpreters to impress upon the party that 'he liked all and everything,' and, indeed, his Majesty appears to have acted upon this principle, for he never returned from the waggons empty-handed.

The Captain was as impatient to depart as we are to accompany him, but we cannot pass by the following account of the royal residence, and the drawing-room dresses of the ladies belonging to the court of this perfect autocrat, who carries his despotism so far, that to be fat is the greatest of all crimes, no person being allowed that privilege but the King, who indeed is the only god worshipped by his subjects:—

'The plan of the enclosure was circular, a thick and high thorn fence surrounding an area which was strewed with the skulls, paws, and tails
of

of lions, some of them quite fresh, others bleached by long exposure to the sun. Below the waggon I observed a file of old muskets, probably some that had been taken on the defeat of Barend's Griquas in 1831. The royal lodge, and the apartments of the ladies, were shut off by a rough irregular palisade; and a portion of this enclosure was surrounded by a very closely-woven wattle fence, having only one aperture of barely sufficient dimensions to admit the King's portly person upon all fours. The space was smeared with a mixture of mud and cow-dung, resembling that used in all parts of India for similar purposes. In the centre stood a circular, plum-pudding shaped hut, about twelve feet in diameter, and perhaps four in length, substantially thatched with rush matting. A low step led up to the entrance, which was very confined and provided with a sliding wicket. The floor was sunk to the depth of three feet below the surface of the ground, and two more steps led down to it. The furniture consisted exclusively of calabashes of beer ranged round the wall.

'Thirty ladies *only* of the imperial seraglio were present on this eventful occasion, and they remained standing round the King, who was seated in the open air. They were generally swarthy and somewhat *en bon point*. Many were even obese, with enormous pendant bosoms, and their heads were shaved, a small tuft of hair only being left on the crown, which was decorated with feathers. Their dresses consisted of short black kilts of leather, the fur worn inside, and the outside rubbed with some hard substance and charcoal, until it had acquired the appearance of black clotted wool. These were studded with brass ornaments and a profusion of beads of divers colours; they had besides a vast accumulation of these ornaments upon their bodies. Some wore blue from top to toe, others were enveloped in one mass of red; the endless variety of patterns in which they were disposed having doubtless emanated from the inventive brain and prolific fancy of his Majesty, a large portion of whose valuable time is passed in devising and superintending the construction of ornaments for the *harem*.

'Amongst the ladies, I observed a captive Griqua, called Truëy. This is the familiar name for Gertrude. She is the unfortunate daughter of Peter Davids, chief of the Bechuana Bastards, and successor to Barend Barends. This chief had, about three years before, undertaken a hunting expedition to the Vaal river, and in the natural course of events was attacked by a party of Moselekatse's warriors, who were scouring the country in that direction; he narrowly escaped with his life, but the whole of his property was carried off, and his nephew and daughter were taken prisoners.

'When the tent was nearly pitched, the King suddenly changed his mind, and resolved to have it immediately in front of the palace-door. In order to accomplish this, it became necessary to remove a portion of the wattle fence—a work of considerable labour, in the progress of which *outchualla* was liberally circulated to the perspiring Hottentots. It was about three o'clock, and the pavilion had reared its head a second time. A bright thought then suddenly crossed the royal mind. In-

vesting

vesting himself with the *duffel* great-coat, placing a red night-cap on his head, and commanding two wax candles to be lighted and placed before him, he seated himself with a dignified deportment upon an inverted calabash, the contents of which he had previously swallowed, and became totally absorbed in the contemplation of his surpassing importance. It was with difficulty that I preserved my gravity, and, having hastily complimented the King on his accession of property, and reminded him of our wish to leave the following day, I left him to his domestic enjoyments.

‘In the evening Truëy brought a dish of stewed beef from the King. Despite of our assertions to the contrary, he could not help suspecting that we still had beads in our possession, and thought that the Griqua maid might find means of inducing us to part with some more before we departed. The poor girl shed tears when she heard spoken the language of her tribe, and begged us to convey to her father, should we see him, the intelligence of her safety and that of her cousin Wilhelm, who had been sent to a distant kraal, the day before our arrival, in charge of a waggon containing two Dutch girls, prisoners of war, of whose presence the King was anxious that we should if possible be kept in ignorance. She had herself resided for some time at the kraal in question, with the King, who is in the habit of passing several months of the year there, with one hundred of his wives, all of whom are decorated with bead-dresses of the nature I have described. Every female, married or single, is at his command; his subjects not having it in their power to call even their wives their own. The King alone is rich—his subjects are all equally poor, and can be said to possess nothing in the shape of property beyond the skins with which nature has clothed them.’—pp. 131-134.

At last, they were fairly off, and their arrival at the Moriqua was marked by a prize of some magnitude :—

‘The approach to this small but beautiful river is picturesque in the highest degree. Emerging suddenly from an extensive wood of magnificent thorn-trees, we passed a village surrounded by green corn-fields, and then descended by a winding path into a lawn covered with a thick and verdant carpet of the richest grass, bounded by a deep and shady belt of the many-stemmed acacia, which margined the river on either hand far as the view extended—and clothed with a vest of golden blossoms, diffusing a delicious and grateful odour around. Single mokaalas, and detached clumps of slender mimosas, hung with festoons of flowering creepers, heightened the effect, screening with their soft and feathery foliage considerable portions of the refreshing sward, across which troops of querulous pintadoes and herds of graceful pallahs [*Antilope Melampus*] were to be seen hurrying from our approach.

‘As we threaded the mazes of the parasol-topped acacias, which completely excluded the sun’s rays, a peep of the river itself was unexpectedly obtained. A deep and shaded channel, about twenty yards in breadth, with precipitous banks overgrown with reeds, was lined with an unbroken tier of willows. These extended their drooping branches so

as nearly to entwine, had they not been forbidden by the force of the crystal current, which swayed them with it as it foamed and bubbled over the pebbly bottom. A plain on the opposite side, bounded by a low range of blue hills, was dotted over with mokaala-trees, beneath which troops of gnoos, sassaybys, and hartebeests were reposing.

‘ We drew up the waggons on a verdant spot on the river-bank, at a convenient distance from an extensive kraal constructed on the slope. Although the sun shone, the cold occasioned by a dry cutting wind was scarcely to be endured even with the assistance of a great-coat; and the inhabitants being clamorous for food, I readily placed myself under the guidance of their chief with ten of his men, and, diving into the heart of the extensive groves, soon furnished them with the carcase of a black rhinoceros, upon which to whet their appetites. This huge beast crossed the river twice after being mortally wounded at duelling distance; and I was compelled, cold as it was, to wade after him, through water reaching to my middle—following his trail by the blood, until, from single drops, the traces became splashes of frothy crimson. Struggling to force his tottering frame through the tangled cover, the wounded monster at length sank upon his knees; another bullet from the grooved bore ending his giant struggles, while he was yet tearing up the ground with his ponderous horn.’—pp. 141, 142.

Our sportsman was now to be gratified with the sight of game as unlike the heavy mass of life which he had lately extinguished as can well be imagined. He had crossed the river in search of elands, and had passed over a great extent of country without sport: but he can speak for himself.

‘ Beginning to despair of success, I had shot a hartebeest for the savages, when an object which had repeatedly attracted my eye, but which I had as often persuaded myself was nothing more than the branchless stump of some withered tree, suddenly shifted its position, and the next moment I distinctly perceived that singular form, of which the apparition had oft-times visited my slumbers—but upon whose reality I now gazed for the first time. It passed rapidly among the trees, above the topmost branches of many of which its graceful head nodded like some lofty pine—it was the stately, the long-sought *giraffe*. Putting spurs to my horse, and directing the Hottentots to follow, I presently found myself half choked with excitement, rattling at the heels of the tallest of all the Mammiferes, whom thus to meet, free on his native plains, has fallen to the lot of few of the votaries of the chase. Sailing before me with incredible velocity, his long swan-like neck keeping time to the eccentric motion of his stilt-like legs—his ample black tail curled above his back, and whisking in ludicrous concert with the rocking of his disproportioned frame, he glided gallantly along “like some tall ship upon the ocean’s bosom,” and seemed to leave whole leagues behind him at each stride. The ground was of the most treacherous description; a rotten black soil overgrown with long coarse grass, which concealed from view innumerable

Captain Hearn's Expedition from the Cape—

...and having thus momentarily threatened to throw down
For the first time I noticed the deep golden ground, and
...and such a country, of ever diminishing distance, or im-
...appearance with the eye in seven-larger birds. I dis-
...and had the satisfaction of hearing one fall readily upon
...like stone. But I might as well have fired at a wall: he
...recoiled from his course, not slackened his pace, and had probed
...head during the time I was reloading, that, after re-mounting, I
...difficulty in even keeping sight of him amongst the trees. Closing
...I repeated the shot on the other quarter, and spared
...being, but was unable to hit the bird: the giraffe now
...at each side, and, as I was coming up land over land, and
...ground rising, down I went headlong—my horse having fallen
...and landed me close to an ostrich's nest, in which the old
...were in the act of sitting.

...the violence of the shock had
...the feelings of my side to give way, and had doubled it in half—
...the bird's only now being in the back by the trigger guard. No-
...the bird, alarmed by the heavy discharge, I commenced my pistol breast,
...which was about eight feet from the head of my wounded victim, which
...and allowed me to approach. In vain I attempted to bind
...with a pocket handkerchief, in order to admit of my
...it was so bent that the hammer could
...be brought down upon the nipple. In vain I looked
...for a stone, and sought in every pocket for my knife, with which
...and being about ignorant, or hammering the
...by whose side I appeared the veriest
...I had lost it in the Hottentots to cut off
...Vainly did I wait for the tardy and rebel-
...making the air ring, and my
...not a soul appeared—and, in a few
...having recovered his wind, and being only slightly

...his long legs—crossed his tail
...a gallop, and,
...disappeared from my sight. Dis-
...towards the waggon, now eight
...the Hottentots, who, smoking
...having come to the conclusion
...for which reason they did not
...as I had directed.

...the dash-pots. Any
...bread and meat diet being
...the nest of the ostrich with a view of
...the old birds by my uncere-
...that they had not returned. Twenty-
...bush or
...beyond a shallow con-
...which had been scraped out with the feet. Having broken one,
to

to ascertain if they were worth carrying home, a Hottentot took off his trousers, in which (the legs being first tied at the lower end) the eggs were securely packed, and placed on the saddle. Although each of these enormous eggs are equivalent to twenty-four of the domestic fowl's, many of our followers could devour two at a single meal, first mixing the contents, and then broiling them in the shell. When dressed in a more orthodox manner, we found them a highly palatable omelette.'—pp. 143-147.

Richardson, who had kept to the right while Harris had advanced on the left, had been engaged in close conflict with a rhinoceros, which, infuriated by being aroused from a comfortable siesta by the smart of a gun-shot wound, attacked his unceremonious flapper so closely that it became necessary to discharge the second barrel into his mouth, 'an operation by which the stock was much disfigured.' The captain employed the rest of the day in repairing his own rifle with an iron clamp from a box, and a strip of green hide from an eland's carcass.

Shortly after they had crossed the Mariqua they had some pleasant light shooting at sassaybys and quaggas, which were charged by the captain so close that one of the latter fell at each discharge of his patched-up rifle; but the savages who had followed in hopes of dried meat looked down upon such trifles, although delighted at the performance: presently, however, the gallant captain crept within thirty yards of a white rhinoceros (*Rhinoceros simus*), and, after putting in six two-ounce bullets behind his shoulder, whilst the unwieldy victim made frequent charges, with his snout almost touching the ground, but in so clumsy a manner that it was only necessary to step on one side to be perfectly safe, made him bite the dust. His friends, the savages, had pointed out this pretty piece of game, standing stupidly under the shade of a spreading acacia, whilst, in eulogy of the expected dainty, they smacked their thick lips, and patted their stomachs, repeatedly exclaiming '*chickore! chickore!*' the native name for the huge beast.

On the 29th the party took the field, accompanied by the whole of the male inhabitants of three kraals, in addition to those that had accompanied them from the Mariqua river.

'The country here is generally undulating, extensive mimosa-groves occupying all the valleys, as well as the banks of the Tolaan river, which winds amongst them on its way to join the Mariqua. We had not proceeded many hundred yards before our progress was opposed by a rhinoceros, who looked defiance, but took the hints we gave him to get out of the way. Two fat elands had been pointed out at the edge of the grove the moment before, one of which Richardson disposed of with little difficulty, but the other led me through all the intricacies of the grove to a wide plain on the opposite side, immediately on emerging upon

upon which the fugitive was prostrate at my feet in the middle of a troop of giraffes, who stooped their long necks, astounded at the intrusion, and in another moment were sailing away at their utmost speed. To have followed them upon my jaded horse would have been absurd, and I was afterwards unable to find them. Returning to the camp after killing several elands and rhinoceroses, besides other game, which the savages quickly took charge of, I was furiously charged by a herd of horned cattle, and my horse being much exhausted, I had no small difficulty in escaping their persecution. Objecting, I presume, to my garb or complexion, they pertinaciously pursued me through thickets and over ravines, regardless of the loud whistle of the herdsman, to which they are usually very obedient. During the night, our camp was thrown into disorder by the intrusion of a rhinoceros, which actually stood some time between the waggons.

‘Several hours’ diligent search the next day brought us upon a herd of twelve camelopards. We pursued them a considerable distance, and repeatedly wounded the largest, a gigantic male, probably eighteen feet in height; but our famished horses falling repeatedly into the numerous holes with which the ground was covered, we at length became convinced of the impossibility of humbling the lofty head of the giraffe, until our steeds should have improved in condition upon the fine pasturage which now abounded. The day was sultry and the glare distressing. To the north-eastward the distant prospect was bounded by a range of blue mountains which we visited some weeks afterwards; the whole of the extensive plain being sprinkled with huge mokaalatre-trees, mat rushes, and thistles. Large herds of elands were grazing amongst these, the host of savages by which we were attended quickly clearing away the carcasses of those we slew, and then quarrelling for the entrails. I hope my reader has understood that these barbarians generally devour the meat raw, although when at leisure they do not object to its being cooked. They usually seize a piece of the flesh by the teeth, cutting a large mouthful of it with the assegai close to the lips before masticating it, which they do with a loud sputter and noise. The meal being finished, they never fail to wipe their hands on their bodies, and then being generally gorged they lay themselves down to repose, previously relaxing their leathern girdles, which are so contrived as to be readily expanded according to their girth. As the sun was setting, our friend the rhinoceros imprudently appeared upon the bank of the river within pistol-shot. Five balls were immediately lodged in his body, with which he retreated, and was picked up the following morning. Late in the afternoon we halted on the banks of the Simalakate, a deep and tranquil stream, margined by reeds and rushes, affording a ready covert for lions, whose fresh marks were everywhere visible in the neighbourhood. The day had been very sultry, and our two dogs, nearly blind from thirst, ran down the steep bank to the water’s edge into the very jaws of an enormous alligator. One of them returned immediately in a state of great alarm. Suddenly a splash was heard, and bubbles of blood, rising a minute after, too truly told what had

had been the fate of his unfortunate companion. Not content with depriving us of our valued four-footed companion, the alligators quitted their watery homes during the night, and eat up a portion of the leather of the waggon furniture, besides the shoes of our followers. These scaly monsters are very common in many of the African rivers, and this was not the only occasion on which we suffered from their ravages. We frequently killed some of an immense size.

‘About sunset an unwieldy white rhinoceros approached the waggons evidently with hostile intentions. There being neither bush nor hollow to conceal my advance, I crawled towards him amongst the grass, and within forty yards fired two balls into him. He started, looked around for some object on which to wreak his vengeance, and actually charged up with his eye flashing fire to within an arm’s length of me. Crouching low, however, I fortunately eluded his vengeance, and he soon after dropping down dead.’—pp. 157-163.

The variety of game which now surrounded the party agreeably filled up the time of men panting to come to close quarters with elephants and giraffes. The conclusion of the following paragraph is a strong picture of the unsophisticated animal man in a state of savage indulgence.

‘On the 5th November we followed the traces of elephants along the side of the mountains for miles, through stupendous forests, all the Hottentots excepting Piet dropping in the rear in succession, either to solace themselves with a pipe, or to expend their ammunition upon ignoble game. Time not permitting us to continue the search, we descended into a valley, bent upon the destruction of a roan antelope, a large herd of which rare animals were quietly grazing. A pair of white rhinoceroses opposed our descent, and, being unwilling to fire at them, we had some trouble in freeing ourselves from their company. A large herd of wild swine, or, as Indians term it, a *souder* of hog, carrying their long whip-like tails erect, then passed in order of review, and immediately afterwards two bull buffaloes were observed within pistol-shot. It was a perfect panorama of game; I had with great difficulty restrained Piet from firing, and was almost within reach of the bucks, when a Hottentot suddenly discharging his gun put everything to flight. The buffaloes passed me quite close on their way to the hills. I fractured the hind leg of the largest, and, mounting my horse, closed with him immediately, and, after two gallant charges performed upon three legs, he fell never to rise again. This was a noble specimen of the African buffalo, standing sixteen hands and a half at the shoulder. His ponderous horns measured four feet from tip to tip, and like a mass of rock, overshadowing his small sinister grey eyes, imparted to his countenance the most cunning, gloomy, and vindictive expression. The savages instantly set to work upon the carcase with their teeth and assegais, Piet providing himself with portions of the hide for shoe-soles, and of the flesh, which, though coarse, is a tolerable imitation of beef.

‘From the summit of a hill which commanded an extensive prospect over a straggling forest, I shortly afterwards perceived a large herd of buffaloes,

buffaloes, quietly chewing the cud beneath an umbrageous tree. Creeping close upon them, I killed a bull with a single ball, but the confused echo, reverberating among the mountains, alarming the survivors, about fifty in number, they dashed panic-stricken from their concealment, ignorant whence the sound proceeded, and, everything yielding to their giant strength, I narrowly escaped being trampled underfoot in their progress. We moved five miles to the eastward in the afternoon, stopping to take up the head of the buffalo, which Andries could with difficulty lift upon the waggon. Myriads of vultures, and the clouds of smoke which arose from the fires of the giant and his associates, directed us to the spot. In commemoration, I presume, of the exploit of Guy Fawkes, they had kindled a bonfire, which bid fair to destroy all the grass in the country, the flames fanned by the wind already beginning to ascend the hills. Nothing can be conceived more horribly disgusting than the appearance presented by the savages, who, gorged to the throat and besmeared with blood, grease, and filth from the entrails, sat nodding torpidly round the remains of the carcase, sucking marrow from the bones, whilst their lean famished curs were regaling themselves upon the garbage. Every bush was garnished with flaps of meat, and every man had turned beef-butcher, whilst swollen vultures were perched upon the adjacent trees, and others yet ungorged were inhaling the odours that arose.'—pp. 183-186.

The meritorious perseverance of these Nimrods was now about to be rewarded, for we shall presently find them in the very midst of an elephant-preserve:—

'Leaving the waggons to proceed to a spot agreed upon, we again took the field about ten o'clock, and pursued the track indefatigably for eight miles, over a country presenting every variety of feature. At one time we crossed bare stony ridges, at another threaded the intricacies of forests; now struggled through high fields of waving grass, and again emerged into open downs. At length we arrived amongst extensive groups of grassy hillocks, covered with loose stones, interspersed with streams and occasional patches of forest, in which the recent ravages of elephants were surprising. Here to our inexpressible gratification we descried a large herd of those long-sought animals, lazily browsing at the head of a distant valley, our attention having been first directed to it by the strong and not-to-be-mistaken effluvia with which the wind was impregnated. Never having before seen the noble elephant in his native jungles, we gazed on the sight before us with intense and indescribable interest. Our feelings on the occasion even extended to our followers. As for Andries he became so agitated that he could scarcely articulate. With open eyes and quivering lips he at length stuttered forth, "Dar stand de oliphant." Mohanycom and 'Lingap were immediately despatched to drive the herd back into the valley, up which we rode slowly and without noise, against the wind; and, arriving within one hundred and fifty yards unperceived, we made our horses fast, and took up a commanding position in an old stone kraal. The shouting of the savages, who now appeared on the height

height rattling their shields, caused the huge animals to move unsuspiciously towards us, and even within ten yards of our ambush. The group consisted of nine, all females, with large tusks. We selected the finest, and with perfect deliberation fired a volley of five balls into her. She stumbled, but, recovering herself, uttered a shrill note of lamentation, when the whole party threw their trunks above their heads, and instantly clambered up the adjacent hill with incredible celerity, their huge fan-like ears flapping in the ratio of their speed. We instantly mounted our horses, and, the sharp loose stones not suiting the feet of the wounded lady, soon closed with her. Streaming with blood, and infuriated with rage, she turned upon us with uplifted trunk, and it was not until after repeated discharges that a ball took effect in her brain, and threw her lifeless on the earth, which resounded with the fall.

‘Turning our attention from the exciting scene I have described, we found that a second valley had opened upon us, surrounded by bare stony hills, and traversed by a thinly-wooded ravine. Here a grand and magnificent panorama was before us. The whole face of the landscape was actually covered with wild elephants. There could not have been fewer than three hundred within the scope of our vision. Every height and green knoll was dotted over with groups of them, whilst the bottom of the glen exhibited a dense and sable living mass, their colossal forms being at one moment partially concealed by the trees which they were disfiguring with giant strength, and at others seen majestically emerging into the open glades, bearing in their trunks the branches of trees, with which they indolently protected themselves from the flies. The back-ground was filled by a limited peep of the blue mountainous range, which here assumed a remarkably precipitous character, and completed a picture at once soul-stirring and sublime.

‘Our approach, being still against the wind, was unobserved, and created little alarm, until the herd that we had left behind suddenly showed itself, recklessly thundering down the side of the hill to join the main body, and passing so close to us that we could not refrain from firing a broadside into one of them, which, however, bravely withstood it. We secured our horses on the summit of a stony ridge, and then, stationing ourselves at an opportune place on a ledge overlooking the wooded defile, sent Andries to manoeuvre, so that as many of the elephants as possible should pass before us in order of review, that we might ascertain, by a close inspection, whether there was not a male amongst them. Filing sluggishly along, they occasionally halted beneath an umbrageous tree within fifteen yards of us, lazily fanning themselves with their ample ears, blowing away the flies with their trunks, and uttering the feeble and peculiar cry so familiar to Indians. They all proved to be ladies, and most of them mothers, followed by their little old-fashioned calves, each trudging close to the heels of her dam, and mimicking all her actions. Thus situated, we might have killed any number we pleased, their heads being frequently turned towards us in such a position, and so close, that a single ball in the brain would have sufficed for each; but, whilst we were yet hesitating, a bullet suddenly whizzed past Richardson’s ear, and put the whole herd to
immediate

immediate flight. We had barely time to recede behind a tree before a party of about twenty, with several little ones in their wake, were upon us, striding at their utmost speed, and trumpeting loudly with uplifted heads. I rested my rifle against the tree, and, firing behind the shoulder of the leader, she dropped instantly. Another large detachment appearing close behind us at the same moment, we were compelled to retreat, dodging from tree to tree, stumbling amongst sharp stones, and ever coming upon fresh parties of the enemy.'—pp. 192-195.

Our author remarks that much has been said of the attachment of elephants to their young, but that on no occasion did he perceive that these animals evinced the smallest concern for the safety of their unwieldy infants; on the contrary, they left them to shift for themselves. That the converse of the proposition, however, does not hold, we have the captain's own evidence; nor do we think the worse of him for the compunction which the distressing conduct of the wretched little orphan elephant that followed its mother's murderers awakened:—

'Not an elephant was to be seen on the ground that was yesterday teeming with them; but, on reaching the glen which had been the scene of our exploits during the early part of the action, a calf about three and a half feet high walked forth from a bush, and saluted us with mournful piping notes. We had observed the unhappy little wretch hovering about its mother after she fell, and having probably been unable to overtake the herd, it had passed a dreary night in the wood. Entwining its little proboscis about our legs, the sagacious creature, after demonstrating its delight at our arrival by a thousand ungainly antics, accompanied the party to the body of its dam, which, swollen to an enormous size, was surrounded by an inquest of vultures. Seated in gaunt array, with their shoulders shrugged, these loathsome fowls were awaiting its decomposition with forced resignation; the tough hide having defied all the efforts of their beaks, with which the eyes and softer parts had been vigorously assailed. The conduct of the quaint little calf now became quite affecting, and elicited the sympathy of every one. It ran round its mother's corse with touching demonstrations of grief, piping sorrowfully, and vainly attempting to raise her with its tiny trunk. I confess that I had felt compunctions in committing the murder the day before, and now half resolved never to assist in another; for, in addition to the moving behaviour of the young elephant, I had been unable to divest myself of the idea that I was firing at my old favourite Mowla-Bukhsh, from whose gallant back I had vanquished so many of my feline foes in Guzerat, an impression, which however ridiculous it must appear, detracted considerably from the satisfaction I experienced.

'The operation of hewing out three pair of tusks occupied several hours, their roots, embedded in massy sockets, spreading over the greater portion of the face. My Indian friends will marvel when they hear of tusks being extracted from the jaws of a female elephant; but, with very few exceptions, all that we saw had these accessories, measuring from
three

three to four feet in length. I have already stated my belief that the maximum height of the African male is twelve feet; that of the female averages eight and a half; the enormous magnitude of the ears, which not only cover the whole of the shoulder, but overlap each other on the neck, to the complete exclusion of the *mahout* or driver, constituting another striking feature of difference between the two species. The forehead is remarkably large and prominent, and consists of two walls or tables, between which, a wide cellular space intervening, a ball, hardened with tin or quicksilver, readily penetrates to the brain, and proves instantaneously fatal.

‘The barbarous tribes that people Southern Africa have never dreamt of the possibility of rendering this lordly quadruped serviceable in a domestic capacity; and even amongst the colonists there exists an unaccountable superstition that his subjugation is not to be accomplished. His capture, however, might readily be achieved; and, as he appears to possess all the aptitude of his Asiatic relative, the only difficulty that presents itself is the general absence, within our territories, of sufficient food for his support. Were he once domesticated, and arrayed against the beasts of the forest, Africa would realise the very *beau idéal* of magnificent sport. It is also worthy of remark that no attempt has ever been made on the part of the colonists to naturalise another most useful animal, the camel, although soil, climate, and productions appear alike to favour its introduction.

‘We succeeded, after considerable labour, in extracting the ball which Andries pretended to have fired yesterday; and, the grooves of my rifle being conspicuous upon it, that worthy but unabashed squire was constrained not only to relinquish his claim to the merit of having slain the elephant, but also to forego his fancied right to the ivory. The miniature elephant, finding that its mother heeded not its caresses, voluntarily followed our party to the waggons, where it was received with shouts of welcome from the people, and a band of all sorts of melody from the cattle. It died, however, in spite of every care, in the course of a few days; as did two others, much older, that we subsequently captured.’—pp. 199-201.

But the rifle had yet to be tried upon a full-grown bull elephant, and an opportunity soon presented itself:—

‘Although the ground was very heavy, we resolved upon shifting the camp a few miles to the eastward, in order to be within reach of the elephants. All the mountain-rills were full, but they were not of sufficient magnitude to obstruct the waggons. As we proceeded, several elephants were observed clambering with the agility of chamois to the very summit of the chain. Shortly after we had halted, I went out alone, and, ascending by a narrow path trodden by wild animals, entered a strip of forest occupying an extensive ravine. On the outside of this stood a mighty bull elephant, his trunk entwined around his tusk, and, but for the flapping of his huge ears, motionless as a statue. Securing my mare to a tree, I crept silently behind a block of stone, and levelled my rifle at his ample forehead. The earth trembled under the weight of the enormous brute as he dropped heavily, uttering one deep groan and

and expiring without a struggle. His height at the shoulder was eleven feet and a half, and his tusks measured more than seven in length. The echo of the shot reverberating through hill and dale caused the mare to break her tether and abscond, and brought large tribes of pig-faced baboons* from their sylvan haunts, to afford me anything but sympathy. Their ridiculous grimaces, however, could not fail to elicit my mirth, whatever might have been my humour. It was long before I recovered my horse, and I did not regain the waggons until after nightfall. The new moon brought, if possible, a more abundant supply of rain than usual; nor did the lions fail to take advantage of the nocturnal tempest, having twice endeavoured to effect an entrance into the cattle-fold. It continued, until nine o'clock the next morning, to pour with such violence, that we were unable to open the canvas curtains of the waggon. Peeping out, however, to ascertain if there was any prospect of its clearing up, we perceived three lions squatted within an hundred yards in the open plain, attentively watching the oxen. Our rifles were hastily seized, but the dampness of the atmosphere prevented their exploding. One after another, too, the Hottentots sprang out of the pack-waggon, and snapped their guns at the unwelcome intruders, as they trotted sulkily away, and took up their position on a stony eminence at no great distance. Fresh caps and priming were applied, and a broadside was followed by the instantaneous demise of the largest, whose cranium was perforated by two bullets at the same instant. Swinging their tails over their backs, the survivors took warning by the fate of their companion, and dashed into the thicket with a roar. In another half-hour the voice of *Leo* was again heard at the foot of the mountains, about a quarter of a mile from the camp; and from the waggon-top we could perceive a savage monster rampant, with his tail hoisted and whirling in a circle, charging furiously along the base of the range, and in desperate wrath making towards John April, who was tending the sheep. Every one instinctively grasped his weapon and rushed to the rescue, calling loudly to warn the expected victim of his danger. Without taking the smallest notice of him, however, the infuriated monster dashed past, roaring and lashing his sides until con-

* *Cynocephalus porcarius*. Upon another occasion the captain fell in with a party of these animals while he was sitting at breakfast by a refreshing mountain-rill, in their territory; and we must confess that we wish he had missed his mark for once:—

'A large colony of pig-faced baboons shortly made their appearance above us, some slowly advancing with an inquisitive look, others deliberately seating themselves on the rocks, as though debating on the propriety of our unceremonious trespass on their domains. Their inhospitable treatment at length obliging us to make an example, we fired two shots among them. Numbers assembled round the spot where the first had struck, scraping the lead with their nails, and scrutinizing it with ludicrous gestures and grimace. The second, however, knocked over one of their elders, an enormous fellow who was strutting about erect, laying down the law, and who, judging from his venerable appearance, must have been at least a great-grand sire. This national calamity caused incredible consternation, and many affecting domestic scenes. The party dispersed in all directions, mothers snatching up their infants, and bearing them in their arms out of the reach of danger with an impulse and action perfectly human.'—pp. 179, 180.

cealed in the mist. Those who have seen the monarch of the forest in crippling captivity only, immured in a cage barely double his own length, with his sinews relaxed by confinement, have seen but the shadow of that animal, which “clears the desert with his rolling eye.” —pp. 202-204.

Captain Harris somewhat summarily disposes of Captain Walter Smee’s ‘maneless lion of Guzerat,’ figured and described in the learned memoir by the latter, in the first volume of the *Zoological Transactions*: ‘It is,’ says Captain Harris, ‘nothing more than a young lion whose mane has not shot forth; and I give this opinion with less hesitation, having slain the king of beasts in every stage from whelphood to imbecility.’ To say nothing of Captain Smee’s own account of the existence of this variety, we beg to refer Captain Harris to the narrative of Olivier,* who saw in the menagerie of the Pacha of Bagdad five individuals of this race, three males and two females: they had been there for five years, and had been taken young in the neighbourhood of Bassora. The males were rather larger than the females, and all much resembled the African lion, excepting that they were smaller, and had no mane. Olivier was further assured that these lions never had any, and that no lion of those countries was so ornamented. Captain Harris has himself made no mean addition to the African Fauna, in describing for the first time a new antelope belonging to the subgenus *Aigocerus*; and we think that he ought to leave Captain Smee in quiet possession of his maneless variety of lion, if he cannot disturb the tenure upon stronger grounds than his own *dictum*.

But our captain has yet giraffes to slay, and African lions to roll in the dust, and we can afford no more than a glimpse of hippopotamus shooting.

‘Our next movement brought us to the source of the Oori or Limpopo—the Gareep of Moselekatse’s dominions. Fed by many fine streams from the Cashan range, this enchanting river springs into existence as if by magic; and, rolling its deep and tranquil waters between tiers of weeping willows, through a passage in the mountain barrier, takes its course to the northward. Here we enjoyed the novel diversion of hippopotamus shooting—that animal abounding in the Limpopo, and dividing the empire with its amphibious neighbour the crocodile. Throughout the night, the unwieldy monsters might be heard snorting and blowing during their aquatic gambols, and we not unfrequently detected them in the act of sallying from their reed-grown coverts to graze by the serene light of the moon; never, however, venturing to any distance from the river, the strong-hold to which they betake themselves on the smallest alarm. Occasionally during the day they were to be seen basking on the shore amid ooze and mud;

* Voyage dans l’Empire Othoman, &c., tome iv.

but shots were more constantly to be had at their uncouth heads, when protruded from the water to draw breath, and, if killed, the body rose to the surface. Vulnerable only behind the ear, however, or in the eye, which is placed in a prominence, so as to resemble the garret-window of a Dutch-house, they require the perfection of rifle practice, and after a few shots become exceedingly shy, exhibiting the snout only, and as instantly withdrawing it. The flesh is delicious, resembling pork in flavour, and abounding in fat, which in the colony is deservedly esteemed the greatest of delicacies. The hide is upwards of an inch and a half in thickness, and, being scarcely flexible, may be dragged from the ribs in strips like the planks from a ship's side. Of these are manufactured a superior description of *sjambok*, the elastic whip already noticed as being an indispensable piece of furniture to every boor proceeding on a journey. Our followers encumbered the waggons with a large investment of them, and of the canine teeth, the ivory of which is extremely profitable.

'Of all the mammalia, whose portraits, drawn from ill-stuffed specimens, have been foisted upon the world, *behemoth* has perhaps been the most ludicrously misrepresented. I sought in vain for that colossal head—for those cavern-like jaws, garnished with elephantine tusk—or those ponderous feet with which "the formidable and ferocious quadruped" is wont "to trample down whole fields of corn during a single night!" Defenceless and inoffensive, his shapeless carcase is but feebly supported upon short and disproportioned legs, and his belly almost trailing upon the ground, he may not inaptly be likened to an overgrown pig. The colour is pinkish brown, clouded and freckled with a darker tint. Of many that we shot, the largest measured less than five feet at the shoulder; and the reality falling so lamentably short of the monstrous conception I had formed, the "river-horse," or "sea-cow," was the first, and indeed the only South African quadruped in which I felt disappointed.'—pp. 208-210.

Dr. Andrew Smith's beautiful and accurate figures of a female hippopotamus and her young one in his 'Illustrations,'—form a striking contrast to the monstrosities of former draughtsmen, and fully bear out Capt. Harris in these observations.

The latter was now in a country presenting literally, as he says, the appearance of a menagerie,—

'the hosts of rhinoceroses that daily exhibited themselves almost exceeding belief. Whilst the camp was being formed, an ugly head might be seen protruded from every bush, and the possession of the ground was often stoutly disputed. In the field these animals lost no opportunity of rendering themselves obnoxious, frequently charging at my elbow, when in the act of drawing the trigger at some other object—and pursuing our horses with indefatigable and ludicrous industry, carrying their noses close to the ground, and uttering a sound between a grunt and a smothered whistle. Irascible beyond all other quadrupeds, the African rhinoceros appears subject even to unprovoked paroxysms of reckless fury; but the sphere of vision is so exceedingly limited,

limited, that his attacks, although sudden and impetuous, are easily eluded, and a shot behind the shoulder, discharged from a distance of twenty or thirty yards, generally proves fatal.'

After sport even to satiety, and, we should think, with a collection of rhinoceros-horns exceeding that of the mother of Vathek, the party retired, in a most blessed state of independence, to feast upon the game.

'We returned to our camp on the fourteenth, laden with spoils, having also fully established the possibility of dispensing, even to cooking apparatus, with every article of baggage. Carrying nothing but the raiment on our backs, the saddle served for a pillow, and the horse-rug for a blanket. Our tent was the starry canopy of heaven; we drank of the waters of the chrystal stream, and our viands were the produce of our trusty rifles. It is said that the epicures of Rome esteemed the trunk of an elephant an extraordinary luxury; and, descending to more modern times, we find our brother-traveller, Le Vaillant, feasting upon the foot with extraordinary relish. To the attention of the city aldermen, however, I must be allowed to recommend the slice round the eye, which appears to have been hitherto overlooked by *bon vivans*. Upon this dainty morsel, roasted upon a stick before a blazing fire, or singed among the embers, so as to come under the Hottentot denomination of *carbenaadtje*, or devilled-grill, we frequently feasted; and I can aver, without the smallest fear of contradiction, that the dish rather resembled the fragment of a shoe, picked up after a conflagration, than meat which could boast of having been subjected to a culinary process.' —pp. 219, 220.

After this hint about the 'eye-slice,' we hope that the Council of the Zoological Society will direct a sharp look out to be kept after their elephants: there is no knowing what a 'giant appetite' might suggest; more especially as we strongly suspect that the failure of the *carbenaadtje* was owing to a falling off in the culinary art since the days of Le Vaillant.

'We kindled,' writes that traveller, 'a number of fires; and, as our provisions ran short, my people cut a few steaks from the elephant, and prepared for me some slices of the trunk. This was the first time I had ever tasted such food; and I firmly resolved that it should not be the last, for I found it most delicious. Klaas assured me that, when I tasted the feet, I should soon forget the trunk; and, in order to convince me, he promised me a most luscious breakfast, which he instantly ordered to be prepared. The four feet of the animal were then cut off: a hole about three or four feet square was made in the earth, and filled with burning coals; and, the whole being covered with dry wood, a large fire was kept up in it during the greater part of the night. When the hole was sufficiently heated, everything was taken from it. Klaas placed in it the four feet of the animal, covering them with hot ashes; afterwards with coals, and some small pieces of wood; and this fire was suffered to remain till daylight. At breakfast my people brought me one of the elephant's feet, which had swelled so much by its being baked, that I could scarcely distinguish its form: it however looked

well, and exhaled so sweet a smell, that I was eager to taste it. I indeed found that it was food fit for a king. I had often heard the feet of bears boasted of, but I could not conceive how an animal so heavy and coarse as the elephant could produce such tender and delicate flesh. "Never," said I to myself, "never can our modern Luculli display upon their tables a dish like that which I now enjoy. In vain with their riches do they change and reverse the seasons; in vain do they boast of laying all nations under contribution; their luxury has never yet attained to this gratification; bounds are prescribed to their sensuality."

The time had now arrived when the towering giraffe was to be laid low; and we confess that the pleasure with which we read the Captain's account of this sport is not without alloy, from the bearing of these splendid and harmless animals under the deadly persecution.

'To the sportsman,' says the Captain, 'the most thrilling passage in my adventures is now to be recounted. In my own breast, it awakens a renewal of past impressions, more lively than any written description can render intelligible; and far abler pens than mine, dipped in more glowing tints, would still fall short of the reality, and leave much to be supplied by the imagination. Three hundred gigantic elephants, browsing in majestic tranquillity amidst the wild magnificence of an African landscape, and a wide-stretching plain, darkened as far as the eye can reach with a moving phalanx of gnoos and quaggas, whose numbers literally baffle computation, are sights but rarely to be witnessed; but who amongst our brother Nimrods shall hear of riding familiarly by the side of a troop of colossal giraffes, and not feel his spirit stirred within him? He that would behold so marvellous a sight must leave the haunts of man, and dive, as we did, into pathless wilds, traversed only by the brute creation, into wide wastes where the grim lion prowls, monarch of all he surveys, and where the gaunt hyæna and wild dog fearlessly pursue their prey.

'Many days had now elapsed since we had even seen the camelopard, and then only in small numbers, and under the most unfavourable circumstances. The blood coursed through my veins like quicksilver, therefore, as on the morning of the 19th, from the back of *Breslar*, my most trusty steed, with a firm wooded plain before me, I counted thirty-two of these animals, industriously stretching their peacock necks to crop the tiny leaves which fluttered above their heads, in a mimosa-grove that beautified the scenery. They were within a hundred yards of me, but, having previously determined to try the *boarding* system, I reserved my fire. Although I had taken the field expressly to look for giraffes, and had put four of the Hottentots on horseback, all excepting Piet had as usual slipped off unperceived in pursuit of a troop of koodoos (*Strepsiceros Koodoo*). Our stealthy approach was soon opposed by an ill-tempered rhinoceros, which, with her ugly calf, stood directly in the path; and the twinkling of her bright little eyes, accompanied by a restless rolling of the body, giving earnest of her intention to charge, I directed Piet to salute her with a broadside, at the same moment putting spurs to my horse. At the report of the gun and the sudden clattering of

of hoofs, away bounded the giraffes in grotesque confusion, clearing the ground by a succession of frog-like hops, and soon leaving me far in the rear. Twice were their towering forms concealed from view by a park of trees, which we entered almost at the same instant; and twice, on emerging from the labyrinth, did I perceive them tilting over an eminence immeasurably in advance. A white turban, that I wore round my hunting-cap, being dragged off by a projecting bough, was instantly charged by three rhinoceroses; and, looking over my shoulder, I could see them long afterwards, fagging themselves to overtake me. In the course of five minutes the fugitives arrived at a small river, the treacherous sands of which receiving their long legs, their flight was greatly retarded; and, after floundering to the opposite side and scrambling to the top of the bank, I perceived that their race was run. Patting the steaming neck of my good steed, I urged him again to his utmost, and instantly found myself by the side of the herd. The stately bull, being readily distinguishable from the rest by his dark chestnut robe and superior stature, I applied the muzzle of my rifle behind his dappled shoulder, with the right hand, and drew both triggers, but he still continued to shuffle along, and being afraid of losing him, should I dismount, among the extensive mimosa groves with which the landscape was now obscured, I sat in my saddle, loading and firing behind the elbow, and then placing myself across his path, until, the tears trickling from his full brilliant eye, his lofty frame began to totter, and at the seventeenth discharge from the deadly grooved bore, bowing his graceful head from the skies, his proud form was prostrate in the dust. Never shall I forget the tingling extitement of that moment! Alone, in the wild wood, I hurried with bursting exultation, and unsaddling my steed, sank exhausted beside the noble prize I had won.

When I leisurely contemplated the massive frame before me, seeming as though it had been cast in a mould of brass, and protected by a hide of an inch and a half in thickness, it was no longer matter of astonishment that a bullet, discharged from a distance of eighty or ninety yards, should have been attended with little effect upon such amazing strength. The extreme height from the crown of the elegantly-moulded head to the hoof of this magnificent animal, was eighteen feet; the whole being equally divided into neck, body, and leg. Two hours were passed in completing a drawing; and Piet still not making his appearance, I cut off the tail, which exceeded five feet in length, and was measurelessly the most estimable trophy I had gained; but proceeding to saddle my horse, which I had left quietly grazing by the side of a running brook, my chagrin may be conceived, when I discovered that he had taken advantage of my occupation to free himself from his halter, and abscond. Being ten miles from the waggons, and in a perfectly strange country, I felt convinced that the only chance of recovering my pet was by following the trail, whilst doing which with infinite difficulty, the ground scarcely deigning to receive a foot-print, I had the satisfaction of meeting Piet and Mohanycom, who had fortunately seen and recaptured the truant. Returning to the giraffe, we all feasted heartily upon the flesh, which, although highly scented at this season, with the
rank

rank Mokaala blossoms, was far from despicable; and, after losing our way in consequence of the twin-like resemblance of two scarped hills, we regained the waggons after sunset.

'The spell was now broken, and the secret of camelopard hunting discovered. The next day Richardson and myself killed three; one, a female, slipping upon muddy ground, and falling with great violence, before she had been wounded, a shot in the head despatching her as she lay. From this time we could reckon confidently upon two out of each troop that we were fortunate enough to find, always approaching as near as possible, in order to ensure a good start, galloping into the middle of them, *boarding* the largest, and riding with him until he fell. The rapidity with which these awkwardly-formed animals can move is beyond all things surprising, our best horses being unable to close with them under two miles. Their gallop is a succession of jumping strides, the fore and hind leg on the same side moving together instead of diagonally, as in most other quadrupeds, the former being kept close together, and the latter so wide apart, that in riding by the animal's side, the hoof may be seen striking on the outside of the horse, momentarily threatening to overthrow him. Its motion altogether reminded me rather of the pitching of a ship, or rolling of a rocking-horse, than of anything living; and the remarkable gait is rendered still more automaton-like by the switching, at regular intervals, of the long black tail, which is invariably curled above the back, and by the corresponding action of the neck, swinging as it does like a pendulum, and literally imparting to the animal the appearance of a piece of machinery in motion. Naturally gentle, timid, and peaceable, the unfortunate giraffe has no means of protecting itself but with its heels; but even when hemmed into a corner, it seldom resorted to this mode of defence. I have before noticed the courage evinced by our horses, in the pursuit of game. Even when brought into actual contact with these almost unearthly quadrupeds, they evinced no symptom of alarm, a circumstance which may possibly be traced to their meagre diet.'—pp. 227, 232.

We are not quite satisfied with what Captain Harris here says as to the motions of the giraffe. We think his observations must have been too hastily made—they certainly do not coincide with our own upon the specimens now in the Regent's Park. But as these animals have a play-ground which admits, any sunny day, the full and easy display of their natural whims and propensities, our readers may, if they please, decide between the differing doctors. Again, the Captain states that the giraffe utters no cry whatever—and such *may* be the rule; but there certainly is an exception, for our male *Nubian* giraffe has been heard to utter a cry, somewhat resembling that of a deer, at the season of love. The beautiful mechanism by which the tongue becomes a prehensile organ capable of considerable extension, and the apparatus for closing the nostrils, most probably to exclude the suffocating sands of the desert when blown about by the winds, or anything

anything that may fall from above when they are browsing on trees, with other admirable adaptations, will be found in Professor Owen's interesting paper 'On the anatomy of the Nubian Giraffe,' in the transactions of the Zoological Society of London, a work which increases in value with every new part that is published.

The following is a striking instance of the compact power of the carnivora when exerted even on this enormous frame :—

'On the 22nd, being encamped on the banks of a small stream, a camelopard was killed by a lion, whilst in the act of drinking at no great distance from the waggons. It was a noisy affair, but an inspection of the scene on which it occurred proved that the giant strength of the victim had been paralysed in an instant. Authors have asserted that the king of beasts is sometimes carried fifteen or twenty miles, "riding proudly" on the back of the giraffe; but notwithstanding the amazing power of this superb animal, I am disposed to question his ability to maintain a race under such merciless jockeyship!'—pp. 234, 235.

One tussle with the king of beasts, and we have done :—

'Scarcely a day passed without our seeing two or three lions, but like the rest of the animal creation, they uniformly retreated when disturbed by the approach of man. However troublesome we found the intrusions of the feline race during the night, they seldom at any other time showed the least disposition to molest us, unless we commenced hostilities; and this, owing to the badness of the horses, we rarely felt disposed to do. Returning one afternoon to a Koodoo that I had shot, in order to take up the head, which I had concealed in a bush, I was surprised to find an enormous lion feasting upon the carcase; an odious assemblage of eager vultures, as usual, garrisoning the trees, and awaiting their turn when the gorged monarch should make way for them. Immediately upon my appearance, he walked heavily off, expressing by a stifled growl his displeasure at being thus unceremoniously disturbed at dinner. It was not destined, however, that our acquaintance should cease here; for passing the scene of this introductory interview the following morning, Richardson and myself were suddenly made aware of the monster's presence by perceiving a pair of gooseberry eyes glaring upon us from beneath a shady bush; and instantly, upon reining up our horses, the grim savage bolted out with a roar, like thunder, and bounded across the plain with the agility of a greyhound. The luxuriant beauty of his shaggy black mane, which almost swept the ground, tempted us, contrary to established rule, to give him battle with the design of obtaining possession of his spoils; and he no sooner found himself hotly pursued than he faced about, and stood at bay in a mimosa grove, measuring the strength of his assailants with a port the most noble and imposing. Disliking our appearance, however, and not relishing the smell of gunpowder, he soon abandoned the grove, and took up his position on the summit of an adjacent stony hill, the base of which being thickly clothed with thorn trees, we could only obtain a view of him from the distance of three hundred yards. Crouched on this fortified pinnacle, like the sculptured figure at the entrance of a nobleman's park, the enemy disdainfully surveyed us for several minutes, daring us to approach, with an air of conscious power and pride, which

which well beseemed his grizzled form. As the rifle-balls struck the ground nearer and nearer at each discharge, his wrath, as indicated by his glistening eyes, increased roar, and impatient switching of the tail, was clearly getting the mastery over his prudence. Presently a shot broke his leg. Down he came upon the other three, with reckless impetuosity, his tail straight out and whirling on its axis, his mane bristling on end, and his eye-balls flashing rage and vengeance. Unable, however, to overtake our horses, he shortly retreated under a heavy fire, limping and discomfited, to his strong-hold. Again we bombarded him, and again exasperated he rushed into the plain with headlong fury—the blood now streaming from his open jaws, and dyeing his mane with crimson. It was a gallant charge, but it was to be his last. A well-directed shot arrested him in full career: he pitched with violence upon his skull, and, throwing a complete somerset, subsided amid a cloud of dust.’—pp. 252, 255.

We must here take our leave of Captain Harris’s most amusing narrative. The whole of it will be read with great pleasure and profit, and we look forward to the promised publication of his great work, ‘The African Views,’ with figures of animals, with the more earnestness, in consequence of the meagre illustrations which do *not* adorn the present volume, and which are entirely unworthy of it. Indeed, the Captain apologises for them in his ‘Introduction,’ and attributes their defects to the natives, to whom the lithographic drawings were unavoidably trusted.* The zoologist will find in this book many valuable accounts of the habits of animals of the greatest rarity, and the sportsman will read of scenes of the most stirring description, and of shots which leave nothing more to be wished from ‘eye, hand, lead, and gunpowder.’

ART. IX.—1. *The Household, or What shall We do with the Ladies?* London, 1839.

2. *The Speech of the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel, Bart., delivered in the House of Commons, Monday, May 13, 1839, on resigning the Attempt to form a Ministry.* London, 1839.

IN an article of ours on the Prospects of the New Reign, published in July, 1837, within one month after the accession of Queen Victoria, there will be found these sentences:—

‘Though we express this confidence in Lord Melbourne’s fidelity to Her Majesty’s essential interests, there are some points on which, we confess, we think the country has already had reason to complain, and of which it has complained. We mean the decided political bias, and the marked political position, of some of the *ladies* selected to compose Her Majesty’s household. It would be absurd to complain of the

* A LONDON Edition of Captain Harris’s book, corrected by the author, is announced as being now in the press, in which more suitable and numerous illustrations are promised.

household appointments being of the same political colour as the ministry itself—they should in general be so—the men may reasonably be expected to vote with the King's government, and the ladies to be of the same class and connexion; but there has been in all times a marked difference between that party eagerness, that flagrant zeal, which may be pardoned in those who are exposed to political conflict, and the more moderate and measured deportment desirable in those who form the private society of the Sovereign—who, it must never be forgotten, is not the Sovereign of *one party*, but of *ALL*—who expects to see at his or her court the various shades of political opinion testifying one common sentiment of respect for the station, and affection for the person, of the monarch. But this intercourse and interchange of courtesy and duty can never be as free and impartial as it ought to be, if the constant and inevitable attendants on the court are to be hot, and therefore offensive *partisans*. We know to *what unhappy and scandalous scenes a departure from this wholesome understanding gave rise in former reigns*, and we trust there is no danger of their being repeated; but we must say that the appointment of the *wives and daughters of cabinet ministers* to household offices is, on these as well as on other accounts, highly objectionable. The first in rank of those attendants is the *daughter* of one and the *sister* of another *Cabinet Minister*; the second is the *wife* of the *Lord President of the Council*; a third and fourth, and, we believe, half a dozen more, are daughters of the *Lord Privy Seal*,* the *Chancellor of the Exchequer*, and their political colleagues. It is impossible to make the slightest objection to the personal character of any one of these ladies; but we do say that the accumulation of political and household offices in the same family is liable to serious inconveniences. It is neither constitutional in principle, nor convenient or becoming in practice, that the Sovereign should be *enclosed* within the *circumvallation* of any particular *set*, however respectable—that in the hours of business or amusement, in public or in private, she should see only the repetition of the same family faces, and hear no sound but the different modulations of the same family voices; and that the *private comfort of the Queen's interior life should be, as it inevitably must, additionally exposed to the fluctuations of political change, or what is still worse—that political changes should be either produced or PREVENTED by private favour or personal attachments*. The Sovereign should not be reduced to such a state of unconstitutional dilemma as not to be able to change the ministry without also changing the Mistress of the Robes or the Maids of Honour—or, *vice versâ*, the Mistress of the Robes or Maids of Honour, without also changing her ministry.

‘These objections, serious in any case, become stronger in direct proportion to the personal amiability of the Sovereign, and were therefore never more important than they are in the present instance. Will the country sanction—will it tolerate a system which however (otherwise unobjectionable the selected ladies may be) is founded on a principle so unconstitutional—so odious—so dangerous?’

* There was here, we believe, a slight error. We do not find any *daughter* of the Lord Privy Seal in the Household, though some of his near relations are.

‘We

‘ We ask, will the *Nation* tolerate this?—because the events of the last two years have proved, to the conviction, we suppose, even of the most incredulous, that the choice of the ministers, and consequently of all the subordinate servants of the Crown, is not—where the constitution places it—in the Crown itself—but in the *majority*—be it never so narrow—(TWENTY-seven on ordinary occasions, or even FIVE on a pinch, will suffice)—of the reformed House of Commons.’—*Quarterly Review* for July, 1837, pp. 246, 247.

We think we may, without egotism or vanity, say that these were just, and are now become *important*, remarks—not, Heaven knows, for any great ingenuity in the arguments, nor for any extraordinary foresight as to events—since a very small share of common sense and knowledge of man and womankind would suffice to prompt such opinions, and to suggest such conclusions; but because the time and circumstances under which they were published—before the Queen was a month on her throne—prove beyond all doubt or question that the difficulty, on which Sir Robert Peel’s recent attempt to form a ministry failed, was, on the part of the Conservatives, no new nor sudden thought—nothing got up for the occasion—no attempt to take advantage of a pressing emergency to coerce or control the private wishes of the Sovereign—but, on the contrary, a difficulty created at the very dawn of her reign, by Lord Melbourne himself—a difficulty foreseen, stated, discussed and condemned, not only by speculative politicians like ourselves, but we confidently believe by every reasonable man who compared Lord Melbourne’s proceedings either with the theory or the practice of our constitution. We are far from pretending to speak any opinions but our own, and still further from the presumption (for such it would be) of affecting to be the organs of the Conservative party—but at least it will be conceded to us that on this occasion we laid down—without any possible reference to those temporary or personal considerations which have since arisen—certain broad constitutional principles from which no Conservative, or, indeed we believe we may say, no Statesmen of any class—except they only who had done the mischief—did or could dissent, and which subsequent events have ratified with extraordinary precision and melancholy truth.

We entreat our readers to note this fact—because it answers irrefragably a thousand calumnies against the course which Sir Robert and his friends pursued. The ground, be it right or be it wrong, on which they stood in *May*, 1839, had been taken up on general principles, and without any regard to individual circumstances, from the moment that Lord Melbourne, in *July*, 1837, thought proper to compose her Majesty’s household on a close partisan system, in contravention, as we then asserted and do still assert, of the fundamental maxims of the constitution, and
of

of a just consideration for the personal comfort not less than for the public duties of the Sovereign.

That preliminary point being thus unanswerably disposed of, we arrive at the still more important question—Was the assertion on the part of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel of those principles just, constitutional, and necessary; or was their proposition, as has been so boldly alleged, inexpedient, gratuitously offensive, and in practice unprecedented?

We know not what momentary effect the '*enormous lying*' (as it has been most justly called) of the ministerial organs may have produced in the public mind for the two or three days in which they revelled in uncontradicted calumny;—but the subsequent and ultimate result has been a justification of Sir Robert Peel and his friends, so triumphant that it seems almost a work of supererogation to enforce what seems to be already the almost unanimous judgment of the public—the perfectly unanimous judgment of the impartial public. Nevertheless, as we consider this affair to be of much wider, and more permanent effect, than its present aspect, serious as that is, may on the first glance indicate—we think it necessary to examine its details as a matter of *constitutional history*, involving the highest principles, and pregnant, as we are sorry to say it seems to be, with deep and deplorable embarrassment to the monarch and the monarchy.

Let us begin by recapitulating the *facts* of the case. A princess of the age of eighteen years and one month, who had been educated in a perhaps proper, but certainly very remarkable seclusion from general society, and whose experience of what is called the world was even less—if less be possible—than might have been expected from her tender years, is suddenly called to the government of a great empire. She takes—(as we admitted in the article already quoted, that she was, by the nature of circumstances, justified, and even bound to do)—the Minister of the late King her predecessor—the Minister, it is well known, not of *his* choice, but of his necessity. That Minister who had never, we believe, spoken ten words to the young Queen before her accession—whom she probably had never seen but in some public reception—immediately took upon himself to appoint not only all the *men* of her cabinet, her court, and her family—but also the whole of her official female attendants—and thought himself justified in naming to those feminine offices a number of ladies—the great majority of whom were wholly unknown to the Queen, and—whatever may have been their private merits—known to the public only as being the wives, sisters, daughters, or other near connexions of the Minister's most prominent, and in some instances, most violent *political partisans*.

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We repeat, freely and gladly, our former testimony to the personal character of all these ladies—we repeat our admission that it was proper that the selection—as to the principal appointments at least—should have been made from amongst those whose political connexions were of the same colour as those of the existing administration; but we repeat also, that—in deference to the general principles of the constitution, and to the general practice of the Government, ever since constitutional government has existed in this country—care should have been taken not to confound the *Court* and the *Cabinet*—not to identify the *Council-chamber* and the *Bedchamber*—not ‘to accumulate all the political and household offices in the *same families*’—in order ‘that the Sovereign’s interior life should not be, more than was absolutely necessary, exposed to the fluctuations of political changes,’ or (still worse) that political changes should not be *produced*, nor if called for by the *public voice* or *public interests*—‘**PREVENTED**’ by *private favour* or *personal attachments*!

But what did Lord Melbourne? He appointed—we repeat, and it cannot be too strongly enforced—to these female household offices—the lowest as well as the highest—not merely ladies belonging to Whig families, but the *wives*, the *sisters*, and the *daughters* of CABINET MINISTERS. The *wife* of the Lord President of the Council was *First Lady of the Bedchamber*; one *sister* of the Secretary for Ireland is *Mistress of the Robes*, and another, *Lady of the Bedchamber*—as was also the *wife* of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland: the *sister* of the Secretary at War is *Bedchamber Woman*; the *sister-in-law* of the Home Secretary and the *daughter* of the Chancellor of the Exchequer are *Maids of Honour*—not to mention the *wife*, *sister*, and *daughter* of Lords Durham, Spencer, and Grey, who, though not now in the Cabinet, are even more prominent in the Whig party than any of the Ministers. And for all this there was not even the excuse—slight and inadequate as it would have been—of any previous acquaintance on the part of Her Majesty with, or any personal inclination for, the great majority of the ladies so named. We have heard, indeed, that *three* or *four* of the *twenty-five* Ladies of the Household may have had Her Majesty’s personal good wishes, in addition to the Minister’s favour; but such rare exceptions only strengthen the general fact, that the rest were mere ministerial appointments—made by the Minister, *as minister*, in favour of the connexions of his ministerial colleagues, and notoriously received by the parties and the public, as mere ministerial arrangements.*

This

* We do not, be it observed once for all, object to Lord Melbourne’s use of the patronage of the Crown, but to the *abuse* of it, and to the denial to his successor of the

This is confirmed by a court anecdote, curious in itself, and, if true, conclusive on this point. It is right, and indeed necessary, that no un-official person, however exalted in rank, however near in blood—not even the Queen's mother—should have any share in political councils, or meddle in state matters—for which the Minister alone is responsible. Now, so *exclusively* political did the Minister consider these appointments, that we have heard, and believe, that the Duchess of Kent had not only no voice in the selection, but that *she was not even aware of any one of the appointments, till she heard from common rumour, or read next morning in the public journals*, the names of the ladies, the maids, and the bedchamber women, whom a bachelor Minister had—*irrevocably*, as it seems—placed about her daughter. Could there be a more decisive proof of Lord Melbourne's opinion that such appointments ought to have no reference to private feelings or personal predilections, but were absolutely and exclusively mere matters of state policy; or, to speak more accurately, of *ministerial* convenience and patronage?

And then we are to be told, that over such *ministerial* arrangements, made by the *minister* whom the young Queen *found* in office, no future minister is to have any control!

The abstract proposition is so indefensibly absurd that the ministerial organs at first endeavoured to disguise it under a colourable pretext. With an effrontery worthy of a place in Dr. Arbuthnot's Practice of *Ψευδολογια πολιτικη*—or '*political lying*,'—it was stated in the first blast of ministerial calumny that the ladies whom Sir Robert Peel proposed to dismiss were the Queen's personal friends—the companions of her youth—nay, of her childhood. Now, as to the alleged fact of there being any personal and private intimacy between the Queen and *any one* of the persons whose removal could have been by any possibility contemplated, it is totally unfounded:—we believe we may say, as of the Ministers themselves, that there was not one lady

the use of what he had *abused*. We do not complain of his having filled all the offices at Court with the friends, connexions, and partisans of the Cabinet, but because they were connexions so *very close*, and partisans so *very warm*, as to render the changes in the household, in case of a new ministry being formed, at once more necessary and more extensive than under a better original selection they might have been. Nor are we amongst those who complain that he rewards his private secretary with a commissionership of Greenwich Hospital, or Lord John Russell's private secretary with a commissionership of Woods and Forests, or an hundred other partisans with an hundred other commissionerships. It is to be sure very offensive to see such things done by men who had been all their lives brawling against *patronage*, and who promised to govern without *patronage*; but *nemo tenetur ad impossibile*—they have learned that no representative government can be carried on without patronage, and we cannot reproach them with doing what all Ministers have done, and must do:—but we complain that they deny to others even a small share of the power which they so largely appropriate to their own purposes.

of

of that class, whom her Majesty, at the hour of her accession, had ever spoken to, or even seen, unless at some public reception; nay, that in addition to all the inevitable difficulties of her situation, Lord Melbourne had imposed on her Majesty the task of learning the names of most of her female as well as her male attendants. Time teaches a shepherd to distinguish his sheep by their individual physiognomy, but her Majesty had no such experience, and could know her new flock only by the *Melbourne* mark.

Omne cum *Proteus* pecus egit altos
Visere montes.

The friends of her youth! No doubt, private as had been her Majesty's former life, there were some few persons who might have deserved that title; but not one of *them*, we believe, or not more than one, is to be found amongst her principal ladies; and Sir Robert Peel might—*though he did not*—have demanded the dismissal of four-fifths of the whole list, without disturbing any one who had the slightest claim to the endearing title with which the ministerial newspapers have adorned them. Two or three prominent friends her Majesty's youth and childhood certainly had;—a mother is the first and dearest friend of any living creature—and the Queen had a mother whose tender and enlightened care for her Majesty, in her first address to her Privy Council, gratefully and affectionately recorded.* She had also a governess, worthy of all but filial affection and respect, the excellent Duchess of Northumberland. She had early companions in the young ladies of the highest birth and most amiable character who attended the Duchess of Kent, and were, of course, her more familiar associates. The whole world unhappily knows what attention, what favours, what gratitude, *these* early friends and associates have received at the hands of her Majesty's confidential advisers.

We need not, we presume, throw away another word on the flagitious attempt to mix up the alleged private feelings and domestic comforts of the Sovereign with the late political events; but, if any such considerations are to be admitted, the whole responsibility, however heavy, must rest on him—*Lord Melbourne*—whose extraordinary, *unprecedented*, and most unconstitutional formation of the household has forced on his successors, *whoever they may be*, the painful necessity of unravelling difficulties of so delicate and complicated a nature.

Such, however, was the state of the *Court* when the pressing

* 'Educated in England under the care of a most affectionate mother, I have learned from my infancy to respect and love the Constitution of my native country.'—*London Gazette*, June 20, 1837.

interests of the *Country* induced Lord Melbourne to declare that he could no longer conduct the Government, and to advise the Queen to desire the counsel and assistance of the Duke of Wellington and his Conservative friends. Her Majesty, under this advice, wrote on Tuesday evening, 7th May, to desire to see the Duke of Wellington next morning. The details of two conversations which his Grace, and of three others which Sir Robert Peel seem to have had, each separately, with the Queen, have not been given to the public; but quite enough has been told to *establish* the main facts of the case, and to *indicate* the rest.

His Grace states that on that evening, as soon as he foresaw the possibility of his having to advise the Queen upon the formation of a ministry, he felt it his duty, alike to the Sovereign and the country, to consider with mature attention all the points on which his advice might be expected. This, if he had not stated it, might have been inferred from the Duke's characteristic prudence and foresight; but our readers will see presently that the statement is of more importance than as a mere indication of the thoughtful habits of his Grace's mind. After giving his reasons for still thinking (as he had done four years ago) that the Prime Minister ought, in these times, to be in the House of Commons, and for recommending to her Majesty to name Sir Robert Peel to that post, he proceeds to recapitulate the other points which might, in the approaching interview, come into discussion, and amongst them—(as likely to be very prominent in the view of a young and female Sovereign, who had never had any personal experience of such changes)—was the composition of the royal household:—

‘I confess that it appeared to me impossible that any set of men should take charge of her Majesty's government without having the *usual influence and control over the establishment of the royal household—that influence and control which their immediate predecessors in office had exercised before them.* (Great cheers from the Opposition benches.) As the royal household was *formed by their predecessors in office*, the possession of that influence and that control over it appears to me to be especially necessary to let the public see that the ministers who were about to enter upon office had and possessed the entire confidence of her Majesty. I considered well the nature of the formation of the royal household under the civil list act passed on the commencement of her Majesty's reign. I considered well the difference between the household of a *Queen Consort* and the household of a *Queen Regnant*, the Queen Consort not being a political person in the same light as a Queen Regnant. I considered the construction of her Majesty's household; I considered *who filled offices in it*; I considered all the circumstances attendant upon the influence of the household, and the degree of confidence which it might be necessary for the Government to repose in the members of it. I was sensible of the serious and anxious nature of the

the charge which the minister in possession of that control and influence over her Majesty's household would have laid upon him. I was sensible that in everything which he did, and that in every step which he took as to the household, he ought to consult not only the honour of her Majesty's crown and her royal state and dignity, but also *her social condition, her ease, her convenience, her comfort; in short, everything which tended to the solace and happiness of her life.* I reflected on all these considerations as particularly incumbent on the ministers who should take charge of the affairs of this country. I reflected *on the age, the sex, the situation, and the comparative inexperience of the Sovereign* on the throne; and I must say that, if I had been, or if I was to be, the first person to be consulted with respect to the exercise of the influence and control in question, I would suffer any inconvenience whatever rather than take any step as to the royal household which was not *compatible with her Majesty's comforts.* There was another subject which I took into consideration—I mean the possibility of making *any conditions or stipulations in respect to the exercise of this influence and control over the household.* It appeared to me that the person about to undertake the direction of the affairs of this country who should make such stipulations or conditions would do neither more nor less than this,—stipulate that he would not perform his duty, that he would not advise the Crown in a case in which he thought it his duty to advise the Crown, in order that he might obtain place. I thought that no man could make such a stipulation, and consider himself worthy of her Majesty's confidence, or entitled to conduct the affairs of the country. I thought it impossible that such a stipulation should be made. Nor did I think it possible that the Sovereign could propose such a stipulation or condition to any one whom her Majesty considered worthy of her confidence.'—*Parl. Deb.*, 14th May.

His Grace then proceeds to say that, with these wise and constitutional opinions in his mind, he waited on her Majesty next day, Wednesday the 8th; what passed at that interview (beyond the advice of sending for Sir Robert Peel) his Grace 'was not authorised to state;' but when he adds that '*nothing* passed in that conversation *inconsistent* with those principles, either as to the general formation of the Government or the *patronage of the household,*' we may safely infer that all the points thus previously prepared in the Duke's mind were stated to her Majesty; and it may be as safely concluded that when, after such an explanation, her Majesty adopted the advice, with which it was accompanied, of *sending for Sir Robert Peel,* she—virtually, at least—subscribed to the other wholesome counsels which had thus been presented to her.

In this posture of affairs, and after this preliminary explanation, her Majesty desired Sir Robert Peel to attend her at two o'clock on the same day, Wednesday the 8th May. He did so—accepted the proffered confidence, and asked permission to wait on her Majesty

Majesty next day with 'a general arrangement for the formation of a government.'

It does not appear that at this first audience anything passed to lead to a suspicion of the difficulty that afterwards emerged; indeed the contrary may be inferred: for her Majesty candidly told Sir Robert Peel that 'she parted from her late ministers with great regret,' and 'that they had given her entire satisfaction.' This could only be taken as a frank and amiable proof that her Majesty had no intention of allowing any *private* predilections to impede a *public*, even though it should be also a *painful*, duty.

Next day, Thursday, the 9th May, Sir Robert Peel again waited on the Queen, with a list of those whom he should propose to her Majesty for the chief offices of state, namely,—

| | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| Duke of Wellington, | Lord Stanley, |
| Lord Lyndhurst, | Sir James Graham, |
| Earl of Aberdeen, | Sir H. Hardinge, |
| Lord Ellenborough, | Mr. Goulburn. |

What ensued will be best told in the words of Sir Robert's letter to the Queen.

'In the interview with which your Majesty honoured Sir Robert Peel yesterday morning, after he had submitted to your Majesty the names of those whom he proposed to recommend to your Majesty for the principal executive appointments, he mentioned to your Majesty his earnest wish to be enabled, with your Majesty's sanction, so to constitute your Majesty's Household that your Majesty's confidential servants might have the advantage of a public demonstration of your Majesty's full support and confidence, and that at the same time, as far as possible consistently with that demonstration, each individual appointment in the Household should be entirely *acceptable to your Majesty's personal feelings*.

'On your Majesty's expressing a desire that the Earl of Liverpool should hold an office in the Household, Sir Robert Peel requested your Majesty's permission at once to offer to Lord Liverpool the office of Lord Steward, or any other which he might prefer.

'Sir Robert Peel then observed, that he should have every wish to apply a similar principle to the *chief* appointments which are filled by the ladies of your Majesty's Household, upon which your Majesty was pleased to remark, that *you must reserve the whole of those appointments, and that it was your Majesty's pleasure that the whole should continue as at present, without any change.*'—*Speech*, p. 9.

At a proposition so general and conveyed in language so determined, for which we may well suppose he was in no degree prepared, either by his recent interview with her Majesty, or by his former intercourse with her Royal predecessors, or by his acquaintance with the constitutional history of his country,—at such a proposition, Sir Robert Peel might have been excused if he had at

once taken so broad a hint and declined all further negotiation : but though the *age and sex* of the Sovereign can and ought to have no influence on questions of constitutional rights and prerogatives—(which are abstractedly the same, whatever be the head on which the crown may be placed)—yet they very naturally affect the forms and manner in which the Sovereign is to be treated ; and therefore, instead of suddenly resigning his mission, as no doubt he would have done if he had had to deal with King George or King William, he appears to have suggested to her Majesty the expediency of again consulting the Duke of Wellington, before she should irrevocably pledge herself to a principle which—however comparatively trivial the occasion of asserting it might seem to be—must ultimately involve the most serious and extensive consequences. To this her Majesty assented, and the Duke of Wellington was immediately summoned to the closet.

Again, his Grace says that ‘he is not authorised to state the details of that second conversation,’ but he adds the same pithy *formula* that he had before used, ‘that nothing passed on his part *inconsistent with the principles* which he had in his former interview explained to the Queen.’ It appears, however, that on this occasion his mediation was fruitless—her Majesty stated to the Duke of Wellington, and subsequently to Sir Robert Peel, that her opinion was unchanged—but she reserved until next day her final decision.

Thus far we have the indisputable, and now indeed undisputed, statements of Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington, and the unanswered and unanswerable evidence of the *literæ scriptæ*, in which Sir Robert was induced (by circumstances at which we shall arrive presently) to recapitulate to the Queen the main points of the transaction.

We must now proceed with the view of the case presented by Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell. On Tuesday the 7th, the morning after the division on the Jamaica bill, the Ministers tendered to her Majesty their resignation, which she accepted—and this was announced in both Houses of Parliament that evening.

On *that same Tuesday evening*, too, Lord Melbourne, (as Lord John Russell states) advised her Majesty to send for the Duke of Wellington ; and

‘thought proper to mention to her some things *which had been usually done on changes of a Ministry*, and which seemed to be the *established practice*.’—*Parl. Deb.*, 13th May.

There is here a slight, but not unimportant, discrepancy between Lord John and Lord Melbourne. The noble Viscount himself states, that it was on *Wednesday morning*

‘ that

‘ that he tendered to the Queen his advice as to *whom* she ought to apply to, and as to the *course* which it was incumbent on her to pursue.’
—*Parl. Deb.*, 14th May.

Lord John Russell is certainly correct, because the note to the Duke of Wellington was written on *Tuesday* evening; but then it would seem that *after* the Minister’s resignation had been accepted by the Queen and announced to Parliament—*after* the outgoing Minister had given his advice as to what was *usually* done on such an occasion—and *after* a successor had been actually invited to the closet—all which things were done on *Tuesday evening*—there could be no need for Lord Melbourne’s attendance at the Palace on *Wednesday morning* to advise ‘ *whom* her Majesty was to apply to and the *course* which she was to pursue.’

The explanation of this variance probably is that Lord Melbourne’s parting instructions were originally given on *Tuesday evening*, but *repeated* for further assurance—‘ *more last words of Mr. Baxter*’—on *Wednesday morning*. The hollow and contradictory pretences by which the Ministers have endeavoured to excuse their proceeding give a serious importance to all these details—they are the chinks through which the light of truth escapes from the rotten and disjointed Cabinet.

Lord Melbourne assured the House of Lords that at this interview on Wednesday morning

‘ he gave her Majesty *no advice whatever* as to the Ladies of the Household, for he fairly declared that he did not expect—that he did not anticipate—that he could not conceive that this proposition could be made to her Majesty.’—*Parl. Deb.*, 14th May.

We believe what the noble Viscount says, because he says it; but it is only an additional proof that his scope of mind is very different from that of the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Stanley, to *all* of whom it appears (*Speech*, p. 8) that the question of the ladies of the household immediately presented itself;—nay more, we do not believe that there was a club in London in which, as soon as the resignation of the male ministers was known, it was not mooted to what extent the *female resignations* would go—for no one—(so far we agree with Lord Melbourne)—could have *anticipated* that a *minister* could go out of his office and leave his wife behind him in *hers*; and it was universally thought that no *individual* member of either House of Parliament would do so either; and further, we have seen it publicly stated, and never contradicted, that these questions were discussed at a dinner-table on Tuesday evening by some of Lord Melbourne’s colleagues—in his Lordship’s presence—though, we of course presume, not within his hearing.

But if the common sense of the matter escaped Lord Melbourne,

again subsequently between Her Majesty and Sir Robert;—all these stages must have consumed some time—and then Her Majesty's *determination* was adjourned to next morning—Friday. Was all this a farce? Was Her Majesty's DETERMINATION already *taken before* she saw Sir Robert, and communicated by some secret channel to the editor of 'The Globe,' as early as Sir Robert could have known that there was any *doubt*—*before* it could be known to the Duke of Wellington—*published* to the world while both these statesmen imagined that it was still under consideration between the Queen and themselves, and a *whole day* before it was finally communicated to Sir Robert Peel by Her Majesty's letter of Friday morning?

Leaving these extraordinary facts and dates to make their own impression on the minds of our readers, we return to Lord Melbourne's account of his proceedings. Giving due credit to his Lordship's assertion of *never having thought of the ladies*, may we not wonder that he should undertake the office of *historical lecturer* to the Queen—with such a scanty provision of learning or sagacity as not to have known or foreseen what every one else knew and foresaw, and which turned out, within a few hours, to be the main pivot of the whole affair? We should like to know the subject of those ministerial (or *ex-ministerial*) lectures of Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning, which his Lordship confesses to have delivered for the Queen's instruction, in the difficult and *novel* circumstances in which she was placed. Of the usual routine changes in the ministries of *Kings*, Her Majesty could hardly be ignorant—she had at least read the history of her grandfather and her uncles. Two remarkable changes she had herself witnessed in 1835, when, being within two years of her legal majority, she must have been capable of understanding what was passing; but *that* which she might not know—*that* which it most concerned her to know—*that* of which there had been no example for *one hundred and thirty* years, was a *change of ministers in a female reign*, and what it might be proper and constitutional to do in *such an almost unprecedented emergency*. The last mistress of the robes was the Duchess of Somerset, in 1710; the last mutation of personages in a female court was at that celebrated period—a period in every way remarkable, but in none more so than in the important, the overwhelming influence which *female ministers*, under the title of *court ladies*, had obtained over the destinies of England and of Europe;—but, while Lord Melbourne lectured her Majesty on such recondite topics as how in the year 1835 the Duke of Dorset had superseded Lord Albemarle, and three months after Lord Albemarle the Duke of Dorset—he seems
never

never to have said a word about Queen Anne, the Duchess of Marlborough, or Mrs. Masham—nor of Godolphin, Harley, or the treaty of Utrecht! ‘ ‘Pon my life,’ quoth he, chuckling, and rubbing his hands with an apparent *bon-hommie*, which disarms anger, ‘I never thought of that!’ We will venture to say that so extraordinary a confession was never before made by any man professing to be a statesman, and setting up for a *Mentor*; and deep and grave is the responsibility, both moral and legal, of such incredible thoughtlessness. If the ‘parting Genius’ had not presumed to read lectures on history to her Majesty, the Queen would, we must suppose, have adopted the course which the rule and practice of the Constitution prescribe—that is to say, her Majesty would have inquired what was to be done of her *new minister*, who was to be responsible for all her conduct from the moment Lord Melbourne had resigned; but assuredly, since his lordship did so irregularly undertake to deliver an epilogical instruction, he ought to have directed his illustrious pupil to the only precedents which could guide her, and which would probably have prevented all the subsequent *erroneous* impressions and unfortunate proceedings, which seem to have been mainly occasioned by his Lordship’s superficial, for we cannot suppose it to have been wilfully imperfect, information. We hesitate not to say that in uttering one word of advice as to *future* proceedings, after he had not only resigned, but designated another responsible adviser, Lord Melbourne was constitutionally guilty of a high crime and misdemeanor;—but that, when he had so far overstepped his constitutional bounds, he should have forgotten all the special circumstances and peculiarities of the case of a *female sovereign*, seems to us such perfect fatuity, that we should not have believed it on any other evidence than his own.

But so, it seems, it was—the trifling circumstance of the *female household* of a *Queen Regnant* never once crossed his statesman-like mind.

The result, however,—the *unexpected*, as Lord Melbourne assures us, result of all this blundering instruction—this blind guiding—this marvellous oblivion of the only novelty in the case that required any advice, was, that about six o’clock in the evening of Thursday his lordship found himself again in her Majesty’s closet—our readers will observe that he had not been one whole day absent from it—and there he found her Majesty labouring under difficulties of his own creating, and under impressions which he now confesses to have been entirely *erroneous*.

‘The Right Honourable Baronet,’ says Lord Melbourne, ‘made, towards the close of his interview, a proposal that he should have the power of dismissing the ladies of her Majesty’s household, not stating
to

to what extent he would exercise that power—not stating how many of whom it was his intention to propose to remove—but asking the power of dismissing the ladies of the household, and leaving unquestionably upon her Majesty's mind a very strong impression that it was intended to employ that power to a *very great extent*—to such an extent, certainly, as to remove *all the ladies* of the bedchamber, as well as *some of those filling an inferior situation* in the household. Such, my lords, was the impression on her Majesty's mind—an impression which, from what has since transpired, is evidently ERRONEOUS.—*Parl. Deb.*, 14th May.

We must here observe that Lord John Russell's version of her Majesty's statement to him on this point differs very materially from that of Lord Melbourne; and, indeed, we must remark that there is, when closely examined, a great deal of serious inconsistency between their views of the whole subject. Lord John fairly throws overboard all questions as to 'erroneous impressions,' or any 'misconception' as to details:—

'I feel it a great consolation to be able to say this, because I am sure that it is far better that the difference should be, not as to a *misconception* of conversations and of facts that took place, but as to the *principle* on which an administration should be formed during her Majesty's reign. In the view of her Majesty, whether Sir Robert Peel's proposition had been for a *total* change of the ladies of the bedchamber, or whether it was a *partial* change, the principle would have been equally repugnant to her feelings.'—*Ib.*, 13th May.

This statement, which is corroborated by the documentary evidence, is much more candid, we think, than that of Lord Melbourne, which would lead us to suppose that the negotiation broke off on a question of *extent* and *degree*, and on some misconception on *that point*—whence it might be inferred that Sir Robert Peel had been either exorbitant in his demands, or obscure in his language—whereas in fact the negotiation broke off with a clear understanding on both sides that it was the *principle*, and the principle only, that was at issue.

The 'erroneous impression,' therefore, was Lord Melbourne's own. Under this *erroneous* impression, however, the old Cabinet re-assembled in the night of Thursday, when they consented, *multum gementes*, no doubt, to return to office, and advised the Queen to write on Friday morning the following note to Sir Robert Peel:—

'Buckingham Palace, 10th May, 1839.

'The Queen, having considered the proposal made to her yesterday by Sir Robert Peel to *remove the ladies of her bedchamber*, cannot consent to adopt a course which she conceives to be *contrary to usage*, and which is *repugnant to her feelings*.*'

* It is remarkable that this note is worded with such, as it seems, *studied ambiguity* as to suit either Lord John's or Lord Melbourne's contradictory versions of her Majesty's impression.

It was on the receipt of this note—which conveyed to Sir Robert Peel the surprising *information* that he had proposed to remove the ladies of the bedchamber—that he addressed to Her Majesty the letter from which we have already quoted a passage distinctly denying any such intention as the ministerial note attributed to him, but which, as an important historical document, we think it advisable to give here at full length :—

‘ *Whitehall, 10th May, 1839.*

‘ Sir Robert Peel presents his humble duty to your Majesty, and has had the honour of receiving your Majesty’s note of this morning.

‘ In respectfully submitting to your Majesty’s pleasure, and humbly returning into your Majesty’s hands the important trust which your Majesty had been graciously pleased to commit to him, Sir Robert Peel trusts that your Majesty will permit him to state to your Majesty his impression with respect to the circumstances which have led to the termination of his attempt to form an Administration for the conduct of your Majesty’s service.

‘ In the interview with which your Majesty honoured Sir Robert Peel yesterday morning, after he had submitted to your Majesty the names of those whom he proposed to recommend to your Majesty for the principal executive appointments, he mentioned to your Majesty his earnest wish to be enabled, with your Majesty’s sanction, so to constitute your Majesty’s Household that your Majesty’s confidential servants might have the advantage of a public demonstration of your Majesty’s full support and confidence, and that at the same time, as far as possible consistently with that demonstration, each individual appointment in the Household should be entirely acceptable to your Majesty’s personal feelings.

‘ On your Majesty’s expressing a desire that the Earl of Liverpool should hold an office in the Household, Sir Robert Peel requested your Majesty’s permission at once to offer to Lord Liverpool the office of Lord Steward, or any other which he might prefer.

‘ Sir Robert Peel then observed, that he should have every wish to apply a similar principle to the *chief* appointments which are filled by the ladies of your Majesty’s Household, upon which your Majesty was pleased to remark, that *you must reserve the whole of those appointments, and that it was your Majesty’s pleasure that the whole should continue as at present, without any change.*

‘ The Duke of Wellington, in the interview to which your Majesty subsequently admitted him, understood also that this was your Majesty’s determination, and concurred with Sir Robert Peel in opinion that, considering the great difficulties of the present crisis, and the expediency of making every effort in the first instance to conduct the public business of the country with the aid of the present Parliament, it was essential to the success of the commission with which your Majesty had honoured Sir Robert Peel, that he should have that public proof of your Majesty’s entire support and confidence, which would be afforded by the permission to make some changes in that part of your Majesty’s Household, which your Majesty *resolved on maintaining entirely without change.*

‘ Having

‘ Having had the opportunity, through your Majesty’s gracious consideration, of reflecting upon this point, he humbly submits to your Majesty, that he is reluctantly compelled, by a sense of public duty, and of the interests of your Majesty’s service, to adhere to the opinion which he ventured to express to your Majesty.

‘ He trusts he may be permitted at the same time to express to your Majesty his grateful acknowledgments for the distinction which your Majesty conferred upon him, by requiring his advice and assistance in the attempt to form an Administration, and his earnest prayers, that whatever arrangements your Majesty may be enabled to make for that purpose may be most conducive to your Majesty’s personal comfort and happiness, and to the promotion of the public welfare.’

This letter dissipated all the ‘ *erroneous impressions*’ that either her Majesty or Lord Melbourne could have received; and of course things were replaced in the situation in which they stood on Thursday morning, the 9th May, previous to the alleged misunderstanding:—*things*, yes—but not *men*. Lord Melbourne had resigned office on Wednesday morning, ‘ because he had lost the confidence of parliament on questions of *great national interest*.’ He returned to office on Thursday evening on a *misapprehension*, as he tells us, about bedchamber ladies. On Friday morning the bedchamber misapprehension was removed, but not so the galvanised ministry. Although the cause of their resignation—the *great public questions*—remained the same—although the pretence for their return had vanished—they resolved to consider the whole affair as *non avenu*, as something which had never happened, and to go on—just as if the Irish committee had never been appointed; as if the Jamaica bill had passed both Houses of Parliament; as if Lord Brougham had accepted Lord John Russell’s finality explanation; and as if the Queen had never seen Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington.

Of all the extraordinary features of this affair this is surely the most extraordinary, and, according to Lord Melbourne’s story, the most incomprehensible; but it would appear, if possible, still more extraordinary, if we could believe what is confidently reported in the highest political circles—to wit, that, *after the receipt of Sir Robert Peel’s explanatory letter of Friday*, Lord Melbourne waited on her Majesty to represent that he and his colleagues had deliberately re-considered the whole affair—that their conclusion was ‘ that her Majesty’s *principle was untenable, and that therefore the negociation with Sir Robert Peel ought to be renewed* ;’ and that it was on the failure of *this* proposition that Lord Melbourne and his friends reluctantly consented to resume the Government!

That Lord Melbourne should have endeavoured to correct the misapprehension into which either the Queen or he had fallen, was

was no more than common sense and common honesty—but the details we have just mentioned seem inconsistent with Lord John Russell's narrative, and even with that of Lord Melbourne himself. There is, however, so much inconsistency and vacillation in the whole of the ministerial proceedings, that their recurrence on this point does not much impugn the story, which, on the whole, we are disposed to believe as affording the best explanation, though certainly no defence, of other portions of Lord Melbourne's extraordinary conduct.

But however that may be, we think we may assert that the whole course of these proceedings exhibits the most unequivocal marks of juggle and intrigue, and affords not—that we can discover—the slightest justification of the ministry.

In one point alone have they shown an apparent deference to constitutional practice; they have admitted in Parliament their responsibility for the acts which their private, as well as their public organs, have so indecently attributed to the Queen's personal impulse. We most gladly meet them on this ground, and shall proceed to grapple with *their* views of the theory, and *their* assertion as to the practice of the constitution, as applicable to the case under discussion.

Lord John Russell informed the House of Commons that on Saturday, the day after the resumption of their offices, a Cabinet Council was held, at which the following Minute was made:—

'Her Majesty's confidential servants, having taken into consideration the letter addressed by her Majesty to Sir Robert Peel on the 10th of May, and the reply of Sir Robert Peel of the same day, are of opinion that, for the purpose of giving to the administration that character of efficiency and stability, and those marks of the constitutional support of the Crown which are required to enable it to act usefully to the public service, it is reasonable that the great officers of the Court, and situations in the household held by Members of Parliament, should be included in the political arrangements made in a change of the administration, but they are not of opinion that a similar principle should be applied or extended to the offices held by ladies in her Majesty's household.'

This Minute is in every way a most extraordinary document—form—substance—premises—conclusion, all are, we humbly think, ludicrously absurd and grossly unconstitutional.

Observe, in the first place, the hypocritical gravity with which they refer to *their own* note of Friday morning, as if it had been the Queen's spontaneous production, now *submitted*, for the first time, to their 'consideration;' and then the inimitable modesty with which they set the seal of dutiful approbation on their own act. The object of this ridiculous juggle we cannot perceive, unless it was to conceal, as far as the documentary evidence goes, the fact—which we think very unfair and unconstitutional—that
pending

pending the negotiation with Sir Robert Peel, they had secretly resumed their places, and had prompted from *behind the curtain* the letter, which Sir Robert Peel had no reason to doubt had emanated from her Majesty's own unbiassed conviction. If there was not some undue object in view, why did not the Cabinet Minute fairly and truly state that, having '*reconsidered the letter* which they had *advised the Queen to write*, they still *adhered to the principles* which it expressed?' This would have been manly, and might have extenuated, though it could not have quite cured, the duplicity of the midnight cabinet of Thursday, and of the pseudonymous note which it produced. As an additional proof of the subterranean intrigues which were going on at that moment, we may add that Lord Grey—the Earl Grey whom this very cabinet had so lately betrayed and expelled—was summoned, we are told, to this midnight cabal, and did not, we are also told, spurn the—as we should have thought—insulting invitation. But Lord Grey was and is, and always will be, *nothing but an empty plausibility*, whose vanity is easily seduced into undertaking what *he* has neither nerves nor talents to accomplish. We know not, care not, how he *opined* on this occasion:—his presence there, and the contemptuous indifference of the public about it, are enough for us, and, we should think, for *him*.

This wonderful Minute proceeds to state that a certain principle—applicable to the great offices of the household and other offices held by members of parliament—should *not* be extended to ladies of the household: on looking to see what that *principle* was, we find it to be, that a government should be '*enabled to act usefully for the public interest*;' and, consequently, the Cabinet have recorded their opinion that the ladies of the household—(and, by *implication*, the men, who might happen not to be in parliament, or who might choose to go out of parliament to save their offices)—are never to be disturbed, even though the *public interests* should require it.

The proposition is startling; and, although it is that on which practically the Ministry have acted, we are a little surprised that it should have been so over-boldly avowed—and by *Whigs*, too—who for two hundred years have been writing and declaiming,—and occasionally doing much worse,—against even the shadow of secret influence, and, above all, of female intrigue, around or behind the throne. They have all of a sudden forgotten poor Queen Henrietta, the Duchess of Orleans, Mary of Modena, and Queen Anne—the Castlemaines, the Portsmouths, and the Orkneys—the Mashams, the Howards, and the Kilmanseggs—the Princess Dowager—and others of more recent date, who, each in their turn, were made of so much political importance,

portance, and have occupied so busily, and often so calumniously, the pens and tongues of six generations of Whigs—nay, as we shall see by and by, of Whig ministers now living, and concurring in a Cabinet Minute which asserts that neither the rules of the constitution nor the claims of the public interest are ever to be permitted to disarrange the original composition of the female household of the sovereign.

This *ad homines*—but the question is too serious to be treated *ad hominem*, or even *ad feminam*. Its own historical and constitutional importance, even if its immediate political effects were less striking, deserves a fuller discussion. Respect for the Queen's name has hitherto, we suppose, restrained the Conservative leaders from any comments on the few dry facts which they were authorised to disclose; but the matter cannot be allowed to rest there—the pretensions of the Cabinet Minute are so outrageously unconstitutional and so notoriously untrue, that it is impossible that they should not be brought to the ordeal of parliamentary discussion, and, we confidently anticipate, of parliamentary censure. But in the mean while we think it our duty to examine what we think the gravest question on the constitutional prerogative of the sovereign that has arisen for a century.

We shall begin by the precedents.

The ministers put into the Queen's mouth the assertion that the course proposed by Sir Robert Peel was '*contrary to usage*;' and, although it is now admitted that this assertion was made under an error as to what Sir Robert Peel's proposition really was, the same doctrine has been substantially repeated in the Cabinet Minute, and particularly enforced by Lord John Russell—whose opinions are of the more weight on this occasion because he has dabbled a good deal in what he calls *history*, and has on the present occasion produced, we presume, all the stores of his erudition in support of a doctrine which we venture to say he would, in his days of bookmaking, have repudiated with indignation—nay, which *he did*, as we shall show, visit with his heaviest censure.

In the late debate his lordship said—

'It will be difficult to find cases exactly suited to that of a *queen regnant*, a case which, since the death of Queen Anne, has not occurred in this country. In 1710, however, Lord Sunderland having been removed from the office of Secretary of State, and Lord Rialton from the office of Comptroller of the Household, the ladies of those noblemen, both daughters of the Duke of Marlborough, remained ladies of the bedchamber from the *month of August*, 1710, when their husbands were dismissed, till December, 1711, when they—their father, the Duke, having been removed in a manner which they thought was unjust to that great man—*resigned voluntarily their situations*. Since that time we certainly have not had any precedent exactly in point.'

What

What shall we say to such a confession as this from a minister who had two days before pledged Her Majesty's authority to the fact, that the course proposed was *contrary to USAGE*?—he here confessing, that not only there was not, but that there could not be, anything like *USAGE*, because there had not been for 129 years anything like a precedent; and even then, a very imperfect one, which, as far as it goes, contradicts, we shall show, the alleged *usage*. The Queen's note asserts one thing, the Minister's speech another—and, by a singular infelicity, it turns out that neither of these opposite assertions is true. It is not true, as stated in Lord John's speech, that there are no precedents as to the principle in dispute; and it is not true, as implied in the note written for the Queen, that the precedents support the ministerial view of the question. There are several precedents, and all the precedents are adverse to the ministerial pretension.

Lord John refers to the cases of Lady Sunderland and Lady Rialton, in 1710, as the only affairs offering anything like a precedent. The cases of Ladies Sunderland and Rialton! We shall examine them presently—but by what strange negligence or bad faith does Lord John Russell, when mentioning these two ladies, suppress all allusion to the great hinge upon which the whole of the transactions of 1710 turned—the great planet to which these ladies were insignificant satellites, *their own MOTHER*, the celebrated SARAH DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH? Not a word of her! though she is the strongest example, perhaps, in the history of the world, certainly in the history of this empire, of the abuse of female favouritism, and the most flagrant instance of the incalculable influence of household familiarity on the destinies of mankind. Our readers have not forgotten—though Lord John has ingenuously chosen to do so—that important period in which the memoirs of a bedchamber-lady constitute the history of Europe. We need not enter into details with which every schoolboy is conversant;* suffice it to say that Lord Godolphin's ministry, and the vast interests connected with it, hung upon the Duchess's retention of her situation as Mistress of the Robes, and that the succeeding administration could not call itself established till *it had procured her dismissal*.

Equally has Lord John omitted all mention of the Duchess's humble but successful rival, Mrs. Masham. Mrs. Masham held a very inferior station in the Queen's household: she was only a bedchamber-woman, but she soon became the pivot of the political world. Into that story we need not here go further than to say that the influence of Mrs. Masham first endangered, and finally overthrew, the power of the great Duke of Marlborough;

* 'The next year I prevailed,' says the Duchess in her Memoirs, 'with Her Majesty to take the *great seal* from Sir N. Wright,' &c. &c. &c.

and that the Duke of Marlborough was far from thinking, with Lord John Russell, that he had no right to interfere with females of even so inferior a grade as bedchamber-women. Hear what Coxe says in his *Life of the Duke* :—

‘ In the first impulse of his resentment [for some underhand enterprise of the bedchamber-woman], Marlborough formed the natural and proper resolution of *resigning* unless Mrs. Masham *was removed*, and drew up a letter to the Queen, in which, after a statement of his grievances, he adds, “ *I hope your Majesty will either dismiss HER or MYSELF.* ”’—Coxe, vol. iii. p. 144, 4th Edition.

This letter, written by Marlborough in concert with his Whig colleagues, would, even without the thousand other proofs, sufficiently establish their opinion as to the right of interference even with the most subordinate household appointments ; and the result justified their views : for the Queen, acting on the alternative thus offered by her Ministers, dismissed *them*, and retained *Mrs. Masham* ; and the conqueror of Blenheim and Malplaquet was overthrown by the bedchamber-woman, as the Hero of Vittoria and Waterloo might have been if he had for a moment submitted himself to such a degrading liability.

Was Lord John ignorant that, when Mrs. Masham’s power began to decline, the Duchess of Somerset, who had succeeded Sarah of Marlborough as Mistress of the Robes, began to give serious uneasiness to the ministry ? The sensible pamphlet, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article, argues the precedents of the reign of Queen Anne with great candour and ability, and produces (pp. 28, 30), as to the case of the Duchess of Somerset, the striking testimony of Swift in his ‘ *Journal of Stella*,’ of which we shall quote one or two passages. After stating the celebrated debate on the peace, in which the ministry were defeated in the House of Lords, Swift adds :—

‘ It seems Lord Treasurer [*Godolphin*] had been so negligent that he was with the Queen while the question was put in the house. I immediately told Mrs. Masham that either she and Lord Treasurer had joined with the Queen to betray us, or that they two were betrayed by the Queen. She protested solemnly it was not the former, and I believed her ; but she gave me some lights to suspect the Queen is changed. For yesterday, when the Queen was going from the house, where she sat to hear the debate, the Duke of Shrewsbury, lord chamberlain, asked her whether he or the Great Chamberlain Lindsay ought to lead her out, she answered short, “ Neither of you,” and gave her hand to the Duke of Somerset, who was louder than any in the house for the clause against peace. She [*Mrs. Masham*] gave me one or two more instances of this sort, which convince me that the Queen is false, or at least very much wavering.

‘ The Whigs are all in triumph ; *they foretold how all this would be,*

be, but we thought it boasting. Nay, they said the parliament should be dissolved before Christmas, and perhaps it may: this is all your d——d Duchess of Somerset's doings. I warned them of it nine months ago, and a hundred times since: the Secretary [Bolingbroke] always dreaded it.'—*Journal to Stella*, 8th December, 1711.

Farther on the Dean says,—

'I was this morning with the Secretary: he will needs pretend to talk as if things would be well; will you believe it, said he, *if you see these people turned out?* I said yes, if I saw the *Duke and Duchess of Somerset* out; he swore, *if they were not, he would give up his place.*'—*Ib.*, 13th December.

Fifty other passages might be quoted to show that the momentous struggle between Godolphin and Marlborough on one side, and Oxford and Bolingbroke on the other, was conducted in the recesses of the Queen's apartments between the Mistress of the Robes and the Woman of the Bedchamber; and that each party was agreed on the necessity of removing the adverse lady from the Queen's society.

These, the notorious precedents that really involve the principles of the case, Lord John would not see; but he was happy to light on the cases of Ladies Sunderland and Rialton, because they lingered in the household a considerable time after the dismissal of their *husbands*—but, alas for his historic Lordship!—even these selected precedents prove the very reverse of what he intends. These ladies were daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough—and one, Lady Rialton, daughter-in-law of Lord Godolphin, the Lord High Treasurer: when Lord Sunderland was dismissed, it was evident that the influence of the Duke, the Duchess, and the Lord Treasurer, was on the wane—but the Cabinet was (and for very good public as well as for private motives) tenacious of office, and they resolved to submit to Sunderland's dismissal, and to afford the Queen no excuse for going farther: their daughters, therefore, as well as themselves and all their other connexions, continued pertinaciously to cling to office till their worst apprehensions were consummated by the successive dismissals of the Treasurer, the Duchess, and finally of the Duke himself—when, the motives of their delay being determined by the final triumph of the adverse administration, the two daughters of Marlborough also retired *on the dismissal of their father*.*

* Lord John Russell seems to lay some stress on their resignation having been *voluntary*—every one who knows anything of the history of the day must know that nothing was ever less voluntary. His Lordship also makes another slight mistake (and again in his own favour), in stating that the dismissal of Sunderland and Rialton took place simultaneously in August, 1710:—Sunderland was turned out during Lord Godolphin's administration—Godolphin himself and the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, and the rest of the Cabinet, still remaining in office: Lord Rialton did not retire till after the dismissal of his father.

We need not throw away a word to show that this precedent is exactly in the teeth, as the lawyers term it, of the purpose for which Lord John Russell quotes it.

And now hear what Lord John—he who probably drew up, who certainly concurred in, and now defends, the Cabinet Minute which we have quoted—hear what, in his quality of Historian, he writes concerning these transactions, in the following very remarkable passage from his *Essay on the History of the English Government and Constitution* :—

‘The Whigs held their power by a precarious tenure. The Queen, originally adverse to them, was rendered implacable by their haughty invasion of the Cabinet ; and she was daily excited to little acts of hostility by Mrs. Masham, who had succeeded the Duchess of Marlborough in the *friendship and government* of her *weak head and ignoble heart*. There needed only a popular or plausible occasion for discarding the General who rendered the name of England illustrious by his victories, and the statesman whose reputation was founded equally on his wisdom and his love of liberty. Marlborough and Somers fell : Harley and St. John appeared : it is thus that, when the statues of gods and heroes are thrown down, *snakes and reptiles* are obtruded into light.’—*Essay*, &c., p. 145, ed. 1821.

Without altogether agreeing with Lord John Russell, the *Historian*, that Ministers who condescend to hold office under female influence, are ‘*snakes and reptiles*,’ and still less in his sneer at the ‘weak head and ignoble heart’ of Queen Anne, we cannot but admire the convenient *nonchalance* with which Lord John Russell, the *Minister*, now passes over the whole history of Marlborough and Masham, Harley and St. John, as if no such people had ever lived ; and—professing to search for precedents—is not ashamed to suppress the most remarkable that the annals of the world can produce of the practical as well as constitutional necessity that the prominent offices of a female household should not be beyond the control of the responsible Minister.

Lord John says, very truly, that ‘since the reign of Queen Anne we can expect to find no precedents exactly in point.’ He cites, however, a succession of cases which we admit to be *analogous*, but which we contend and shall show to be, as far as they apply, essentially contrary to his Lordship’s assertion, that ‘it appears that the power *demand*ed by the Honourable Baronet was greater than had been given by any Sovereign of the realm to any person charged with the formation of a ministry on any former occasion.’—*Parl. Deb.*, 13th May.

On this we must observe, first, that it is not true that Sir Robert Peel demanded any such power, or was even permitted to explain to what *extent* he might have demanded it ; for when he approached the subject, the Queen—(*advised*, the Constitution compels us to believe,

believe, though we know not by whom)—*met him* with an absolute denial of *any* power to interfere with *any one* of the female officers. Neither does it follow, because persons formerly intrusted with the formation of ministries should have *made* only partial or sparing changes in the household, that they were not *empowered* to have gone farther if they had judged it necessary or expedient.

If Lord Rockingham, in 1782, removed all the chief officers of the King's household—with the exception, as Lord John with an air of triumph asserts, of *one*—the Master of the Horse—is that a proof that he might not, if he had wished, have dismissed that one also? and did not that one remain on the condition of supporting the minister that spared him? Was not the easy versatility of the Lords of the Bedchamber, who since the accession of the House of Hanover have generally voted with every ministry, a standing joke? Is it not notorious that Queen Charlotte's household (though the household of a Queen *Consort* has, as Lord John admits, no kind of political analogy to that of a Queen *Regnant*) was selected with peculiar prudence, so as to prevent almost the possibility of any clashing interests? But is there, we ask Lord John, is there to be found (we remember none) any instance in which the husband of any of even the Queen Consort's attendants was in bold and conspicuous opposition to the existing Government?

The case of 1812 Lord John states very imperfectly. Lords Grey and Grenville insisted, he says, on changing 'the *great officers* of the household, and the negotiation broke off on that point, but it does not appear that they required any change with regard to the Lords of the bedchamber.' As to the latter point, we need only say that the power which Lords Grenville and Grey most properly contended for would have equally applied to the Lords of the bedchamber as well as to the higher household officers. Nay, we all remember the celebrated phrase, in which these Lords were said to have declared that '*they would ride rough-shod over the household.*' The phrase is coarse and perhaps never was used; but its vogue proves that it expressed the principle of the demand; and we may be well assured that any one, even of the Lords of the bedchamber, who should have thought fit to go into direct opposition, would not and could not have held his office a day. In fact, in 1812, the principle now contested by Lord John Russell was fully established by Lord John's friends, connexions, and colleagues. The Prince Regent had a strong desire to keep his household as it was, chiefly out of regard, as is well known, to some of the ladies of the chief officers who formed his private society; and it is equally well known that it was this dread of a secret and irresponsible *female influence* that rendered Lords Grenville and Grey so anxious to be invested with the

entire power which belonged to the situations they were invited to assume. What was the issue? The Prince Regent found it impossible to resist the claim—he laid his whole household at the disposal of Lord Moira, who was charged with the formation of the ministry; and it was between Lord Moira, a responsible adviser, and his proposed *colleagues*, that the differences as to the application of the admitted principle arose. On this failure Lord Liverpool's Administration was formed; but that Administration could not have stood a week if it had attempted to controvert the principle advanced by Lords Grenville and Grey, and, if Lord Hertford (then Lord Yarmouth and Vice-Chamberlain) had not in his place in the House of Commons declared, on the part of himself and all the other officers of the household, that they had determined to remove all embarrassment by resigning as soon as the new ministry should be announced, and that he had, with a view to facilitate the pending negotiations, communicated that resolution to Mr. Sheridan, as a member and supposed to be an active leader of the in-coming party. Mr. Sheridan, indeed, was accused by his friends of having neglected, or omitted, to communicate the fact; but neither his nor Lord Moira's personal management, or mismanagement, of the negotiation can alter the main point, namely, that the Whigs insisted on the absolute control of the Royal household, and that the constitutional justice of the claim was never for a moment denied by their political opponents. Thus, then, Lord John Russell's precedents not only fail, but do really substantiate the contrary doctrine; and how could they do otherwise—when the indisputable *truth* is, that such has been both the principle and the practice of the Constitution ever since we have had a Constitution, that is, ever since the Revolution?

It is not easy—and would be superfluous—to trace the real causes of all the individual mutations in the Royal households for the last 150 years, or to assign the private springs of each appointment or resignation, some of which happened from personal, some from political, and some from mixed motives, of which there can seldom be any public record; but every reader of the *Memoirs* and *Letters* of the last century is familiar with changes in the families both of Kings and Queens, dictated by the minister of the day for political reasons. Amongst the most celebrated and violent instances are the dismissals, early in the reign of George III., when the *Duke of Bedford*,—the great-grandfather of Lord John Russell,—was first minister in fact, if not in title, and when persons so subordinate as *grooms of the bedchamber*, and so little political as *aides-de-camp*, were dismissed, beyond all ordinary usage, for political opinions.* It is further to be observed, that it has always

* See *Walpole under the date, and passim.*

been the *Whigs* who have been most remarkable for making these what Lord Melbourne calls '*tours de force*' (*Mir. of Parl.* 14th May), because, in fact, the Whig principle (until the present Whigs abandoned all their principles) had usually paid less personal deference to the Sovereign than Tories are wont to do. In the '*Life and Letters of Hannah More*,' we find the following passage, which exhibits an example of the manner in which Whig Ministers were accustomed to deal with the Sovereign in such matters. It refers to one of the numerous instances which occurred on the change of Ministers in 1782:—

'It has (writes Mrs. Moore) affected me very much to hear of our King's being *constrained* to part with ALL *his confidential friends*, and *his own PERSONAL SERVANTS*, in the late general sweep. Out of an hundred stories I will only tell you one, which concerns your old acquaintance, Lord Bateman. He went to the King, as usual, to ask if His Majesty would please to hunt the next day. "Yes, my Lord," replied the King, "but I find, with great grief, that I am not to have the satisfaction of your company." This was the first intimation he had had of the loss of his place. I really think the contest with France and America might have been settled, though the buckhounds had retained their old master.'—*Life of Hannah More*, vol. i. p. 251.

We think we need not add a word more on the question of '*usage*,'—but there is another expression which the Ministers have put into the Queen's mouth,—which we think equally unjustifiable: Her Majesty is made to say that any change in the household would be '*repugnant to her feelings*.' And we are glad to corroborate our own opinions by quoting from the pamphlet before referred to the following observations on both these points:—

'Upon a review of these authorities we are justified in concluding that the advice which was tendered by Sir Robert Peel to the Queen was *not* contrary to *usage*. That this doctrine is more consistent with the spirit of the Constitution, as the Constitution is now understood and administered, than the doctrine which is to be collected from the Minute, seems to be equally clear. But it is declared to have been *repugnant to the feelings* of Her Majesty, and by some it is upon that ground alone condemned. It is to be regretted that Her Majesty should have been advised in a State Paper—for such the letter to Sir Robert Peel, composed under the advice of the present Cabinet, must be taken to be—to allege the mere repugnancy of any advice to her *feelings* as a ground for its rejection. That it was unwise or unconstitutional, or that it violated the rights of the Crown, these would have been, all of them, just grounds of exception; that it was even contrary to *usage* might have alone sufficed; but it rarely happens that the strict performance of the duties of any station, how little elevated soever it may be, will be long unattended with the necessary sacrifice of feelings which it is natural, and even a happiness, to possess. Herein the firmness and the wisdom of

the aged or experienced counsellor was needed, to teach the lesson so hard to learn,—of sacrificing feelings upon the altar of duty. Her Majesty's present advisers should have been content to advise Her Majesty that the authority of the Minister did not extend to these appointments; that it was an unprecedented demand; that it was, as they conceived, contrary to usage: but, had they thought the contrary of all this, it was then as clearly their duty to urge upon Her Majesty's attention that they had, a few days before, resigned into her hands the power with which she had entrusted them; that under the advice of one of them (the principal Minister of the Crown) Her Majesty had called to her aid other persons of his recommendation of whom to take counsel; that *they* had counselled her in a matter in which it was competent for *them* to advise her; and that if Her Majesty had no other objection to that advice than that it was repugnant to her feelings, the interest of the State, under those circumstances, seemed to require from Her Majesty that painful sacrifice. They might have reminded Her Majesty that many of her royal predecessors had made sacrifices no less painful; and have recalled to Her Majesty's recollection that a claim of a like kind had been urged upon, and its constitutional character admitted by, Her Majesty's uncle—George the Fourth.'—*The Household, &c.*

This is very sensible and very true, but it rather under-states the case. The expression '*feelings*' was introduced *ad captandum*, but it really has not—according to the explanation of Lord John Russell, who was one of those who advised it—the meaning that is usually assigned to that word. If the question had been of any individual removals,—of Lady A. or Miss B., who might be personally agreeable to the Queen,—her '*feelings*' might be interested: but Lord John tells us that it was no question of persons, but the general and abstract invasion of her royal authority that affected Her Majesty; and therefore the word '*feelings*' cannot mean the personal emotions of her heart (which, indeed, it would have been absurd for a Cabinet to pretend to express), but her strong opinion as to the *limits of the kingly prerogative*—not the *feelings of the woman*, but the *claims of the monarch*. That, we have no doubt, is the sense in which Sir Robert Peel resisted the claim; and *that* is the sense in which we presume to re-assert that the claim is untenable.

We have thus shown, as a mere *matter of fact*, that there are no such precedents as the Ministers have alleged—that the real precedents are all the other way, and that Her Majesty's private '*feelings*' have been most unjustifiably alluded to;—but we take still higher ground. The value of a *precedent* is, after all, only its evidence as to a *principle*; and we shall now proceed to examine the case with reference to the constitutional principle which it involves, and by which it must ultimately be decided.

The Cabinet Minute asserts that household offices held by ladies,

ladies, and implies that those held by men not in parliament, ought to be exempt from change;—that the holders of these posts, though appointed by one minister, and avowedly for political motives, are not to be in *any degree*, or under *any circumstances*, altered by another,—that is, that they are exempt from all ministerial control. Now this would be a monstrous anomaly. An appointment may have been originally improper—or may have become improper—or may even have grown to be dangerous—but who is to be responsible for it? Not the Sovereign, for *he* or *she* is wholly irresponsible,—nor, *ex hypothesi*, the Minister, for he is to have no power over them. So that here is a doctrine by which the nearest interests of the Sovereign,—the hourly attendance on her person,—the daily participation of her society,—and all the influences, both personal and political, of an intimate familiarity, might be irrevocably committed to the meanest, or the most mischievous, or the most mercenary hands, freed from any visible control, and exempt from all legal or even moral responsibility. We need hardly say that we have no such fears in the present case—but we are arguing the abstract doctrine of the Cabinet Minute, and we assert that such never has been either the theory or the practice of the constitution. This part of the subject is also well treated in the pamphlet. The ministerial doctrine, as stated in the Queen's note and in the Cabinet Minute, is, says the author—

‘that the female appointments of State, in the Household, are henceforth to be left to depend upon the will of the Sovereign alone, and that a distinction is meant to be drawn between them and the other offices of the Household, which are usually filled by those of the other sex. The first question which we are naturally tempted to ask ourselves is, wherein is the distinction to be found? The Household of the King and of the Queen Regnant are not precisely similarly constituted: yet the offices in each are offices of state and dignity, appointed for the purpose of setting off and upholding the splendour and decorative part of the monarchy. In most instances they contribute little to, nay, rather in most instances they detract from, the personal ease and comfort of the Sovereign. No one would be so heartless as to wish to deprive majesty of the solaces of friendship, or of the means of forming such sweet alleviations of the toils and cares of royalty. Yet we may be permitted to doubt whether the Household of the Sovereign was formed upon the design that it should be the breeding-ground of royal friendships. It is an appendage or adjunct to the royal state, and it is nothing more. The State furnishes a provision for those who hold these offices; the people are indirectly concerned in the appointments to them; for much evil might result from the appointment of improper persons as the official attendants on royalty.’—*The Household, &c.*, pp. 13, 14.

And again—

‘The responsibility of the Crown, and the consequent responsibility
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of the minister for those acts to which his official aid is necessary, is a maxim which has long been settled ; but the extent of the application of the doctrine is not even yet defined. If it were limited to such acts alone, or such defaults, for which punishment, deprivation of office, or incapacitation for future office, could follow by sentence, or as the result of a vote of either House of Parliament, it is obvious that the Crown would be left unfettered, and free to act without controul, in a multiplicity of cases in which an irresponsible agency would be pregnant with inconvenience, if not with danger. But the progress of improvement in the science of government which has taken place in later times rejects the notion of an irresponsible agent in any act of state. The Sovereign is irresponsible, and is wisely so constituted, for otherwise flagrant errors would go unredressed, or cause a national convulsion in their correction, and in the punishment of the agent. The correction of every fault is provided for by rendering the minister responsible for the act of state, which needs his concurrence ere it be complete. But if the minister be responsible, he must be permitted to advise ; for what more unreasonable and unjust than to hold him responsible for acts as to which he has never been consulted ? If he be weak enough to surrender his judgment unconvinced to the mandate of the Crown, his weakness is wickedness, and he is justly punished for those evils which a manly firmness had prevented.'—*Ibid*, pp. 6, 7.

When Lord Godolphin tolerated the tyranny of the Duchess of Marlborough, he became responsible for it and fell with it : when Lord Oxford adopted the intrigues of Mrs. Masham, he became responsible for them ; and, in the cycle of favouritism, he, too, fell by them in his turn, duped by his associates, and impeached * by his adversaries.

What becomes of the great constitutional principle—that *the sovereign can do no wrong*, if the crown can distribute, at its individual pleasure, the offices of the civil list, and maintain the officers of its individual choice in all contingencies, not only *without* the advice, but *against* the advice, of those through whom alone it can do any substantive act ?

To raise any distinction on this great question from the age or the sex of the sovereign is a constitutional error and a personal indignity : the constitutional law which admits females to the throne, and fixes their majority at eighteen, takes no other cognizance of age or sex ; the sovereign is KING OF ENGLAND.† *We* assign to Queen Victoria the same plenary right and authority which was enjoyed by King George or King William ; while *they* treat her, we assert, with personal indignity, who would indulge her

* 'And whereas the said Earl of Oxford, with other evil-minded persons, having, by many wicked acts and base insinuations, OBTAINED ACCESS to her late Majesty Queen Anne, did, &c.'—*Articles of Impeachment against the Earl of Oxford*.

† As Maria Theresa was King of Hungary,—'*Moriamur pro REGE nostro Maria Theresa*.'

with more, or limit her to less. Is there a man in England, versed however slightly in the rudiments of constitutional law, who will venture to affirm that King George or King William could have ventured to claim a special prerogative of appointing or maintaining without, and, *à fortiori*, against the advice of their ostensible ministers, any one of the persons whose official existence is created by the act of parliament which constitutes the Civil List of the British sovereign?

Let us suppose for a moment that when, on her present Majesty's accession, she found herself under the necessity of accepting Lord Melbourne and his colleagues as her Cabinet Ministers, she had been pleased to insist on composing her court of the wives and daughters of their strongest political opponents;—suppose, when Lord Melbourne proposed the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Lansdowne as Mistress of the Robes and First Lady of the Bedchamber, her Majesty had met him by a resolution to appoint to these offices the wives of the leaders of the Opposition—would Lord Melbourne have submitted? or, had he submitted, could his administration have lasted a month? and would he not have been justly reproached for having bartered the constitutional rights and duties of his public station for a short and disgraceful possession of a mutilated office? Where would Lord Melbourne and his majority of *five*, or even of *twenty-five*, be, if the husbands and brothers of the ladies of the household were zealous partisans of Sir Robert Peel? And how, in his turn, could Sir Robert Peel hope to be able to conduct a government with the husbands and brothers of ladies of the household in hot opposition against him? Hear what he himself says—

‘Sir, I did decline to undertake the duty of forming an Administration, on the express understanding that the *WHOLE* of the appointments held by Ladies of the Court should *without exception* be continued: but I did so on public principles, and from a sincere belief that it was impossible for me to encounter the difficulties by which I was encompassed in attempting to conduct public affairs, unless I had the fullest and most unequivocal proof that I possessed the confidence of Her Majesty. It appeared to me that there never was a period when the demonstration of that confidence was more absolutely necessary for a Minister. The duties of the office of a Prime Minister are, I conceive, the most arduous and the most important that any human being can be called on to discharge: it is the greatest trust, almost without one single exception, in the civilised world which can be devolved upon any individual. Sir, I was ready to undertake the performance of those duties; but could I look around me at the present condition of public affairs—could I look around me, and not see that it was my absolute duty to this country, and above all to Her Majesty, to require that every aid that could be given me should be given?

‘Upon

‘ Upon the question of Ireland I should have begun in a minority of upwards of twenty Members. A majority of twenty-two had decided in favour of the policy of the Irish Government. The chief members of the Irish Government, whose policy was so approved of, were the Marquess of Normanby and the Noble Lord opposite, the Member for Yorkshire (Lord Morpeth). By whom are the two chief offices in the household at this moment held? By the *sister of Lord Morpeth*, and the *wife of Lord Normanby*. Let me not, for a moment, be supposed to say a word not fraught with respect towards those two ladies, who cast a lustre on the society in which they move, less by their rank than by their accomplishments and virtues; but still they stand in the situation of the nearest relatives of the two Members of the Government whose policy was approved by this House, and disapproved by me. Now, I ask any man in the House, whether it is possible that I could with propriety and honour undertake the conduct of an Administration and the management of Irish affairs in this House, consenting previously, as an express preliminary stipulation, that the two Ladies I have named, together with all others, should be retained in their appointments about the Court and person of the Sovereign?’—*Speech*, pp. 12, 14.

The hostile countenance of the Crown as exhibited in the maintenance of such appointments would be bad enough ;

—— Dii me terrent et Jupiter hostis ;

but the direct influence of so many places of honour and emolument would be still worse ; and when, in addition to these public difficulties, which are obvious and inevitable, we consider the possibility, not to say certainty, that such a state of things would convert the Court into a dark and odious labyrinth of intrigue, backstairs influence, and machinations *à la Masham*, it becomes too clear for argument that the cabinet doctrine is an intolerable insult, not merely to the Constitution, but to the common sense and morality of mankind.

Lord Melbourne, in his speech on the 14th of May, was so obliging as to give the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel some amicable hints as to the best mode of managing affairs of this nature. By deprecating ‘*tours de force*,’ he no doubt meant to suggest the superior efficacy of *tours d’adresse* ; he talked of the ‘*irritation and alienation*’ with which opposition to their wishes was apt to affect the minds of princes ; and he insinuated, clearly enough, that a little delicate duplicity was the most convenient process for tiding over such difficulties. These precepts are in our humble opinion not very complimentary either to the temper or the judgment of the sovereign who could be cajoled and duped by such practices ; and we believe that they were peculiarly unjust on this occasion, for Her Majesty stated her proposition with a clearness and frankness which rendered the acceptance or evasion of it equally impossible. But, be this as
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it may, we are quite sure that, however such arts may suit other men, they are not for the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel. We are not surprised that Lord Melbourne thinks it easier to rule by address and dexterity, of which he is a master, than by constitutional authority, of which he has none at all: but the Conservative leaders would have disdained, even if it had been possible, to enter the palace in disguise, and to delude the Queen by concessions to which they could not ultimately have adhered. They explained to Her Majesty the constitutional principles on which only they could accept power, with a frankness responsive to her own, which we hope (with Lord Melbourne's leave) was not calculated to create 'irritation and alienation':—but, if such feelings have been unfortunately excited, we confess that we regret them infinitely less, than if a contrary temper had been obtained by anything bearing the remotest semblance to intrigue, duplicity, or bad faith.

If Sir Robert Peel had deigned to practise the arts which Lord Melbourne commends, and of which his lordship has just given so striking an example—*reculer pour mieux sauter*,—if he had given way, or even temporised—what indignant—aye, and justly indignant—philippics should we not have heard against his perfidy,—his servility,—his base purchase of office by the surrender of principle; and how unfavourably would his proceedings have been contrasted with the noble conduct of Lords Grenville and Grey, who, in 1812, insisted, as a *sine quâ non*, on the absolute control of the royal household!

It is very true that, in 1709, Godolphin and Marlborough tried for some months to *temporize* with Mrs. Masham; but then they had not accepted office under the incubus,—it had grown upon them before they were aware of it; and indeed it is one of the main misfortunes of such cases that the influence is very apt not to be discovered until it is too strong to be overcome. Was there any man in England, who, on the morning of the 9th of May last, imagined that the Queen had formed any such attachment to her court attendants,—acquaintances at the most of two years' standing, and in fact only of a few months,—as should make and unmake ministries? But let us see how the system of temporizing with undue influences succeeded even with such men as Godolphin and Marlborough.

'It is singular' (says the biographer of Marlborough) 'that the intrigue had escaped the matured sagacity of Godolphin until it was become notorious, and that Marlborough, to whom the secrets of all the courts of Europe were known, should have been ignorant of a cabal in his own, in which he was himself so deeply interested. It is still more extraordinary, that after he was acquainted with the influence
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of the rising favourite, he should think so slightly of its consequences as to suppose that it might be checked by a mere remonstrance.'—*Coxe*, ii. p. 260.

Even when they became more fully aware of the progress of the mischief, Godolphin and Marlborough were still reluctant to press the Queen for the dismissal of her new favourite; but the Whig historian, judging by the result, stigmatizes this moderation as 'impolitic,' 'pusillanimous,' 'humiliating;' and both contemporaries and posterity seem agreed that this temporizing (ungracious and reluctant as it was) with an influence so grossly unconstitutional, is the greatest blot in Godolphin's public character.

Amongst other schemes for neutralizing, as they were not bold enough to expel, the influence of Mrs. Masham, a proposition was made for a reconciliation between her and the Duchess of Marlborough. Hear how *Lady Rialton*—the very lady whose case Lord John Russell so unluckily quoted as authority *against* the removal of bedchamber ladies;—hear what she, the daughter of Marlborough and the daughter-in-law of Godolphin, wrote to her mother 'on this *humiliating advice*:'—

'I own I hope it an impossible thing for you ever to be reconciled to such a creature [her Grace's first cousin], even if it could do good, but that is impossible: it would, may be, let her *do the mischief underhand*. I dare say *nothing will ever be right but the REMOVING HER*.'—*Ib.*, iii. 225.

The Earl of Sunderland, the husband of the other lady mentioned by Lord John Russell, was of Lady Rialton's opinion. Though secretary of state, he

'formed a design to procure a *vote of the House of Commons to REMOVE MRS. MASHAM from the Queen's presence and service*.'—*Macph.* ii. 450.

Lord Sunderland was a great Whig authority in those times, though not, it seems, so much so now-a-days with his own *descendants*—of whom there happen to be two of the Ministers who signed the Cabinet Minute against Ministerial interference with household ladies—the present Mistress of the Robes herself—one or two of the present ladies of the Bedchamber—Lord Spencer, who is said to have come up to support the new ministerial doctrine—and several of the warmest ministerial partisans in both houses of Parliament.

The Duke of Marlborough's moderation and prudence preferred the more constitutional course of ministerial resignation to the doubtful expedient of parliamentary interference proposed by his son-in-law. He insisted, as we have stated, that either *HE* or *MRS. MASHAM should be dismissed*. A compromise, indeed, was for the moment effected by the Queen's consenting to abandon her intention

intention of conferring (contrary to the wishes of the ministers) a vacant regiment on Colonel Hill, Mrs. Masham's brother; but the compromise is censured by the historian as 'disgraceful' and 'fatal,' while the original menace and its success sufficiently attest the principles of the Whigs of 1710, and the apostacy from those principles of the Whigs of 1839: their justice was subsequently proved by the increasing triumphs of Mrs. Masham and the successive dismissals of Sunderland, Godolphin, and the rest of the ministry; and, finally, of the illustrious Marlborough himself. If this be not a precedent exactly and entirely in point, it is only because the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel showed more foresight and firmness than Godolphin and Marlborough, and refused to place themselves within the possibility of being similarly degraded.

But it has been further insinuated that the *age* and *sex* of the sovereign would have excused something of compromise and compliance. We think differently, for several reasons. First, Her Majesty appears to have displayed on this occasion a spirit and resolution beyond her years, and not common in her sex. If these were *natural*, she, happily, stands in no need of a factitious deference which would be an insult to her understanding; or, if they were *derived* from others, the constitutional jealousy of secret influence was only the more necessary: but, in either case, would a minister be justified or tolerated if he were to make compromises—not merely of his own personal dignity or authority, but compromises of the public interests—of the public honour—of the first principles of the constitution, by consenting to stipulations evasive of his legal responsibility, only because the sovereign happened to be a lady and not twenty years of age? What would be the inference from such a proposition?—Why simply, that ladies ought not to be sovereigns, and especially not at the age of eighteen; but that is not the British Constitution.

And it is in the case of youth and inexperience that these constitutional guards are, in our judgment, peculiarly valuable, for it is on youth and inexperience that undue influence most naturally endeavours to impose. If Queen Anne—at the age of forty-five—versed from her earliest youth in political contests and vicissitudes—severely tried by public difficulties and domestic affliction—not then new to regal power—and living in the strictest and happiest union with a *husband* of remarkable prudence and discretion—if *she* fell under the influence of a Mrs. Masham, how much more necessary must it appear to guard virgin youth and inexperience from similar but much more easy and probable deceptions!

We really are ashamed of the length at which we have discussed

cussed such self-evident propositions, and our task has been rendered still more supererogative by the masterly exposition of this affair delivered by Lord Brougham in the House of Lords on the 30th of May, and which has reached us as we are writing these lines. Whatever other differences we may have with Lord Brougham, we subscribe to almost every word of that admirable speech, which, for the precision of its facts—the closeness of its reasoning—the brilliancy of its wit and the soundness of its doctrine—even as they appear in the ordinary newspaper report—has never been surpassed. We hope it may be reprinted and circulated in a more permanent form, not merely for present effect—but as a treatise of high historical value and constitutional authority. We wish we had been able to make earlier use of it.

As his Lordship is probably more fully informed of all the details of the case, and certainly much better qualified than we can be to expound what are called *Whig principles*, we are rejoiced to find that he coincides with, in a remarkable degree, and corroborates with transcendent power, all our previous opinions:—

‘ Never before did I know, never did I hear, of a Whig Government establishing itself upon a bedchamber question,—resting its whole claim to the support of the country upon its care for the personal feelings of the Monarch. The Ministers are resolved, it seems, to stand by their Sovereign, attacked, as they represent, from other quarters: they fly to her Majesty’s support; run to rescue her from her enemies, those enemies of crowned heads, the Tories; and they, the Whigs, will now rally round the Throne! In order to recruit their ranks in this loyal campaign, the grossest falsehoods are put forth, without any stint or any shame, that I ever yet heard of in any political controversy. First it is said that Sir Robert Peel attempted to deprive the Queen of all the ladies usually forming her society, attending on her person, and composing the household. Nothing could be more false, except another of the stories fabricated on the occasion. The utter falsehood of the tale I have mentioned was at once detected; and when exposed, the Ministers admitted that an entire misapprehension had arisen, and had caused the gross misstatement. But then came the other and yet more scandalous falsehood. “Only think!” it was said, “these politicians, wholly void of feeling, would take from the Queen the friends of her infancy and youth, those who had tended her from the cradle, watched over her earliest years, nursed her in sickness, rejoiced over her returning health, solaced her sorrow, shared in her happiness;—all—all these, her old and constant companions, were to be rudely torn from her, and our amiable Sovereign was to be left utterly alone, helpless and friendless!” Now, Her Majesty is twenty years of age. During how many of those years have the ladies, whom it was within the scope of possibility that a Tory ministry should dismiss, loved her in sickness, rejoiced with her in health, been her chosen companions, composed her private society? Just two years wanting a month; leaving eighteen years unaccounted for,

for, during which, not one of those ladies ever approached within miles of Her Majesty's person, or had made their existence known to her. *This is the notorious fact*; and yet, if the feelings of one man, one woman, one child, have been excited against the Noble Duke opposite and in favour of my Noble Friend (Lord Melbourne), by the general statement, or rather gross misstatement, of Sir Robert Peel's negotiation, the indignation of a hundred men, a thousand women, and ten thousand children have been roused, and their sympathy engaged, by the fabricated tale, which brought home to every bosom the royal sufferings inflicted by the rude attempt to tear away from a young and lovely princess the beloved friends of her earliest years! *The whole turns out to be a vile and audacious falsehood,—a fiction without even the shadow of foundation.* No man will have the courage,—the effrontery, let me call it,—to stand up in this House and assert, in the face of your Lordships, one tittle of this romance about attempting to exclude from the Queen's society one single individual whom she had ever seen above two years ago.

‘But it may be asked, why remove even those whom Her Majesty has only known within the last two years? Why not allow the lady of the Noble Marquess (Lord Normanby), and the sisters of another Cabinet Minister, my Noble Friend the Irish Secretary, to continue in the Royal household? For anything I know, they might have been permitted to remain. All that was stipulated for was the power of removal, if essential to the public service. The objection made to this is, I confess, beyond my comprehension: the ground taken by the Government, and defended elsewhere by an appeal to precedents in the reign of Queen Anne and the time of the Mashams, I cannot reconcile to any view of the Constitution, speculative or practical. Shall it be said that the sex of the Court office-bearers exempts one most important class of them from the general rule, which forbids a division or a conflict in the different portions of the public functionaries, or prohibits the influence of the Sovereign being used to obstruct the measures of the Executive, the policy of his own Government? Must we, now, substitute for this national and wholesome maxim some new method or grotesque arrangement, by which, while one set of men are in office, another set in opposition to them shall have their wives in office also, to counteract their Ministerial antagonists? A strange doctrine, truly, to promulgate, and in the year of grace 1839; and by those same Whigs who, in 1812, refused to take office because the father of my Noble Friend opposite (Lord Hertford) was chamberlain! It is true that he conveyed to us, through a common friend (Mr. Sheridan), the resolution formed to resign the instant a new Ministry should be installed; but this communication was not made till too late, and till after the negotiation was broken off. It seems the fate of these household discussions to be attended with constant misapprehension, and to involve all concerned with them in ridicule and discredit. Doctrines, however, are now broached, which in those former days we never dreamed of. The plan now is, that the men go out, but the women remain. The meaning of a Ministry resigning, now-a-days, is, that the husbands retire, but leave their wives; *half* step out—the *better halves* stay in; and the

the usual formula, almost a technical expression, used by them that resign, when they say, "We only remain in office until our successors can be appointed," must henceforth be understood as signifying this,— "We only remain in office until our wives and sisters can succeed in preventing any successors from being appointed but ourselves."—*Mirror of Parl.*, pp. 2562—2564.

We have only one commentary to make on this passage, and it bears on our own previous arguments as well as on Lord Brougham's:—namely, that, although he and we have noticed the prominence of the *Whigs* in asserting the true constitutional principles, it is not that these principles have not been equally and in all times asserted by the *Tories*: they have in fact been uniformly maintained by every constitutional authority, whether *Whig* or *Tory*; but it has happened (from a concurrence of circumstances) that it has fallen most frequently to the lot of the *Whigs* to produce them to the public, and it has now, for the first time, suited the party purposes of the *Whigs* to disclaim and discard them. They are truths, incontrovertible and eternal; but their peculiar pungency on this occasion is, that they are doctrines which the old *Whigs* affected to monopolise, and which the present *Whigs* are equally zealous to repudiate. Never was the unconscientious versatility of faction more grossly exhibited than in their contradictory harangues—

‘Lingua faciente loquaci,

Qui color albus erat nunc est contrarius albo;’

or, in the vernacular version of Mr. Joseph Hume, the *Whigs* of the present day are willing to vote *black*—*white*, and *white*—*black*, to keep themselves a few weeks longer in office,—office which they occupy without even pretending that they can fill:—

‘All their explanation,’ says Lord Brougham, ‘all their efforts to support and prop up the falling administration, had uniformly centred, beginning, continuing, and ending in this one topic,—not any measure—not any principle—not any opinion—not anything done in Parliament—not any course of policy propounded by the Government—not any matter of concern to the people—not any one thing about which the Constitution at all cares or at all knows, but—the name of the sovereign of these realms—put forward as the only argument—brought out and tendered to the country as the only ground—in lieu of all reasoning—in lieu of all explanation (*hear, hear*); the private, individual, personal feelings of that illustrious princess being made the sole subject of declamation, at every riotous meeting after dinner, at every still worse mob assembly during the day, in every harangue of every *demagogue who had been enlisted in the service of the sinking Administration*. The friends of the Government had nothing to say for themselves or their employers—no merits of their own to plead—they had no measures to promise for the future—no defence to make for the past—all the cry they

they uttered was the name of the "Queen, Queen, Queen."—*Mirror of Parl.* p. 2578.

In the audacious attempt to spread popular delusion, and to excite popular frenzy, there was one incident, very trivial in itself, but so indicative of the juggling spirit which has pervaded the whole of the ministerial proceedings, as to deserve particular mention.

The Honourable William Cowper, nephew and *private secretary* of Lord Melbourne, had just vacated his seat for Hertford, by the acceptance of an office which Mr. Sheil had resigned some weeks before, and to which his uncle and patron had nominated him *in articulo mortis*, as he professes to have thought it. On the 13th of May—mark the date—three days after Sir Robert Peel's letter of the 10th had, as Lord Melbourne admitted, dispelled the '*erroneous* impressions,' this same Lord Melbourne's private secretary published an address to the electors of Hertford, in which was the following passage:—

'Every dictate of feeling, of honour, of loyalty, and justice *impels me*, at all hazards, to support our Queen in her noble resistance to the *cruel attempt* so *unworthily* made to wrest from her Majesty a *prerogative hitherto unquestioned*, and to *usurp* the power of dismissing, at the minister's will, those ladies of her court whom, from their sympathy and devotion, and from *long acquaintance*, her Majesty could look upon as friends.'

What Mr. Wm. Cowper might say as to his—*his*—support of the Queen would be of mighty little consequence even in Hertford; but as the *private secretary* of the minister, his near relation, and a person just promoted by him to a parliamentary office, the calumny became important—and doubly important, because it was *tangible*, and almost official. Mr. Cowper in the House of Commons, and his patron in the Lords, might and would inevitably be called upon to answer for the misrepresentation. So, after the poison had worked its effect for two days in Hertford, but before it could be noticed in London, Mr. Cowper published the following recantation:—

'The explanations which have taken place in Parliament since my first address certainly remove all ground for ascribing any but proper and loyal motives to the leaders of the Tory party in their late negotiations.'

This recantation is dated the 15th May. Again we request our readers to observe the dates. The accusation was dated the 13th: it was on the same 13th, and long before the departure of the post of that evening, that Sir Robert Peel's explanation was given in Parliament. Mr. Cowper might, therefore, even if his address were already written, have suppressed or at least corrected

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it by that night's post. But that is not all! Everybody in London knew that Sir Robert's explanation would be made that evening. Lord Melbourne's private secretary *must* have known still earlier, both that it was to be given, and what it was to be; for the Queen's permission to produce the correspondence was conveyed by Lord Melbourne in a note dated the 12th May. But, if Mr. Cowper's justice was so much more tardy than his accusatory impulse that he could not despatch his palinode on the 13th, why was it not sent on the 14th—*early* on the 14th? A gentleman who has had the misfortune to misrepresent another ought to seize the very first moment to make reparation. Mr. Cowper did not do so on the morning of the 14th; he did not do so on the evening of the 14th; nor, in short, till some time in the course of the 15th:—thus, as we have said, allowing the poison two or three full days to work before the antidote could reach the infected spot. We leave our readers to judge whether this incident is not quite worthy of the rest of the farce!

What follows is even still more remarkable. Mr. Wm. Cowper's *amende*, though tardy, was ample. Lord Melbourne's private secretary published on the 15th of May his matured and well-weighed admission that there was no ground whatsoever 'for ascribing any but *proper* and *loyal* motives to the leaders of the Tory party in their late negotiations.' Yet it was after this authoritative admission that other less responsible but more powerful organs of the ministry were permitted and encouraged—if not directly instructed—to re-produce and re-assert the abjured calumny, with every possible additional circumstance of crafty falsehood and audacious fury. The partisans of the ministry made an appeal, says Lord Brougham,

'to the credulity and passions of the multitude, by the *most scandalous misrepresentations*—by *slander the most despicable*—so *ridiculous*, so *contemptible*, that it had never been surpassed.'

But it was *too* ridiculous, *too* contemptible; and Lord Brougham, who is a pretty good judge of the bearings of popular opinions, pronounces it to have ended 'in the most *signal failure*—the most utter and total failure he had ever known.' It failed, indeed, universally—with men and women—in town and country—and even in quarters where such arts had never failed before: it failed with the populace in the most excitable districts, and was even rejected by a large majority of the Common Council of the city of London.

And here we must observe an important fact, which, if Lord Melbourne be a faithful servant to the Queen, he cannot have failed to point out to her—namely, that the small portion of the public which has come forward on the late occasion as partisans of what they call Her Majesty's 'firmness and magnanimity'

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are the same who have signalised themselves on *all* occasions as the virulent and inveterate enemies of the royal name, and of the monarchical branch of the constitution. When *they* applaud the Queen, it may be safely inferred that the Queen has done something which, in their opinion, will endanger the Crown. They are like sharpers at a gaming-table, who flatter and encourage a young and inexperienced dupe in the road to ruin, and applaud, as proofs of courage and generosity, every fresh plunge towards self-destruction.

But what is to be the result of all this? We shall venture to state in two words our present prospect.

First, the claim so incautiously—so unconstitutionally—so unfortunately first put into Her Majesty's mouth, and afterwards recorded in the Cabinet Minute—*must*, we are confident, *be abandoned*; and,

Secondly, the ministers will probably be again driven, by the difficulties, both personal and public, which their feeble, foolish, and fraudulent conduct has accumulated on every side, either to an early resignation, or to purchasing a short continuance of their shadowy power by further concessions to their Radical task-masters.

On the first topic—of obtaining or compelling a total retraction of the Cabinet Minute—we shall say a few words. There is no point of constitutional doctrine more clear than that ministers are responsible for the means by which they come into power; and in the present case, as we have already said, the ministers have confessed that responsibility. It is also an axiom of the Constitution, that the illegal acquisition of office taints and invalidates the subsequent exercise of it—that nothing pure can flow from a corrupted source—and that every measure, however otherwise indifferent or even laudable, of a ministry which has obtained office by unconstitutional means ought to be systematically and vigorously opposed, till the Constitution shall have been vindicated. This doctrine is to be found in the speeches and the writings of all our most eminent statesmen; and particularly in the celebrated case in 1784, in which Mr. Fox refused to have any communication with Mr. Pitt, though otherwise very willing to have co-operated with him—for their rivalry was then but young—till Mr. Pitt should satisfy the constitutional principle, by resigning, as a preliminary, the office which, as Mr. Fox alleged, he held unconstitutionally. Mr. Fox was, we think, mistaken in his *premises*, and the people of England were of that opinion; but no one contested the soundness of the abstract doctrine. *If* Mr. Pitt had violated the theory of the constitution, he ought to have been forced to make an unequivocal submission; and Mr. Fox, if he believed that such a violation had been made,

was perfectly justified in his demand. Now, in the present case, the *corpus delicti*; the 'Cabinet Minute,' is flagrant; upon that there can be no uncertainty; and it becomes, therefore, in our decided opinion, the duty of the friends of the Constitution to bring to trial, and, we trust, to condemnation, the unsoundness, the criminality we may say, of the doctrine which that Minute records—the rotten basis on which the renewed cabinet is built. How this should be executed—whether by a general opposition, founded on this principle, to any and every step, which the ministry may take; or whether by a direct censure of the Cabinet Minute—it is not for us to judge. All that we can presume to say—but so much we can say with the most deliberate conviction—is, that in some way, clear, intelligible, and decisive, the Constitution should be vindicated from an insult wholly unparalleled since the Revolution, and than which the reign of James II. exhibited nothing more gross nor in its principle more dangerous.

It may be said that the ministers are likely to do justice upon themselves, and anticipate, by a suicide, the sentence which the law prepares for them; but we humbly think that they ought not—even if they intended it—to be allowed such an escape. Their overthrow may be inevitable from other causes; but it appears to us absolutely necessary that the principle of the Cabinet Minute should be so distinctly stigmatised, as to save the Queen from the personal inconvenience and public danger of ever again receiving such deplorable advice.

This leads us to the second topic—the general condition of the Ministry; and we repeat, that either their overthrow or that of the Constitution itself seems inevitable. We regret most sincerely that we are driven to such an alternative. Before their late proceedings we certainly had no desire—quite the contrary—that the ministers should be hostilely displaced: but their Cabinet Minute has—even in our reluctant opinion—rendered them *intolerable*.

As to their public measures, and the current—or rather, we should say, stagnant—business of the nation, they have done nothing, and are incapable of doing anything. '*They reel to and fro, and stagger like drunken men, and are at their wits' end.*' The reason simply and shortly is, that they are not a *Government*. They have neither the influence of character, the power of talents, nor the weight of numbers. In the Country they are despised and insulted; in the House of Lords they are *in misericordiâ*; in the House of Commons they are gasping for a precarious existence, which depends, from hour to hour, on the caprice of some and the scruples of others of their discordant majority. They resigned on Tuesday on the plea of impotence; they

they returned on Thursday, with the additional weakness of—not royal favour, but—*favouritism*. They are incapable, from obstinacy, selfishness, and false shame, of entitling themselves to the solid support of the Conservatives; they are deterred by fear, and some lingering *qualms of conscience*, from purchasing the cordial co-operation of the Radicals. They not only can *do* nothing, but they can *say* nothing; they produce measures only to abandon them; they attempt to explain their principles only to render them more unintelligible. One moment they canvas Sir Robert Peel's contemptuous protection, another they bow to Mr. O'Connell's despotic exigency. They keep going, like a bad clock, by irregular oscillations of the pendulum between opposite points, and when, like the bad clock, they happen to be accidentally right, nobody trusts them.

They went out because they carried their Jamaica bill by *five*; they came back with a blundering modification of the very amendment they had rejected, and which they will probably not carry.

They went out after announcing an immediate measure for Canada; they came back with a relinquishment of that measure, and a modest proposition for pledging parliament as to what it may be expedient to do in 1842;—which is about as rational as if they should decide how the wind is to be this day three years, and then, to secure the accomplishment of their prophesy, should nail the weathercock to the point at which they wish to find it.

They announce a plan of Godless education, which revolts both the sense and conscience of all mankind, then, finding it too hot to hold, they precipitately drop it; and, when they think it may have cooled a little, they take it up again, but, we anticipate, with no other practical effect than that of again burning their own fingers. In short, they have contrived, with a perverse ingenuity, to exhibit to an insulted nation, and a wondering world, a government that is at once odious and ridiculous, mischievous and impotent; a government which, in the whole population of the empire, cannot, we believe, rely on one unbought or disinterested friend or supporter. They are doomed—they are dead—and the only sign of vitality that they show is their obstinate refusal to be buried!

But while we thus record as an historical fact the *universal* censure and contempt under which the ministry has fallen, it would be unjust to them, and injurious to the country, to conceal that, although *constitutionally responsible* for all the public difficulties and dangers which they have contributed to create, and which they have most fearfully aggravated, yet that there are extenuating circumstances which may mitigate in some degree their moral criminality.

In the first place, let it be recollected that this present crisis is but a further illustration of the justice of the Duke of Wellington's prophetic question on the Reform Bill,—*How is the government to be carried on?* We should belie our own convictions—we should discredit the whole course of our opinions and reasonings on this subject—if we did not confess that for a large portion of the mischief the present Cabinet (as distinguished from that which passed the Reform Bill) was not, previous to their late resurrection, morally responsible. Abler and honester men than they are must have met with impediments of the same kind; and we further admit that one of their peculiar difficulties is their reluctance to purchase the thorough support of the Radicals, by the utter sacrifice of the Constitution. Our most immediate danger is, that, however reluctant to pay the whole demand at once, they, like other needy persons, are driven to a system of appeasing their clamorous creditors by *instalments*.

And in this point of view there is no one who is entitled to more blame for his participation in the Reform Bill, or more indulgence under his present embarrassments, than Lord Melbourne. No man in Lord Grey's cabinet was, we fear, so culpable as he; because he, if we are rightly informed, most clearly foresaw, and most forcibly deprecated, the mischief that they were preparing: yet he adopted and advanced it, and became—after what degree of resistance, and with what degree of reluctance, we are not able to say—a *particeps criminis*. This is indefensible; but, on the other hand, it is natural and justifiable that he should subsequently endeavour to stop at the limit to which he had originally consented to go. He, and those who thought and acted with him, were warned, at the time, of the risk, the certainty, of being carried farther than they intended. They disregarded the warning; they have paid, or are paying, the penalty, and Lord Melbourne most deeply of all. The Conservatives cannot forget his original want of principle, and they are disgusted and alarmed at his continued, though awkward, compliance with a party which, as it seems, he cordially hates and insincerely serves. That party in return hates him as cordially, though they profess, with a kind of selfish sincerity, to use him as a temporary expedient. They treat him as a workman does a bad tool: they swear at him; they try to whet him; they throw him down in vexation; they take him up again from necessity; and so go on tinkering with the unhandy instrument, for want of a better.

Such seems to us to have been the perplexing and pitiable position of Lord Melbourne even from his accession to the prime minister's office down to his resignation on the 7th of May; and we confess that we entirely concur in the view taken by the Duke of Wellington,

Wellington, that there seems no *more* reason why he should have resigned on *that* morning than on many previous occasions. His recent majority of five on the Jamaica bill, the ostensible cause of his resignation, was not more—in fact, considering the importance of the two questions, it was much less—embarrassing than his former majority of five on Church Rates in 1837. It is true that the *recurrence* of such disastrous victories—such real affronts—must have been very provoking: but it is of political as of personal honour; he that submits to one insult must make up his mind to repeated mortifications of the same nature. So that we must repeat, we see no *more* reason for Lord Melbourne's resignation in May, 1839, than there was in May, 1838, or May, 1837. Indeed, rather less; for the repetition of affronts has usually a tendency to render men over-callous rather than over-sensitive.

Still less can we comprehend why, if the recent resignation was sincere and *bonâ fide*, it was afterwards retracted. The pretext of the chivalrous rescue of a lady is mere nonsense. Her Majesty, thank heaven, was not, and cannot be in any danger of oppression, disrespect, or even discomfort, from any class of her subjects; but least of all, we shall venture to say, from the Duke of Wellington, the most illustrious of living men, or Sir Robert Peel, whose adversaries were wont to reproach him, as well as the whole Conservative party, with too much loyalty, and an over-zealous devotion to the Crown. The only lady to be rescued was the lady-in-waiting, and she, as it now appears, only rescued from her own voluntary resignation. The true chivalry in the Treasury Amadis would have been to protect the Queen from the effects of 'misapprehension' and 'erroneous impressions'—to have explained to her the constitutional limits of her royal prerogative—and to have guarded her from the deplorable consequences of such counsels as Lord Brougham has characterised with equal force and felicity:—

'I deeply grieve that her Majesty should ever have been placed in this position. It is no fault of Parliament; Parliament has spoken fairly out. Neither is it any fault of the Queen herself, inexperienced as she must needs be in public affairs, and in Court intrigues, at her tender age. But it is the fault of those around her, that they have not informed her of the ancient, known, established principles of the British Constitution. This information they were bound to convey, with all possible delicacy,—with all imaginable tenderness,—approaching the subject with all the profound respect, all the reverence and awe, which the most devoted courtier can profess, as long as the question was only personal to the Princess. When it became constitutional, and touched the sum of affairs, they should have towered above all paltry and petty considerations, and for the sake of their characters as men,—as states-

men,—

men,—as the sworn advisers of the Crown,—as the counsellors of her earliest youth,—as the first Ministers she ever had,—as servants to whom she had proved the most confiding, most gracious, most kind of mistresses,—they were imperatively bound to tell her distinctly what they could not but distinctly know—that the Constitution of England allows of no parcelling out of royal authority, no *divisum imperium*—nothing but the Monarch and the Minister to govern with the Parliament; and that it will never tolerate so monstrous an arrangement for the detriment of the state, as the retaining in high office, about the Sovereign's person, the wife of a leader of Opposition. It was their bounden duty to inform the Queen that such a thing is utterly unknown to the Constitution of the kingdom, and utterly repugnant to all its principles. Unnecessary changes in the household are to be carefully avoided; but, in the present instance, the retirement of one or two of the ladies from the bed-chamber was as necessary a part of the change as the retirement of their husband and brother from their offices.

'I trust that such information has been afforded to her Majesty; but of this I am well assured, that if, for lack of it—if, for want of appropriate counsel, or of needful instruction—a most illustrious, amiable, and upright Princess has been brought prematurely into personal collision with the will of Parliament, or, which is the same thing, with the wisdom of Parliament, and the interests of the country—this irreparable mischief to the Queen, as well as to her people, and to the name of the Monarchy itself, shall arise out of the unconstitutional course which she may be advised to hold,—then all men will at once know whom to blame; they will know that she has been misled, not by honest and trustworthy Ministers, but by servile courtiers, base flatterers, false deceivers, worthless parasites. That such pernicious advice should ever proceed from my Noble Friend near me (Lord Melbourne), I believe to be impossible. But whoever may have given it is highly amenable to the country, and are the Queen's and the Monarchy's worst enemy. To them it will be owing that their conflicting mistress begins her reign by a conflict with her parliament and her people, upon grounds wholly personal to herself, in which the public interests have no share—a conflict always most carefully to be avoided, because infinitely perilous, even to a Monarch whose long and peaceful reign has held his subjects under a load of gratitude; but to a young Princess, who, having just mounted the throne, has had no power of cultivating herself to any gratitude at all—to such a Princess, absolutely bereft of these pernicious counsels will it be owing that her reign is begun not auspiciously, but under every evil omen that can arise from such a personal collision, mutual alienation, which long years may have no power to remove, and unforeseen events may augment.'—*ibid.* p. 270, pp. 270, 271.

Such advice as Lord Brougham points at in the early portion of his speech would have been real, useful, and dutiful service; appointed by a high and firm resolution that, come what may, it would never profit by misapprehensions which

which he had removed, and by pretensions which he did not approve—would have entitled Lord Melbourne to the gratitude of the Queen and the approbation of the country.

There is, however, one other possible motive for Lord Melbourne's recent conduct, which, in justice to him, we will not omit to suggest. Did Lord Melbourne consent to resume office, *not* for the mere purpose of excluding the Conservatives or of re-occupying his own slippery seat, but for *fear of worse*? Did he foresee a Radical successor, with ballot, household suffrage, short parliaments, and Revolution in his train? His own speeches, and that of Lord John Russell on Sir Hesketh Fleetwood's motion, which were, as to the policy of the government, highly conservative—and above all, the insinuations, the complaints, the obloquy, the menaces, with which he has been ever since his return assailed by the organs of what is understood to be the Radical section of the cabinet, give some colour to such a complimentary suspicion. Yet, on the other hand, Mr. Macaulay is sent down as the Ministerial candidate to Edinburgh; and there, while professing political allegiance to Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell, he avows his conversion to the *Ballot, Household Suffrage, and Short Parliaments*, almost at the very moment that Lord John Russell distinctly, and Lord Melbourne by inference, were pledging themselves to resist those revolutionary measures. Who can reconcile, who can comprehend such contradictions? One thing only appears certain, that the differences within the cabinet get wider than ever—that the demands of the revolutionists are advocated with increased energy—and that the very existence of the revived ministry fluctuates between the counterbalancing fears of repelling the Radicals by resistance, or of alienating a perhaps more powerful body of the old Whigs by concession.

A few days must, we think, remove these doubts. The Country is sick and ashamed of such a system of juggle, intrigue, misrepresentation, and mystification. It wants a *Government*, and will no longer be put off with sham resignations, sham chivalry, sham loyalty, sham resistance, sham concessions, sham professions, sham legislation, sham everything—with a series of tricks, shifts, evasions, contradictions—and with a system—on every topic and in every quarter—of selfish juggle, and '*enormous lying*!'

'The darkest hour of the night is that which is nearest to morning;' and let us hope that the dense obscurity that at this moment hangs over us may be the prelude of the dawn. We ourselves have never been over-sanguine; we do not even now clearly see how, under the late mutilation of the constitution, *any government is to be carried on*; but the attempt must be

be made! This great country cannot be abandoned either to pettifoggers or anarchists. The older Whigs must be as much alarmed, and the more intellectual Radicals as much disgusted, as we are, at the existing 'mystification;' and we no longer doubt that a salutary reaction has been produced throughout the nation by the hopeless misgovernment, or rather no-government, of the present shadows of ministers; by their want of talent, of frankness, of determination, of constitutional principle; by their pandering to the two most opposite but equally ignoble sources of ephemeral power—the intrigues of a court and the passions of the populace. In short, we have at this hour more hope than we have ever before ventured to indulge, that the Sovereign, the Parliament, and, above all, the Country, may be disposed to select, support, and rally round a government whose principles and whose abilities may offer the most marked and effective contrast to such miserable predecessors.

The foregoing observations would hardly be complete, in an historical view, if we did not add the Answers which Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington have respectively made to an Address transmitted to them by the gentlemen of Shrewsbury and its neighbourhood. An address, it seems, had been presented to the Queen from the Radicals of that town misrepresenting and calumniating the conduct and motives of the Conservative Statesmen. The gentlemen of Shrewsbury, indignant at such impudent falsehoods, presented, through Sir Richard Jenkins, G.C.B., their representative, a counter-declaration to Sir Robert and the Duke, which, as well as their answers, are, as we have said, important historical documents, and fit to be recorded with the other facts of this extraordinary case.

* SHREWSBURY DECLARATION.

'We, the undersigned Inhabitants of Shrewsbury, hereby declare that we are restrained by dutiful respect to the Crown from entering upon the public discussion of transactions in which the Sovereign has been personally engaged. We should have been wholly silent respecting the late Ministerial overtures, which have ended in the temporary dis-appointment of her Majesty's faithful subjects, were it not for the eager effort of a few partisans in this Borough to revive their decaying influence by a dexterous but dishonest use of the present conjuncture. We cannot allow them, unreprieved, to assume *for the first time* the virtue of loyalty, nor, uncontradicted, to carry to the foot of the throne their own dangerous opinions, as possessing the general sympathy of their townsmen. We therefore owe it to ourselves, and to the town of Shrewsbury, to declare that we regard with strong indignation, but still with stronger contempt, the false and calumnious assertions by which it is sought, for factious ends, to fix the charge of *disloyal insolence* on those statesmen

statesmen who are, under a gracious Providence, the mainstay of the Monarchy, and, as we humbly trust, will yet become its preservers. We assert, on the contrary, that the conduct of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel in the late negotiations was eminently distinguished by constitutional principle, disinterested honesty, and genuine loyalty; and we shall be prepared to unite with those illustrious men in defending the just honour and dignity of the Crown and the integrity of our Constitution in Church and State.

‘*May 20.*’

SIR ROBERT PEEL’S ANSWER.

‘*Whitehall, June 4.*

‘Gentlemen,—You could not have transmitted the declaration which I have this day received from Sir Richard Jenkins through any channel more acceptable to me than the hands of a gentleman, your representative in Parliament, who has recommended himself to the favour of his Sovereign by his conduct in public trusts of great importance, and has received the highest distinction specially appropriated to the reward of civil service.

‘I have a strong conviction that, in expressing your opinion that my conduct in the recent transactions to which your declaration refers has been in conformity with constitutional principles, you are anticipating the judgment which, after the lapse of a very short period, will be pronounced by a very large majority of that portion of the community whose deliberate sentiments ultimately prevail over misrepresentation and calumny, and constitute public opinion in this country.

‘Be this, however, as it may, you may depend upon it that I shall steadily adhere to the principles of which you have approved, and that I shall never accept office upon any conditions or understanding which may appear to me incompatible with the constitutional authority of a Minister of the Crown, or which would restrain me from advising such an exercise of that authority as I might deem necessary for the efficient performance of the great public trust for which a Minister is responsible.

‘I am firmly persuaded that the Constitution of this country does not recognise any distinctions in respect to public appointments provided for by act of Parliament, and instituted for purposes of state, on account of the sex of the parties holding them, and that no Minister would be justified in divesting himself of all control or responsibility in respect to a particular class of such appointments.

‘If I deemed certain changes in that class necessary for public purposes, it was as clearly my duty to advise them as it was the duty of Lord Grey and Lord Grenville, in 1812, to require “that the connexion of the great officers of the Court with the political Administration should be clearly established in its first arrangements.”

‘They claimed for themselves the credit, which I claim, of having acted on public grounds; and they assigned as the justification of their conduct the very same ground which is the justification of mine—namely, their firm conviction “that it was necessary to give to a new Government that character of efficiency and stability, and those marks
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of the constitutional support of the Crown, which were required to enable it to act usefully for the public service.”

‘ If the Constitution does recognise a distinction between public appointments on account of the sex of the parties holding them, the example of Lord Grey and Lord Grenville in 1812 is certainly no authority. If the Constitution does not recognise such distinction, there is no difference between the principle for which I contended and that upon which Lord Grey and Lord Grenville acted.

‘ At the same time no one can feel more deeply, nor admit more fully, than I do, that the constitutional right to advise changes in the household is a perfectly different question from the exercise of that right, and that the exercise of it, particularly in respect to those appointments in the household which formed the chief subject of recent discussion, should be restrained by every possible deference to the wishes, and every possible consideration for the feelings, of the Sovereign.

‘ But I must contend that, if I deemed it necessary to advise any changes in those appointments, I am much less responsible for the necessity than those Ministers who had not merely given to this department of the household a political character, but who had established its immediate connexion with the Administration, by permitting their nearest female relatives to occupy the chief appointments.

‘ With respect to the various calumnies at which you express your indignation, I have a perfect assurance that they will ultimately recoil upon the authors of them, and that the course I have pursued in public life for the period of 30 years will effectually protect me from the imputation of having acted with “disloyal insolence” towards my Sovereign.

‘ I have the honour to be, gentlemen,

‘ Your most faithful and obedient servant,

‘ ROBERT PEEL.’

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON’S ANSWER.

‘ London, June 5, 1839.

‘ I am much flattered and gratified by the opinion of the gentlemen of Shrewsbury and the neighbourhood, that my Right Hon. Friend Sir Robert Peel and I have not conducted ourselves towards our Sovereign with *disloyal insolence*.

‘ My first impression on the calumnies which you have noticed were as those of the gentlemen of Shrewsbury, those of contempt as well for the calumnies themselves as for the persons of those with whom they originated, and of those who circulated them.

‘ The Ministers of the Sovereign thought proper to resign their offices, very much to my astonishment.

‘ I was called upon, and then my Right Hon. Friend Sir Robert Peel, to undertake the direction of the affairs of our Sovereign’s government. He undertook the charge, and I was willing to serve in any way that might be wished, in or out of office, in any office, or without emolument or patronage.

‘ I had no proposition to submit to the Sovereign, and submitted none. But I concurred in those submitted by my Right Hon. Friend Sir Robert Peel.

Robert Peel. I thought that they were founded on the principle on which all preceding administrations had been formed—on that alone on which the affairs of the state can be conducted with honour to those concerned in conducting them—with satisfaction, and even with security to the Sovereign.

‘ We have heard much at different times of the exercise and power of secret influence in the palace, probably more than was consistent with truth on the occasions on which such influence was complained of. But it never was pretended at any period that such influence was not prejudicial to the conduct of public affairs. I had upon a former occasion felt the inconvenience of an anomalous influence of this description, and I was the more anxious to avoid now to expose myself and the public service to the risk of suffering from the real or even supposed exercise of such an influence.

‘ The consequence of the propositions of my Right Hon. Friend, made with my concurrence, was, that the arrangement of an administration as suggested could not be made; and the Ministers who had resigned resumed their several offices.

‘ The affair would there have terminated, if it had not been deemed expedient to charge my Right Hon. Friend and myself with insolence—disloyal insolence—to our Sovereign, and to raise a cry against us on that ground.

‘ However I may regret that these transactions should become the subject of discussion, I cannot be surprised that gentlemen of honour and character, such as those resident in, and in the neighbourhood of, Shrewsbury, who have signed this declaration, should be anxious to declare that they do not concur in the address voted in that town; that they consider to be calumnious the imputation of disloyal insolence against public men whose only faults were their readiness to serve their Sovereign when their services were called for, notwithstanding the difficulties of the times, and that they submitted to the Sovereign propositions founded on the known principles of the constitution.

‘ In proportion as the gentlemen who have signed this declaration feel contempt for the calumnies which the address contains, and for those who have thus recognised, recorded, and propagated them, must they feel anxious to record by their declaration their dissent from them.

‘ It is very satisfactory to me to receive this declaration from a gentleman who is the representative in the House of Commons of the town of Shrewsbury, for whom, on account of former recollections and services, as well as on account of the station he fills, his acquirements and reputation, I must ever feel the highest respect.

‘ WELLINGTON.’



THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*An Essay on Probabilities, and on their Application to Life Contingencies and Insurance Offices.* By Augustus de Morgan, of Trinity College, Cambridge. London, 12mo. 1838.

MR. DE MORGAN—known favourably in the scientific world as Professor of Mathematics in University College, London, and Secretary of the Royal Astronomical Society—is, we believe, connected as Actuary, or otherwise, with one of those numerous Insurance-offices, of which he treats generally in the volume before us. It is chiefly employed, however, in elucidating the doctrine of what mortal men call *Chances*—a subject of great intricacy, which, towards the latter end of the seventeenth century, first engaged the attention of Huygens, Pascal, Bernouilli, and some others; and which was shortly afterwards taken up by De Moivre—several of whose brilliant results, as Mr. de Morgan observes, were left to us without the knowledge of the steps which led to them, and the *tables of mortality* constructed by whom were for a long time almost exclusively adopted. Our Professor treats at some length of the nature of Direct and Inverse Probabilities, of various Tables and their use, adaptation of Probabilities to Life Contingencies, Annuities, value of Reversions, &c., giving the solution of numerous problems, rules, and examples to elucidate their application. He also undertakes to expound the chances of dice-throwing and card-playing; but we have no desire to meddle with this part of his subject, even though the tendency of the study should be ‘to convert games of chance into something more resembling games of skill,’ being persuaded that skill among gamblers is a dangerous weapon. Of the Professor’s thirteen chapters, three only are appropriated to Life Insurance, and the practice and management of Insurance-offices: from these we shall occasionally quote, and to them alone confine the few observations we have to offer on this clever but unequal volume.

Mr. de Morgan is friendly, as every humane person must be, to these institutions, through the means of which a certain provision can be made, on moderate terms, for the fatherless and

widows; but he goes beyond this, and appears to think that the *theory of Insurance and Annuities* might be greatly extended, even 'to an agreement of a community to consider the goods of its individual members as common.' Such projects have been put forth from time to time, but hitherto they have been generally considered as the visionary product of fantastic heads. He shall, however, speak for himself:—

'The theory of insurance, with its kindred science of annuities, deserves the attention of the academical bodies. Stripped of its technical terms and its commercial associations, it may be presented in a point of view which will give it strong moral claims to notice. Though based upon self-interest, yet it is the most enlightened and benevolent form which the projects of self-interest ever took. It is, in fact, in a limited sense, and a practicable method, the agreement of a community to consider the goods of its individual members as common. It is an agreement that those whose fortune it shall be to have more than average success shall resign the overplus in favour of those who have less. And though, as yet, it has only been applied to the reparation of the evils arising from storm, fire, premature death, disease, and old age, yet there is no placing a limit to the extensions which its application might receive, if the public were fully aware of its principles, and of the safety with which they may be put in practice.'—Preface, p. xv.

Not a few sensible people are of opinion that, as regards 'the reparation of evils,' such as cases of fire and premature death, both the theory and the practice of insurance have already been carried quite far enough. We confess we are inclined to be of this way of thinking, and can only hope that the many knots of projectors who have been so ready, of late years, to exhibit in this 'most enlightened and benevolent form which the projects of self-interest ever took,' may be able to hold their ground. Professor de Morgan, however, appears to entertain a more favourable opinion than we are disposed to adopt. He says,—

'The expenses of carrying on an assurance office, though they vary somewhat with the amount of business, yet do not by any means increase as fast. In the first year of its existence it would not be surprising if all the premiums paid were swallowed up by house-rent, salaries, &c.; while, in process of time, increase of business might reduce such expenditure to 2 per cent. upon the yearly premiums. Some capital, therefore, is necessary at the commencement; for, if there be none, those who first insure their lives are entirely dependent upon the future success of the office. But this capital need not be large: in the present state of things, an engaged capital of one hundred thousand pounds is certainly above the mark, even for an office which is entirely without connexion, and starts without one single life insured. If, as very often happens, a tolerably large number of customers has been obtained before the prospectus of the office is announced, then a capital, the interest of which will cover the expenses of management, is sufficient.

But

But here it must be observed that the proprietors of this capital run some risk of losing a portion of their principal, and a still greater one of losing the interest for a limited time. This risk is the greater the smaller the original subscription, and it must be paid for accordingly. At the same time it must be remembered that the mere existence of the capital diminishes the risk, by making it the interest of every proprietor to procure business for the office. The connexion thus created is the secret of the successful start which has frequently been made; and it may be considered as very unlikely that an office will fail, from want of business, which is so well supported in the first instance as is implied when a capital of the preceding amount is announced.'—p. 264.

An *engaged* capital of one hundred thousand pounds sounds well; but if such ever existed, and 5 per cent. be allowed to those who subscribe it, it contributes only to its own destruction, and to swell the debt of the incipient undertaking;—but we shall enter a little more into detail concerning the nature and progress of these institutions. The subject is not new to us. Twelve years ago (*Quarterly Rev.* No. 69), we took a comprehensive view of the several Life Assurance Offices then existing: pointing out the great benefits they had conferred on families of almost every class, especially of those who had only a life-interest in their incomes—but, at the same time, not concealing their defects, nor passing over certain abuses to which they are liable. The insurance companies which we then referred to amounted to thirty-two, but we believe not less than forty were in being at the time. They have since, however, increased to a most extraordinary extent; and that, we believe, with very doubtful advantage, either to themselves or the community. 'In 1806,'—thus advertises in 1839 the secretary of the Provident Life Office,—'there were only *eight* life offices in London, including the Provident. Since then their number has increased to nearly *one hundred*: of these, about *thirty* have broken up, and *seventy-two* is their number in the London Directory for the present year.'

We have no wish to inquire into the secret histories of these *thirty up-breaks*, few of which could have occurred without serious loss and inconvenience to others besides the shareholders. Before many of them started there were offices enough, well established, and quite adequate to supply the wants of the public; and in the race against these old favourites some may have found it impossible to get on, even though the managers might be honest and able men, who neither applied funds improperly, nor entered into indiscreet engagements. At all events no warning has been taken by their downfall. Even since this year began we suspect a new office has figured for every month that has elapsed. The start, in fact, is easy. A busy, bustling attorney, with some half-dozen or

a dozen others, who call themselves directors, with a secretary or actuary, and a medical gentleman, draw up a prospectus in which higher benefits, and lower terms, are held out than in any previously existing office, and every possible accommodation offered to all such as may be induced to deal with this tempting novelty. Very little money is required to set the machine a-going. A nominal capital of 500,000*l.* or 1,000,000*l.* (seldom less than the former) heads the prospectus: but the only present demand, on a subscription share, is some 2*l.*, 3*l.*, or 5*l.*; and, to induce friends and others to *take shares*, an immediate interest of 4*l.* or 5*l.* per cent. is promised on the subscribed capital, though the said capital itself, invested in government securities, can be producing little more than 3 per cent. Here, then, amidst so many flattering superficialities, is at once a direct and continuous reduction of the subscribed capital. Then the directors, the secretary, and actuary, the doctor, and a clerk or two, must be paid salaries; a house must be hired and fitted up; and every one must know that no trifling quantity of this kind of business, of slow growth in new, and gradual even in old offices, will be found sufficient for meeting all these contingencies and permanent expenses. Moreover, the old offices are, or at least profess to be, careful to take only such applicants as are in a sound state of health; but many of the new ones do not hesitate to invite, openly, persons of a far different description. 'I should be very sorry,' says the late actuary of the *Equitable*, 'to see this society descend to the quackery of pretending to determine how many years should be added to the age of a person, according as he is afflicted with asthma, dropsy, palsy, &c., in order to fix the premium at which his life is to be insured.' It is at least obvious that to conduct an office on the principle which this gentleman pronounces 'quackery,' must require very great additional delicacy of calculation, and occasion, therefore, a large increase in the expence of management.

It has been not an uncommon practice (adopted by some that do not require it) to blazon at the head of their advertisements long lists of noble patrons, honorary presidents, and trustees—(lords, dukes, princes of the blood—even the Queen has not escaped)—patrons who can afford them no patronage—trustees who have no trust—presidents who never preside—in short an array of grand names that are mere decoy-ducks. One of the newest offices, we perceive, has no less than four English and four Scotch peers for its *supporters*! The author just quoted, in repudiating practices which were adopted by the *Equitable* at its first establishment, and afterwards abandoned—such as raising their 25th policy at once to No. 275—says,

'Another

100*l.* and got into debt—and the two worthies who projected the fraud were discovered to have disappeared with whatever other moneys might have been advanced by their dupes. This we are afraid is by no means a solitary case, for John Bull, with all his mother-wit, has at all times been the ready dupe of adventurers, projectors, and speculators. It is matter of history that, about the period of the South Sea concern, more than 200 visionary projects for accumulating wealth were formed, all of which shared the fate of the grand bubble, burst, and ‘dissolved into thin air.’*

Many of the new Insurance Companies, in order to attract customers, have reduced the rates of their premiums below what the probabilities of human life, deduced from long and varied experience and observation, will warrant. There is one office in King-William Street, ‘The Standard of England,’ which advertises ‘lower rates of premium than those of any other office: *hence*’ (says the advertisement) ‘an immediate and certain bonus is given to the assured, instead of the remote and contingent advantage offered by *some* Companies, of a participation in their profits.’ We demur to this ‘*hence*’—and maintain that ‘lower rates’ are incompatible with ‘an immediate and certain bonus.’ This office, in fact, has been little more than two years in existence, so that its ‘lower rates’ could at best be considered only in the light of an experiment;—but its rates do *not* appear to be ‘lower than those of any other office.’ The *Independent and West Middlesex Assurance Company*, of the same standing with the former, advertise terms still lower! Thus:—

| | Age | 30 | 40 | 50 |
|--------------------|-----|------|--------|--------|
| Standard | 1 | 19 7 | 2 13 3 | 3 18 8 |
| West Middlesex . . | 1 | 15 0 | 2 10 0 | 3 5 0 |

We should say that, without extraordinary good management, an extensive and healthy body of the assured, and the exercise of most rigid economy, these rates of premium, in both cases, are too low to be safe. But the latter office offers so extraordinary a display of private liberality for ‘immediate public benefits,’ that we are tempted to place on our page its oft-repeated and almost daily notice in the newspapers, precisely in its own shape, words, and figures.

* Of all the schemes of that era *four* only have survived, and these still exist in full vigour, because founded on good sense and honest principles—the Royal Exchange Assurance Company, the London Assurance Company, the York Building Company, and the English Copper Company.

during the life of the annuitant, without the possibility, as appears to us, of redeeming the loss, for on his death the 100*l.* deposited must be repaid to the representatives, being the sum assured. What mystery there may be in this transaction it is impossible for us to unriddle. But we may observe that the liberal annuity tables of government, for the age of thirty-four, when the price of consols is 93, give an annuity for 100*l. stock* of 5*l.* 3*s.* 7*d.*, or, which is the same thing, for 100*l.* sterling, 5*l.* 11*s.* 4*d.*, making thus, by this office, a further 'sacrifice to public benefit' of 2*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.* per cent. Can this deceive any one with comprehension beyond that of an idiot? Can any one be simple enough to imagine that James Drummond and James Alexander, of Charing Cross and Carlton House Gardens, (names which figure in the list of its Directors,) are to be found in Baker Street, opposite the Bazaar?

This Independent Company, established opposite the Bazaar in Baker Street, affords almost a solitary instance of an office of this kind being removed to a great distance from any other; for it is a curious feature, in the localities of these institutions, to find the new offices always endeavouring to cluster round the old ones. Thus, in New Bridge Street and Chatham Place, we find no less than fifteen brisk rivals elbowing the ancient fixtures of the Rock and the Equitable. In the new street in the City, bearing the name of King William, new Insurance Companies have sprung up like mushrooms, some of them perhaps not much better rooted than this species of fungus. It has been said that this noble street, with its splendid-fronted houses, consists chiefly of gin-palaces and insurance offices, twelve or thirteen of the latter squeezing round the two old-established companies, the London Life and Edinburgh. Again, in Waterloo Place and Regent Street, we find six or seven close to the Asylum and Palladium.

There is a reason for this: the new ones, as we have observed, being comparatively unscrupulous in their reception of subjects, and outbidding each other in the diminution of premiums, follow up their scheme by being ready on the spot to entertain the applications of those *rejected* by the senior establishments. A person applies at some old office for an insurance on his life; the doctor finds him plethoric, asthmatic, consumptive, or dropsical; he tells him his life is not considered to be insurable: the disappointed stranger (or his agent) asks what he is to do, it being of the greatest importance he should effect an assurance. The answer probably is, 'Knock at the next door, where they are not quite so nice as we are.' Another finds the premium of the old office too high, and is unwilling to give it: he is recommended to the next door but one. The only chances,
in

in fact, that most of the new offices have for obtaining business, lie in outbidding one another in the reduction of the premiums, and in receiving persons with bodily infirmities, or such as may be going to unhealthy climates; but they depend mostly on the reduction of the premiums. Now we contend that it is a fallacy to suppose that the reduction of a few shillings per cent. in the premium can be of any advantage to the insured, more especially where there is a participation of profits, while it operates as a serious drawback on the profits of the office, and consequently of the insured also. The higher the premium, and the stricter the caution in taking none but good lives, the larger will be the profits to be divided. It was by these means that the Equitable was enabled to amass its eleven or twelve millions, and to divide such an enormous share of profits among the insured. The Northampton Tables were generally its guide, and those insuring were not only required to produce testimonials of sound health, but in most cases to appear personally before a board of directors; and the consequence was, as the late Actuary tells us, that from the Equitable experience it was found that, where *three* persons were expected to die, *two* only actually died.

Mr. de Morgan observes that, with a merchant or a banker, the liability to a demand and the demand itself come so nearly upon one another, that real insolvency and bankruptcy are seldom far asunder.

‘When credit cannot be sustained by monthly, and even daily, proofs of substance, it takes its departure altogether: but it is not necessarily so with an insurance office, of whose existence it is the essence to be always receiving consideration for bills which, one with another, have a long time to run. Such an establishment may be in reality *insolvent* many years before the symptoms of *bankruptcy* come on. As no large concern of the kind has hitherto failed, it is difficult to say how they would finally come on: but this much is certain, that an insurance office which could really pay only ten shillings in the pound might, by introducing a better system, or by mere force of circumstances, not only recover its ground, but ultimately become exceedingly profitable. But I throw this part of the argument (though it shows a strong principle of vitality inherent in the constitution of such offices) out of the question: for, surely, no sane and honest person would trifle with important matters so far as to assert that the possibility of temporary insolvency, to be redeemed by the chapter of accidents, or prudence, when it was wanted, should enter into the deliberate calculations on which men should be invited to stake the subsistence of their children.’—p. 252.

We entirely agree with Mr. de Morgan that no sane or honest person would trifle with such matters as this—but we must dissent from his opinion as to the easy recovery of an office that could only pay ten shillings in the pound.

Taking

Taking into consideration the vast importance of the subject to thousands and tens of thousands of families, no man could, perhaps, serve society more essentially than by affording the public at large some distinct *data* for making a prudential choice among so many rival Insurance Offices: but the attempt would be extremely invidious; and we are sensible, moreover, that we could not, if we would, do the thing completely and satisfactorily. Perhaps the safest general rule is, to look well at the list of directors. If these are men of known integrity, of aptitude for business, moving in some public sphere, and of substantial property, one may feel himself on pretty safe ground: such men are not likely to lend their names to any visionary undertaking, nor to require any ostentatious array of noble lords, honourables, or right honourables, to bolster up the institution which they direct. We may be permitted, however, to classify the several offices into their septennial periods of existence, as affording some aid towards the guidance of persons intending to assure their lives. The letter *x* precedes the Mutual Assurance Companies, *y* the Proprietary Assurance Companies, and *z* the mixed Mutual and Proprietary.

First period.

From one year to seven.

Experimental.

Of the twenty offices included in this class, it will be seen there are three under two years old, four under one, and six not three years in existence.

Second Period.

From seven years to fourteen.

Probationary.

It may be remarked, that while twenty new offices were created in the last five years, these four offices only sprung up in the nine years preceding.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|------|
| <i>z</i> Argus, established in . . . | 1834 |
| <i>z</i> Britannia | 1837 |
| <i>y</i> British Colonial . . . | 1838 |
| <i>y</i> Family Endowment . . | 1835 |
| <i>y</i> Freemasons and General | 1838 |
| <i>x</i> Hand-in-Hand | 1836 |
| <i>y</i> Independent | 1836 |
| <i>y</i> Legal and General . . . | 1836 |
| <i>x</i> Metropolitan | 1835 |
| <i>y</i> Minerva | 1836 |
| <i>x</i> Mutual Life | 1834 |
| <i>z</i> National Endowment . . | 1838 |
| <i>y</i> National Loan Fund, &c. | 1837 |
| <i>y</i> Protector | 1836 |
| <i>z</i> Standard of England . . | 1836 |
| <i>y</i> United Kingdom | 1834 |
| <i>y</i> Universal | 1834 |
| <i>y</i> Victoria | 1838 |
| <i>z</i> Westminster and General | 1837 |
| <i>y</i> York and London | 1834 |

| | |
|-------------------------------|------|
| <i>y</i> Crown | 1825 |
| <i>y</i> National | 1830 |
| <i>z</i> Promoter | 1826 |
| <i>y</i> University | 1825 |

Third

| | | | |
|--|--|-------------------------------------|------|
| | | z Alliance | 1824 |
| | | z Asylum | 1824 |
| | | y British Commercial | 1820 |
| | | y Clerical, Medical, &c. | 1824 |
| | | y Economic | 1823 |
| | | z Edinburgh | 1823 |
| | | y European | 1819 |
| | | y Guardian | 1821 |
| | | y Imperial | 1820 |
| | | y Law Life | 1823 |
| | | y Palladium | 1824 |
| | | y Scottish Union | 1824 |
| | | z Albion | 1805 |
| | | x Amicable | 1706 |
| | | y Atlas | 1808 |
| | | y Caledonian | 1805 |
| | | y Eagle | 1807 |
| | | x Equitable | 1762 |
| | | z Globe | 1803 |
| | | y Hope | 1807 |
| | | x London Life Association | 1806 |
| | | y Licensed Victuallers | 1721 |
| | | z London | 1721 |
| | | y North British | 1809 |
| | | z Pelican | 1797 |
| | | y Provident | 1806 |
| | | z Rock | 1806 |
| | | z Royal Exchange | 1720 |
| | | x Scottish Widows' Fund | 1815 |
| | | y Union | 1714 |
| | | y West of England | 1807 |
| | | y Westminster Society | 1792 |

Third Period.
From fourteen years to twenty-one.
Generally in a *salutary state*.

Fourth Period.
From twenty-one years and upwards.
General stability.

These lists are deficient by some fifteen or sixteen, (the new ones of this year not included,) but the information they afford may be found useful in the way of caution. At the same time, we desire to be understood as not doubting that, in the first list, consisting of twenty offices, in which the oldest has been only five years in existence, there may be some so well conducted,—under respectable managers of known integrity and character,—as to invite a constant stream of business, notwithstanding their minority; while there may also be some few in the older classes, not of that high public estimation as to induce those who have looked narrowly into the nature and conduct of Assurance Companies to intrust them with their own interests, or recommend them to their friends.

If the question were to be decided by numbers—(the second class *y*, containing thirty-five companies out of the fifty-six named; the third class containing fourteen companies; and the first class

class only seven)—the choice would undoubtedly fall on the Proprietary Companies. The distinction of Mutual and Proprietary seems intended to combine the other two, but, we suspect, under no fixed limits or regulations. The Rock is a Proprietary Office, and differs only, as we believe, in one respect from the others, and that is, that none but the assured can hold shares. What the London and Westminster Mutual Life Assurance Society may mean by the following statement, we pretend not to comprehend:—it says that the principle upon which it is founded is mutual, and that ‘A mutual assurance *draws a distinct and broad line* between it and *all proprietary companies* ;’ but in the very next line we are told, ‘This society not only embodies *all the new features* of modern proprietary companies, but also preserves the characteristics of Mutual Assurance Societies.’ This is rather puzzling, and we leave it to others to unravel ; but Mr. de Morgan’s brief account of the first two (*x* and *y*) is clear enough.

‘The former have no capital, except what arises from their own accumulations, and each member is a guarantee to the rest for the fulfilment of all engagements. If the office possess a charter, this guarantee operates no further than to pledge the premiums already paid by any member for the discharge of all claims which arise before his own, since a corporation is considered in law as an individual. If, on the other hand, there be no charter, the whole fortune of every member is pledged for the discharge of all claims. The risk, however, at the commencement is not great in character, and small in amount ; and the quantity of risk diminishes so much faster than the amount increases, that it may safely be said there is nothing in the commercial world which approaches, even remotely, to the security of a well-established and prudently-managed insurance office.

‘A proprietary insurance office has a capital, the proprietors of which may or may not be insured in the office, and for which a bonus is paid in addition to the market rate of interest. It would perhaps be difficult, at the present time, to establish a new proprietary office with a very large capital. The public now begins to see that much capital is not necessary, and that nearly all the bonus which is paid for its use is so much taken away from the savings of the insured, without any adequate benefit received in return. One by one, the proprietary offices must (as some have done) admit the insured to a share in the profits,—the necessity for which will be taught by the decline of business, if not previously learnt.’—pp. 272, 273.

The leaning of Mr. de Morgan, though he does not say so in express terms, is evidently in favour of Proprietary Companies, as requiring less caution than the Mutual—and this, notwithstanding the successful practice of the Equitable Society. ‘I always,’ he says, ‘consider that society as a distinct and anomalous establishment, existing at this moment under circumstances of an
unique

unique character. It is the result of an experiment which it was most important to try; but which, having been tried, need not be repeated.' Its present state is, in fact, the result of a *monopoly* which never can be repeated. When it was established, in 1762, the *Amicable*, which had existed from the beginning of the century, was the only society formed for the purpose of making assurances on lives; and in speaking of *that*, a writer already quoted observes, 'Nothing could exceed the injustice and improvidence of a plan which made no distinction between the old and the young in its premiums, and, by the annual division of its surplus, kept the society in a state of perpetual infancy.'

Our present author, among other remarks on the fashionable puffs, says:—

'Of one thing I am certain, that the magnificent style in which the prospectuses frequently indulge might often remind their readers of the unparalleled benefits which are promised by another description of traders, who vie with each other in describing the rare qualities of their several *blackings*. If there be in this country a person whose ambition it is to *walk in the brightest boots to the cheapest insurance office*, he has my pity: for, grant that he is ever able to settle where to send his servant, and it remains as difficult a question to what quarter he shall turn his own steps. The matter would be of no great consequence if persons desiring to insure could be told at once to throw aside every prospectus which contains a puff: unfortunately this cannot be done, as there are offices which may be in many circumstances the most eligible, and which adopt this method of advertising their claims. If these pompous announcements be intended to profess that every subscriber shall receive more than he pays, their falsehood is as obvious as their meaning: if not, their meaning is altogether concealed.

'Public ignorance of the principles of insurance is the thing to which these advertisements appeal: when it shall come to be clearly understood that *in every office some must pay more than they receive, in order that others may receive more than they pay*, such attempts to persuade the public of a certainty of universal profit will entirely cease.'—Preface, pp. xv., xvi.

When a person is making up his mind as to the choice of an office, it is very natural that his election should be likely to fall on that which offers the most reasonable terms—that is to say, where the amount of premium to be paid for a hundred pounds is less than in others: but this difference in the premium is not the only thing to be regarded. The difference of a few shillings per cent., more especially in a proprietary and participating establishment, is, we repeat, of little importance, provided they keep within the limits of those tables which have been constructed on the law of mortality, as deduced from the most approved statistical information, collected and registered from details of numerous

merous large and distinct masses of the population of this and other countries. As Mr. de Morgan observes—

‘There may be danger in the assumption of any table formed from experience; and this ought to operate powerfully as a caution against lightly admitting a change of premiums, on the authority of any small number of facts. But more particularly should this be attended to in the formation of new varieties of contingency offices, the chances of which have not yet stood the test of experience.’—p. 242.

The Professor treats in some detail of the valuation and distribution of the profits arising from insurances; and under this part of the subject, the matter being differently arranged in different offices, the following considerations, he says, might be addressed to any person who intends to assure his life :—

‘You are aware that the premium demanded of you is, avowedly, more than has hitherto been found sufficient for the purpose, the reason being, that it is impossible to settle the exact amount, on account of our not knowing whether the future and the past will coincide in giving the same law of mortality, and the same interest of money. The surplus arising from this overcharge, for the future existence of which it is hundreds to one, is now at your own disposal, and you must choose between one office and another, according to your intentions with regard to its ultimate destination. Firstly, if you doubt the general security of the plan of insurance, and are desirous of an absolute guarantee, independently of accumulations from premiums, there are offices which will, in consideration of the surplus aforesaid, pledge their proprietary capitals for the satisfaction of your ultimate demand upon them. Secondly, if, being of the opinion aforesaid, you think the whole surplus too much to pay for the guarantee, there are proprietary offices which retain a part of the profit in consideration of the risk of their capital, and return the remainder. Thirdly, if you wish the surplus premium, as fast as it is proved to be such, to be applied in obviating the necessity of any further overcharges, there are offices which divide the profits during the life of the insured, by means of a reduction of premium. Fourthly, if you wish the surplus to accumulate, and, feeling confidence in your own life, are willing to risk losing it (the *surplus*, remember) entirely if you die young, on condition of having it proportionally increased if you live to be old, there are offices which divide all or most of the profits among old members. Fifthly, if you would prefer a certainty of profit, die when you may, there are offices which at once admit new members who die early to a full participation in all advantages. The choice between these several modes must be made by yourself, according to your own inclinations, views of fairness, or particular circumstances.’—pp. 282, 283.

The great importance of choosing an office which allows a participation of profits, is exemplified by a Report put forth by the ‘Rock,’ in which it is stated that ‘In the case of a royal personage, lately deceased, whose life was largely assured for the benefit of his family, the Directors found, by a document in their possession,

possession, that, out of eleven offices granting him policies, all at the same time, and at a rate of premium varying from 4*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.* to 5*l.* 0*s.* 2*d.* per cent. (that of the Rock being 4*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.*), only five made any return of premium or additional bonus; and that, of these five, the Rock paid more bonus than either of the other four, in the proportion of 55*l.* 6*s.* to 38*l.* 17*s.* 9*d.*, to 35*l.* 12*s.* to 32*l.* 2*s.*, and to 12*l.* 4*s.* 8*d.*, on and over every one hundred pounds assured in each respectively.¹

Most of the offices, except those on the strict mutual principle, have three modes of distributing profits to the assured, who is generally allowed to make his choice among them. The first is that of fixed periodical additions to policies or sums assured: the second, periodical diminution of premiums—deferred payment of premiums, or payment of them for a fixed number of years—for all of which an equitable rate is professed to be calculated: the third is the addition to policies at deaths, according to the state of profits at the time, without reference to any particular periods of distribution. In the first of these, which is the most common, there is a great difference in different offices. Some make no distinction, in the sums to be appropriated, between the young and old assured; and some allow no portion to those who commence their assurance beyond a certain age. Some, perhaps the greater part of the proprietary offices, divide septennially; others quinquennially, and a few, but very few, annually,—to commence after the payment of a certain number of premiums. This last may perhaps be considered as the most equitable mode, enabling the survivors, in most cases, to receive a share of the profits proportioned to the sums they have paid in premiums; but it is the least of all favourable to the increase of the assets of the office,—a very considerable portion of their capitals arising from profits derived from the length of time between the periodical divisions. The Equitable, the only one that has adopted the decennial rule, has enriched itself chiefly by its long periodical division.

To illustrate this, let us suppose the assured to die just before he has completed the period of ten years: his representatives receive no part of the profits which have accrued in that time; nay, we are told, as to some offices, that if the 31st December, for instance, should be the termination of the *period*, and if the assured should die before *midnight* of that day, though he had paid all the premiums required within the period, his executor would be considered as entitled only to the bare sum assured, and not to any share of the profits. If this be so, such a practice, we hesitate not to say, is unjust, and we have no doubt that, upon trial, it would be pronounced illegal. If the last premium of the period be
paid

paid up—it matters not in what month, week, or day the assured dies—the executor ought to receive the fair share of the profits. A respectable office would not attempt to take an advantage of this kind. It is enough that all the profits are withheld from those who die before the payment of the stipulated number of premiums. The longer the interval of the periods of division, the greater will be the probable number that may be expected to die without participation, and, consequently, the larger the profits of the office and of those who survive.* Another source of profit to the offices arises from lapsed policies, the premiums paid upon them being so much pure gain. Formerly they were much more numerous than at present. The competition among offices, each trying to beat the other down, has taught those who assure, that a policy even of a very few years' standing is worth something, and most of the offices do not decline giving something for it (though considerably less than the amount of the premiums paid). If more should be demanded on the score of the office having incurred no loss by the risk, and having enjoyed the accumulated interest, Mr. de Morgan furnishes the answer which the office might give: 'The risk which turned out favourably in your case did not produce the same result in another—and it is the very essence of an insurance office, that those who live pay for those who die;' but he should have added—and those who die before the completion of a period pay to those who outlive it.

There is, however, we really believe, a great degree of liberality shown by the established offices to the assured or their representatives, whenever a case deserving benevolent consideration occurs; and it must be owned they have good reason to be cautious in this department of their procedure. We understand that instances of gross deception are not uncommon, such as the substitution of a healthy subject for examination by the medical officer in the place of one that would be rejected, concealment of disease, forged certificates of age to lower the rate of premium, &c. When a creditor proposes an insurance on the life of his debtor, it is particularly necessary to be satisfied of the identity of the latter, as this step is rarely had recourse to be-

* The general use, by insurance offices, of the word 'profits' is an abuse of the term, they being wholly contingent and remote. It cannot for a moment be questioned that, instead of 'profit,' the insurance office must sustain a loss by every insurer who dies before the amount paid by him in premiums, with the accumulated interest, shall be equivalent to the amount of his policy—say from 15 to 35 annual premiums, according to the age of the insured—yet, in most of these offices, the representatives share in the *profits*, should the insured die immediately after seven payments. The equitable rule would be, to assign the *bonus* to such only as had survived the expectation of life, according to the generally received law of mortality; or who had paid in premiums, with interest upon them, a sum equal to that for which the life was insured.

fore an apprehension is entertained of approaching death. Such and many other deceptions are practised against insurance offices; and, although the strongest evidence may have been produced in a court of justice to prove the fraud, the office, whether as plaintiff or defendant, has almost always failed, by the leaning of the jury to the weak, and against the strong: the one party is poor, the other is rich—the one is an individual, the other a company—and the verdict is too often given in direct contradiction to the summing up of the judge. It is quite fair that when there is a doubt the individual should have the benefit; but jurors should remember that they are SWORN to apply all their faculties in arriving at the just decision.

By the act of 14 Geo. III. chap. 38, levelled at *gambling*, the insurance offices were meant to be protected against one very important risk of fraud. It enacts that no insurance on life shall be valid unless the party insuring has a plain legitimate interest in the party whose name is inserted in the policy. By the laws of France and most of the continental states, all insurances of this class are absolutely forbidden, not for the prevention of gambling, (which is rather encouraged,) but in order to guard society against the risk of the persons assuring contriving the death of the assured. Now we are sorry to say that this is supposed to have happened in a few instances in our own country, and the tendency to it ought to be more strictly prohibited by law. In short, a decisive blow should be struck at the practice of assigning policies to, or purchasing them in the market by, those who are strangers to the parties whose names the policies bear, and who can have no other interest in them than the desire that such policies should speedily become *claims*—whose interest lies in the death, not in the life of the *assured*.

A very odd case was tried recently before Lord Abinger. Two young women, the daughters of a deceased officer, with no other property whatsoever but pensions of 10*l.* a-year from the Ordnance, lived a few miles out of town with a person who had married, we believe, their sister-in-law, also in very reduced circumstances. However, they all came to London as the winter was setting in, took lodgings, and the elder girl, having just attained her twenty-first year, was sent sometimes alone, sometimes with her married sister, to no less than eight or ten offices, to effect an insurance at each on her own life. Being extremely handsome, and in the full bloom and vigour of health, she was admired and courteously received at the several establishments; and, strange as it may appear, though she could assign no other reason for wishing to assure her life, than that she was told it

was right to do so, she actually succeeded, with five of the offices, in effecting policies in her own name, some for two, others for three years, for no less a sum in all than 16,000*l.*! This was about the end of November, 1830. One evening in December the whole party went together to the theatre—they took some oysters and other refreshments on their return—this young and beautiful person went to bed—from which she never arose, but to be placed in her coffin. A *post-mortem* examination took place; a great effusion was found on the brain, caused by extraordinary violence of vomiting, the consequence, it was stated, of some powders given by her sister-in-law. The husband, as *trustee*, lost no time in applying for the amount of two of the policies that had been assigned to him, but the offices very properly refused payment: they ought to have refused the insurance. He takes the alarm and goes with his family to France, and some years afterwards brings his action through an agent, not venturing, it would seem, to appear himself; and *for once* the insurance office got a verdict in its favour!

The Act of 14 Geo. III. is in fact a dead letter. It merely enacts the voidance of the policy. Will the holder, if rejected, prosecute the claim?—would he be entitled to a verdict?—what damages could he obtain? The two parties, the assured and the office, are frequently *participes criminis*, and both interested in keeping up the policy; and what is a third party (who holds the policy) to gain by rendering it void? The only gainer would be the office, from the premiums that may have been paid: *the Act does not say that they shall be refunded, nor does it award any penalty on the offenders.*

In our former article we noticed the indignation with which Mr. Babbage commented on the practice of almost all the Companies in paying a commission to agents, solicitors, or brokers who bring assurances to their respective offices. He relates, among others, the case of a clergyman who desired his attorney to make choice of an office to assure his life for 2000*l.* The attorney applied to the office for which he was agent, and which happened to be one of the few which made no return of any part of the profits. The consequence was, that at the clergyman's death the family received only the original sum, 2000*l.*, whereas, had the attorney gone to the Equitable, he would have received for the widow and orphan children 5200*l.* If this agent concealed from his employer that such a result would be among the probabilities, he no doubt acted dishonestly; but we cannot agree in the sweeping inference of Mr. Babbage. The following is the view which Mr. de Morgan takes of this matter:—

‘As

‘As between one office and another, the attorney is in a judicial capacity; and, as regards his client, *he is already the paid protector of the interests of another person.* He has, therefore, no liberty of choice between one office and another, but is already bound to choose that which he judges best for his client. All who have written on the subject of late years have attacked this *bribe*, for such it is; but they have directed all their censures against the offices, as if they were the only parties to blame. If, indeed, the bribe had been offered to the needy and ignorant only, this partial distribution of blame might have been allowed; but when the parties who receive the bribe are men of education, and moving in those professions which bring the successful to affluence, I do not see the justice of allowing them to escape. I have little doubt that an increasing sense of right and wrong will banish this unworthy practice, either by failure of givers or receivers. A barrister cannot offer an attorney commission on the briefs which he brings, nor can a physician pay an apothecary for his recommendation; a jury never receives a hint that the plaintiff will give commission on the damages which they award; and the time will come when the offer of money to a person whose unbiassed opinion is already the property of another will be deemed to be what it really is, namely, *bribery and corruption.* It is one among many proofs how low is the standard of collective morality; and how easy it is for honourable individuals to do in concert that from which they would separately shrink.’—pp. 258, 259.

We suspect Mr. de Morgan to be much better versed in the doctrine of chances and probabilities than in the intercourse between barristers and attorneys, doctors and apothecaries; but we would ask him, what is a poor man, living in the heart of Wales, and wishing to effect an insurance, to do, but apply to his man of business, or the agent of some office, who must take his examination, send it up to the office, employ a medical man, &c. &c.; and can it be expected he shall do all this without remuneration? We believe that the whole of the country business with the offices in London is, and must be, transacted through agency; and, though each agent may have his peculiar office, yet it is undoubtedly his duty to explain to his private employer, as far as he knows, the different terms on which different offices grant assurances. For residents in London, we believe, agency is not given, as the party can himself apply.

On the whole we cannot consider these institutions in any other light than as great public benefits, of which almost every class of society may avail themselves with advantage to their rising families. Like all other human institutions, they are liable to be misconducted and abused; the good, however, we are satisfied, greatly predominates. Take, for instance, a case of very common occurrence: suppose a clergyman, happy in his domestic circle, educating his children liberally, and with his 400*l.* or 500*l.* a-year distributing consolation to his parishioners. Possessing

Probably, if the following question were put to all those whose lives are now insured, What is the *advantage* which you derive from investing your surplus income in an insurance office? more than half could reply, The *certainly* of my executors receiving a sum at my death, were that to take place to-morrow. This is but half an answer; for not only does the office undertake the equalization of life, as above described, but also the *return of the sums invested, with compound interest.*—p. 239.

The object is to provide a *certainly* against the casualties of life which render it *uncertain*; and to secure a sum of money greater than would be secured by any other means, let death come when it may. It is not a question whether 1000*l.* placed in the funds to accumulate (which every one has not the means of doing), or the insurance of a life for 1000*l.*, is preferable—the question is simply this, whether it is more advantageous to cause a small annual sum to be paid *for insuring* 1000*l.*, or to place the amount of that small sum annually, at compound interest, in the funds. Let us take an example from two or three different offices, and see what the several results will be.

A young man of thirty years of age insures his life for 1000*l.*, say with the Rock—the premium 2*l.* 12*s.* per cent., or thereabouts; the probability of his life may be taken at thirty years. Now 2*l.* 12*s.* put out at 3 per cent. compound interest, for thirty years, would produce (omitting fractions) £1236
The sum insured is £1000

His loss by insuring would thus be £236

But the Rock divides profits septennially—at least 8 per cent. each period, of which may be reckoned four in thirty years—the bonus then would be £320

The gain by insuring, instead of funding at compound interest £83

Try the same case in the Palladium—

The loss as before would be £236

By a statement of profits now before us, a life of thirty would receive every seven years about 86*l.* 10*s.*, and for four periods the bonus would be £346

Gain by an assurance in the Palladium £109

Taking the age of fifty, the result would be pretty nearly the same; but if we suppose the assured to have died within the first period of seven years—say at the end of six years—all other points the

only a life interest in his income, no sooner is the thread snapped than beggary stares his family in the face—the widow and children are at once turned out upon the wide world, or doomed perhaps to receive a grudging pittance from some relation. Now, all this might have been avoided by an appropriation of some 50*l.* or 60*l.* a-year out of the life income, through the instrumentality of an assurance office.

It is the same in almost every walk of life. Lawyers, physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, marrying young, and solely dependent on their practice; officers of the army and navy, who can lay by a pittance of their pay; clerks in public offices, in banks, and counting-houses; tradesmen and artificers,—in short almost every description of persons may profit in this manner, and a great mass of misery be avoided by the sacrifice of a very small portion of income. Even the highest personages of the realm, not excluding royalty itself, may profit by these offices, when embarrassed in pecuniary matters; by them the pressure of debt may be relieved, and the creditor satisfied, and incumbrances on entailed estates removed, on reasonable and honourable conditions, infinitely preferable to what can be had from turning to the common run of money-lenders.

We do not think it worth while to go into any argument with certain persons who object to all life-assurance as a species of gambling—nor with those who, looking to the incorrect phrase, lose sight of what is really meant, and prose about impious interference with the *fiat* of Providence. There is, however, a more business-like class who object to the plan. These contend that, if the annual sums paid by the assured, as premiums, were put out at compound interest, the produce would exceed what the assured or his representatives will receive from the office. This is looking at the subject in a very narrow and mistaken point of view: it supposes life certain to a given extent. Mr. de Morgan says the best thing an individual could do with a small sum (say 100*l.*), so as to have perfect security for its return, would be to invest it in the funds at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. 'He might also invest the interest, and thus obtain compound interest:' but he observes, 'it is not easy for an individual to do this: unless he provide an agent to draw the dividends immediately on their becoming due, various circumstances will happen to prevent the immediate investment of the interest. It is not at all an unfair calculation to suppose that, upon each half-yearly dividend, a month will be lost, so that nominal compound interest for forty-two years will only be really for thirty-five years.' But he has elsewhere assigned a much better reason for giving a preference to assurance offices. He says:—

'Probably,

the same, the accumulated compound interest on 2*l.* 12*s.* for 1000*l.*, would amount to £168

But the survivor would receive by insuring the life . . . £1000

The gain in this case to the assured, and consequent loss to the office is £831

In the Equitable, as at present constituted, the young insured would not fare so well: let us take the case as before of the probability of a life reaching thirty years. The plan of excluding all the assured from any participation of profits, until they come within the 5000 oldest subscribers, is not a trifling feature:—one must live, on an average of chances, at least fifteen years before he reaches admission into that enviable number; and in the next fifteen, should he survive, he might, perhaps, get the profits of one decennial period; which, after deducting the premium and simple interest upon them, will give him at the end of thirty years, at the most, about 150*l.* But, if the young obtain only so small a pittance, an insurance made at an advanced age is ruinous. Take an example of one supposed to be made in the year 1820 for 1000*l.*, the age fifty-five, premium 53*l.* In fifteen years, that is in 1835, he might hope to get within the envied pale; but the division of profits being in 1839, he will then have assigned to him (payable at his death) 3 per cent. for the remaining four or five years, say 150*l.* At this time, that is in nineteen years, he will have paid in premiums with interest at 3 per cent. £1331

Will be entitled (when the policy becomes a claim) to . . . £150

Balance of money advanced, with interest £1181

He is now in his seventy-fifth year, and enters on a fresh decennial period, which if he should survive, and it is about ten to one against him, he will have paid a further sum of . . . £607
His share of profits will now be about £300

There remains a loss of £307

Add former loss £1181

£1488

Deduct original sum insured £1000

The actual loss to the assured, and gain to the office . . . £488

How different would the result have been under the old regulations! In this case the representatives of the assured would have

have received 1610*l.*, in addition to the original 1000*l.*, instead of sustaining the above loss : for we have the late actuary's own statement, put forth somewhat triumphantly, that the Equitable, up to the year 1820, had added to a policy of twenty years' standing 77 per cent. ; to one of thirty years' 161 per cent. ; to one of forty years' 280 per cent. ; and to one of fifty years' 401 per cent. ! and yet, knowing well what the result of the change must inevitably be, he actually triumphed in the loss which the insured must incur, and in the certainty of the great benefit which the office would receive, from the device of his own ingenuity. Commenting on the history and practice of the Equitable Society, our Professor pithily says :—

‘ The general lesson taught by it is,—be cautious ; but, among other things, be cautious of carrying caution so far as to leave a part of your own property for the benefit of those who are in no way related to you. If there be a Charybdis in an insurance office, there is also a Scylla : the mutual insurer, who is too much afraid of dispensing the profits to those who die *before* him, will have to leave his own share for those who die *after* him. Reversing the fable of Spenser, we should write upon the door of every mutual office but one, *Be wary* ; but upon that one should be written, *Be not too wary*, and over it, “ Equitable Society.”’
p. 281.

Our sole object in recurring to this subject has been to inculcate the necessity of exercising great caution in a very delicate matter of practice. We cannot shut our eyes and ears to the numberless cases in which quiet individuals and families, especially those residing at a distance from town, are injured from placing rash reliance on the pompous invitations of speculating quacks—nor do we think, on the other hand, that the established reputation of an insurance company ought to protect its peculiar manœuvres from scrutiny. Study well, we repeat, the names of the real working directors—distrust placardings of dukes and lords, who can know nothing about the matter, and probably never heard of it—and look sharp, when you see unparalleled advantages offered, as to the number of years during which the generous association propounding such benefits has been able to exhibit its attractions. *Per contra*, do not allow yourself to be inveigled into an absurdly disadvantageous arrangement, merely because the establishment that offers it is of old standing, undoubted firmness, and thinks it may take any liberties with the gaping mass.

ART. II.—1. *Diary in America*. By Captain Frederick Marryat, R.N. 3 vols., 12mo. London, 1839.

2. *Travels in North America*. By the Hon. Charles Augustus Murray. 2 vols., 8vo. London, 1839.

OF hasty tourists in the United States we have had enough; but, probably, a score or two of steam-passengers may have favoured the world with their lucubrations, before the booksellers adopt the opinion of the reviewers. We expect little satisfactory information on really serious points from any one that shall but have gone in the usual perfunctory manner over ground lately traversed by Mrs. Trollope, Captain Hall, and Mr. Hamilton; three as clever persons, certainly, as have indited books of travels within our time—and as different from each other (judging by their works) in temper, habits, opinions, and manners, as any three clever persons that could well have been selected from the same (or nearly the same) class of society. The shrewd, homely, sarcastic dowager—the acute, indefatigable, restlessly peering and analyzing sailor and *savant*—the elegant, contemplative, well-read soldier and gentleman, uniting (rare combination!) fastidiousness of taste with a broad, rich vein of humour—all three gave us representations of the sayings and doings of Brother Jonathan, which tallied to a nicety in the general effect;—the variety in minor details being merely sufficient to prove that they had not copied each other, but all sketched from nature and coloured on the spot. Of such life as rapid strangers can see and apprehend at all, they were not likely to omit any very important features; and it may be long before any English writer of equal talents shall have had the opportunity of observing, during a considerable space of time, the interior existence of the Anglo-Americans. Here, however, are two new adventurers, each of whose performances will, no doubt, attract some attention, which, in regard to mere amusement at all events, they will both repay.

Captain Marryat stands second in merit to no living novelist but Miss Edgeworth. His happy delineations and contrasts of character, and easy play of native fun, redeem a thousand faults of verbosity, clumsiness, and coarseness. His strong sense and utter superiority to affectation of all sorts command respect; and in his quiet effectiveness of circumstantial narrative, he sometimes approaches old Defoe. There is less of caricature about his pictures than in those of any contemporary humorist—unless, perhaps, Morier; and he shows far larger and maturer knowledge of the real workings of human nature than any of the band, except the exquisite writer we have just named,
and

and Mr. Theodore Hook, of whom praise is equally superfluous. Had Captain Marryat gone to America ten or twelve years sooner, the literary result must have been striking indeed; but he encountered very serious obstacles in 1837, for by that time his own fame as a painter of manners had been widely spread—his name was as familiar in the Broadway as in New Burlington Street—and the moment his arrival was announced, it was taken for granted that he had brought his note-book with him, and would, on his return to the old world, entertain us with a set of sketches as broad as Mrs. Trollope's, relieved by disquisitions as bold, though not, perhaps, so ingenious as Basil Hall's, and conclusions as anti-democratic as Hamilton's, conveyed in diction more likely to be understood by the democracy proper of America. The consequence was, that though the popular English author received at the outset numerous invitations, he found the society into which these drew him uniformly stiffened by his presence, and after a variety of good-natured explanations had failed to remove this 'cold obstruction,' his pride rebelled against the notion of further experiments. He distinctly says that he very soon ceased to accept proffered hospitalities in New York; and we gather that he followed the same course generally in the other cities of the Union. Excepting, apparently, a very few cases of family alliance or old acquaintanceship, he seems to have contented himself with what a traveller without a single letter of introduction might have seen; and though some of his best anecdotes are connected with the Transatlantic celebrity of his own works, and the consequent curiosity of individuals, it is obvious that he endeavoured throughout to keep his *incognito*. However, the Captain's eyes, and ears too, are of the quickest; though no great admirer of Miss Martineau, he knows 'how to observe;'—the Americans live in the sun habitually—and he appears to have made it his special business to master their current literature. He has, accordingly, gleaned a fair allowance of traits of manners, which he presents commonly in the same racy style with which his novels have made us all familiar; and it need scarcely be added, that he has given some striking facts, and many vigorous views and reasonings respecting the republican polity—but, on the whole, it is no wonder that he cannot be said to have made any very remarkable addition to the graver collectanea of his predecessors. His humour is his own—and his masculine understanding must be allowed to confirm, if these wanted any confirmation, the general conclusions in which Hall, Hamilton, and De Tocqueville had previously concurred.

The Hon. Charles Augustus Murray is a pilgrim of another breed.

breed. We laid down his volumes, which are full of Eton, with the impression that he had gone to America straight from school—but, if Lodge's Peerage speaks truth, he is a gentleman of mature years, and Master of the Royal Household. His juvenile spirits, therefore, are only to be envied;—he is evidently not without cleverness—and we have been pleased, on the whole, with the gaiety and good humour of his narrative.

This airy gentleman appears to have met with very flattering attentions in the course of his travels. He is careful to record that among his fellow passengers out, chiefly Irish labourers, he was distinguished as 'the young Scotch Lord,' and that when he visited the Havannah, the hospitable tobacconists received him as 'a grandee of the first class,'—and we infer from his tone *passim*, that the younger son of a Scotch Earl is as great a star in Uncle Sam's republic as a Prince Pückler in the kingdom of Cockaigne. We must remember, however, that this was probably the first genuine specimen of the modern dandy genus that had been exhibited in those regions, and therefore allow for the natural influence, not only of rank among radicals, but of blue satin and French polish, suddenly outshining stiff frills and Day and Martin.

Both of these authors are good enough to offer us, *inter alia*, sundry specimens of what they consider as the peculiar phraseology of Brother Jonathan; and Captain Marryat has certainly produced some which had for ourselves the charm of novelty. But, excepting when the phrase is distinctly traceable to something peculiar in the habits or circumstances of the Transatlantic community, we receive everything of this class with extreme suspicion; or rather we entertain no doubt at all that the discovery is simply that of a transplanted provincialism, which the man of Mayfair might have detected as easily by a trip into Norfolk, Devon, or Lancashire. The *discoveries*, however, are occasionally quite astounding;—and we must allow that Mr. Murray outshines in this department even Miss Martineau. He, for example, commemorates and eulogises

'the various tints which clothe the *American* woods in autumn, or, to use *their own poetical and admirable* expression, in the *fall*.'—vol. i. p. 78.

Now, we were informed by 'an awfully ancient old woman,' whose suggestions we often find of special benefit to us in our literary, as well as in our political inquiries, that this 'admirable expression' had been familiar to her ear from a period nearly transcending that of legal memory—nay, only last week her own youngest grand-daughter casually mentioned it as the practice

tice in the family to give all the children physio 'spring and fall.' Emboldened by this hint we repaired to the British Museum, and requested our friend Sir Henry Ellis to assist us in an accurate search through the lexicons and glossaries, printed and MSS., of that unrivalled collection; which being performed accordingly, we at length detected this very word 'fall' in a dictionary of the English tongue by one Samuel Johnson, LL.D., with this interpretation:—'Autumn, the fall of the leaf; the time when the leaves drop from the trees;' and an example from a translation of Juvenal, executed by John Dryden, Esq., viz.:—

'What crowds of patients the town doctor kills,
Or how last *fall* he raised the weekly bills.'

Again, at vol. i. p. 61, the Master of the Household informs us that a wheeled vehicle plying for hire in the streets of New York is there called 'a hack.' Now, our industrious researches have enabled us to point out to Mr. Murray two Cisatlantic examples of the same ugly vocable in the same sense. The first occurs in a ballad 'On Conveyancing,' published in London, A.D. 1839—

'There's always HACKS about in packs,
Wherein you may be shaken;
And Jarvis is not always drunk,
Tho' always overtaken.
The horses have been broken well;
All danger is rescinded—
For some have broken both their knees,
And some are broken-winded.'

Hood's Own, p. 108.

The second example will satisfy Mr. Murray that Hood *americanizes* not—it is from a much older work—*Pope's Own*. There—in the mighty mother of Dulness is represented as summoning her children and vassals about her misty throne—and they come at her command—

'A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horse, on foot, in HACKS, and gilded chariots.'

Another word of homely enough sound puzzles Mr. Murray exceedingly in its *American* application. At p. 120, vol. ii., he says, 'We pitched our camp in a well-wooded valley called here a *bottom*;' and again, at p. 125, 'I started [in pursuit of deer] with two soldiers to a large grove or bottom.' If Mr. Murray had ever followed field sports in old England, this difficulty would not have embarrassed his Transatlantic cynegetics. *Bottom*, in old and universal English, means *valley*—Johnson's examples are

are from the Bible—Shakspeare—and Addison. Valleys are occasionally clothed with woods and groves—but such garniture is not more essential to them than the Windsor uniform is to a Highlander. ‘I saw by night,’ says Zechariah (i. 8), ‘and behold a man riding upon a red horse, and he stood among the myrtle-trees that were in the bottom.’

Mr. Murray mentions various other perversions of words which he acknowledges for English, and sometimes he chastises these with as near an approach to severity as is consistent with ‘the nice conduct of a clouded cane.’ He is indignant, for example, to find ‘a small tavern kept by a general’—‘the broken wheel of his waggon [not hack] mended by a colonel’—and ‘day-labourers and mechanics speaking of each other as *this gentleman* and *that gentleman*’ (vol. i. p. 120). We are old enough to remember our own volunteer times when many a British major stooped to measure ribbons, and even colonels of light-horse might be detected in the act of weighing figs—and such heroes bore their military titles habitually in all their private circles. *General* is a bigger word, no doubt—probably his Yankee friends had some time commanded brigaded train-bands, and ‘once a provost always a provost’ is a saying which the ‘young Scotch Lord’ might have heard of. He states that ‘among other civilized nations a General is a man so named for the length or celebrity of his military service;’—but, we believe, if he inquires at the Horse Guards, he will find that many a gallant English soldier lays a white head in the grave without having been ‘so named,’ and that fortunate individuals occasionally attain to be ‘so named’ without either antediluvian length, or postdiluvian celebrity of ‘service.’ ‘Other civilized nations,’ he adds, ‘reserve the title of *Gentleman* for the man who is by birth, education, or habits enabled to follow literary, scientific, or liberal pursuits, which, by refining his manners and enlarging his mind, distinguish him from the great mass of mankind.’ If Mr. Murray studies the matter more leisurely, he will discover that ‘even in Britain’ all attorneys are *ex officio* ‘gentlemen.’ Nay, if he will take some opportunity of properly disguising his person, and trust himself for once to the interior of one of those Ark-like ‘hacks’ which now and then rattle even through Pimlico, every cookmaid they pick up shall be ‘This here lady,’ and the rival *cad* that would fain have intercepted her, by summary *diminutio capitis* proclaimed ‘No gentleman.’

We recommend, to both Mr. Murray and Captain Marryat, in case of a second edition, careful reference to an useful manual lately published, the ‘General Dictionary of Provincialisms,’ by William Holloway (Lewes, 1838); and also to ‘The Classical Dictionary

Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue,' by Captain Grose of jolly renown, who effectually vindicates for the old country a very large proportion of the queer eating and drinking phrases that struck our authors as of genuine Yankee growth—e. g. *corned* for *drunk*, &c. &c. The substantive *slang* is not to be found either in Johnson or Richardson—it means the dialect of that section of the community who are, and consider themselves to be, likely to end the scene with being slung up. Of this dialect Grose is the Suidas—and it is no wonder that an English *gentleman* travelling in America should be advised to carry that hand-book with him, for, though nothing could be more false than Cobbett's coarse saying, 'the Adam and Eve of this Paradise came out of Newgate,' it is quite certain that some of the States were used by us, during several generations, for the purposes which Botany Bay and Van Diemen's Land serve now. The real peculiarity and piquancy of the current vulgar phraseology in the Union consists in the ludicrous jumbling of words and images derived from such settlers as Defoe has immortalised in his history of Moll Flanders, with others as obviously inherited from the venerable *pilgrims* who drew up the Blue Laws of Massachusetts—all delivered with an accent clearly traceable to the drawling whine and snuffle of the old conventicle preachers—which melodious lugubrosity was preserved to within no distant period, if indeed it be yet exploded, among the lower sectaries of the mother country. Captain Marryat describes and comments upon the eternal *hum* that breaks American colloquy, without being aware that it is produced by Ben Jonson whenever he brings a puritan on the stage.

Most of the following (from Captain Marryat) are specimens of the really indigenous class:—

'In the West, where steam-navigation is so abundant, when they ask you to drink they say, "Stranger, will you take in wood?"—the vessels taking in wood as fuel to keep the steam up, and the person taking in spirits to keep *his* steam up.—To make tracks—to walk away. "Well, now, I shall make tracks:"—from foot-tracks in the snow.

'In the Western States, where the racoon is plentiful, they use the abbreviation '*coon*' when speaking of people. When at New York, I went into a hair-dresser's shop to have my hair cut: there were two young men from the west—one under the barber's hands, the other standing by him. "I say," said the one who was having his hair cut, "I hear Captain M—— is in the country." "Yes," replied the other, "so they say: I should like to see the '*coon*.'"

"I'm a *gone 'coon*" implies "I am distressed—or ruined—or lost." I once asked the origin of this expression, and was very gravely told as follows:—"There is a Captain Martin Scott in the United States army who is a remarkable shot with a rifle. He was raised, I believe, in Vermont.

Vermont. His fame was so considerable through the State that even the animals were aware of it. He went out one morning with his rifle, and spying a racoon upon the upper branches of a high tree, brought his gun up to his shoulder; when the racoon, perceiving it, raised his paw up for a parley. 'I beg your pardon, mister,' said the racoon, very politely; 'but may I ask you if your name is *Scott*?' 'Yes,' replied the captain. '*Martin Scott*?' continued the racoon. 'Yes,' replied the Captain. '*Captain Martin Scott*?' still continued the animal. 'Yes,' replied the captain, 'Captain Martin Scott.' 'Oh! then,' says the animal, 'I may just as well come down, for I'm a *gone 'coon*.'"

'At a rustic dance a Kentuckian said to an acquaintance of mine, in reply to his asking the name of a very fine girl, "That's my sister, stranger; and I flatter myself that she shows the *nastiest* ankle in all Kentucky." *Unde derivatur?* From the constant rifle-practice in that State, a good shot or a pretty shot is termed also a nasty shot, because it would make a *nasty* wound: *ergo*, a *nice* or pretty ankle becomes a *nasty* one.

'The term for all baggage, especially in the south or west, is "plunder." This has been derived from the buccaneers, who for so long a time infested the bays and creeks near the mouth of the Mississippi, and whose luggage was probably very correctly so designated.

'The gamblers on the Mississippi use a very refined phrase for "cheating"—"playing the advantages over him." But, as may be supposed, the principal terms used are those which are borrowed from trade and commerce. The rest, or remainder, is usually termed the balance. "Put some of those apples into a dish, and the *balance* into the store-room." When a person has made a mistake, or is out in his calculation, they say, "You missed a figure that time." In a skirmish last war, the fire from the British was very severe, and the men in the American ranks were falling fast, when one of the soldiers stepped up to the commanding officer and said, "Colonel, don't you think that we might compromise this affair?" "Well, I reckon I should have no objection to *submit it to arbitration* myself," replied the Colonel.

'Even the thieves must be commercial in their ideas. One rogue meeting another, asked him what he had done that morning; "Not much," was the reply, "I've only *realized* this umbrella."

'A lady was economically inclined, and in cutting out some shirts for her husband, resolved that they should not descend much lower than his hips. She wound up her arguments by observing that linen was a very expensive article, and that she could not see what on earth was the reason that people should stuff so much *capital* into their pantaloons.

'The verb "to fix" is universal. It means to do anything. "Shall I *fix* your coat or your breakfast first?" That is, "Shall I brush your coat, or *get ready* your breakfast first?"

'In the West, when you stop at an inn, they say, "What will you have? Brown meal and common doings, or white wheat and chicken *fixings*;" that is, "Will you have pork and brown bread, or white bread and fried chicken?" Also, "Will you have a *feed* or a *check*?" —a dinner or a luncheon?"

The

The *chicken fixings* are superb; but *check* and *feed* are no more American than *hack* or *fall*.^{*}

'At one town, where I had stopped, I had been reposing more than two hours when my door was opened; but this was too common a circumstance for me to think anything of it: the people would come into my room whether I was in bed or out of bed, dressed or not dressed, and, if I expostulated, they would reply, "Never mind, *we* don't care, Captain." On this occasion I called out, "Well, what do you want?"

"Are you Captain M——?" said the person walking up to the bed where I was lying. "Yes, I am," replied I. "Well, I reckon I wouldn't allow you to go through our town without seeing you any how. Of all the *humans*, you're the one I most wish to see." I told him I was highly flattered.'

'I was amused by a reply given me by an American in office here. I asked how much his office was worth, and his answer was six hundred dollars, besides *stealings*. This was, at all events, frank and honest: in England the word would have been softened down to *perquisites*. I afterwards found that it was a common expression in the States to say a place was worth so much—besides *cheatage*.[†]

We have extracted these specimens as, to our fancy, entertaining, but without attaching any sort of importance to them. We can have no doubt that American gentlemen, and ladies too, often use the phraseology of the vulgar about them in mere playfulness, and that even Captain Marryat now and then failed to detect their *drolling*. It is probable enough, however, that the American newspapers, being commonly and necessarily written in the style most acceptable to the basest of the populace, their readers of the higher *grades* may become so very familiar with dirty, ungrammatical slang, as to employ it sometimes without recollection of its sources; and if our own Morning Post and John Bull were to get as deeply infected with the Cockney gibberish as the infamous unstamped prints about London are, we should have serious apprehensions for the colloquial diction of Almack's.

The vast increase of intercourse occasioned by the establishment of Atlantic steam navigation will soon make the upper classes of the two countries better acquainted with each other than they have been since the gentry of our old colonies laid aside the custom of sending their young men to be educated

* Sir W. Scott somewhere records that the collation to which the bailies of Edinburgh adjourned, after a public execution (in the old time), was called *the dead-chack*.

† The oddest-looking Americanisms are often, if we examine them, mere variations of some common Anglicism. Mrs. Trollope, for instance, amused all of us with the adjective *jam*, in the sense of *neat*, *smart*, or *spruce*. 'I can't go to meeting, I'm not *jam*.' An English housemaid would have said, 'I'm not in apple-pie order;' or, shortly, perhaps, 'I'm not apple-pie to-day.' The materials for the pie require to be nicely measured and arranged—hence the old vernacularism;—and we presume similar care is called for as to the confection of the ovenless log-house,

in the schools and universities of England. Already we begin to gather the fruits of this mighty innovation. Americans of mature years and tastes, of high attainments, character, and honour, mingle already among us, and will continue more and more to do so: how different from the raw, petulant striplings that used to excite our astonishment, and justify the Chinese definition, 'Englishmen of the second chopstick!' In return, America will be visited by abundance of English gentlemen, and ladies also, who have no intention of turning a penny by a tour. The result, as regards our present subject, will be, that nobody on this side of the water will affect to doubt the existence of a refined class of society on the other, numerically as large in proportion to the rest, and as nearly on a par with the social aristocracies of Europe, as any rational person could have looked for: while English people must at last open their eyes to a fact, which a very moderate degree of sagacity might have anticipated, namely, that the middling and lower orders of the United States are faithful representatives of what our own would soon be, had they no authoritative institutions and examples to exert a constant and powerful, though often unappreciated, control over their modes of thinking, speaking, and acting. In truth, we have already sufficient grounds for extending some remarks just hazarded about American peculiarities of speech, to the peculiarities of manners mostly dwelt upon by our recent reporters—even the sharpest of the set. At least we shrewdly suspect that if Hall or Marryat, before going to America, had scrambled about this United Kingdom on coach tops, taken *feeds* and *checks* in company with bagmen for a year or two on end, diversified with residences of a fortnight or three weeks at Norwich, Nottingham, Hull, Paisley, and Belfast—their descriptions of Transatlantic manners might have been as rich as we have them; but their critical disquisitions thereupon would have been neither *so lengthy* nor *so 'cute*.

Captain Marryat is startled (vol. i., p. 66) at the wonderful stir created in an American trading town by the death of a leading merchant—vessels in the harbour with colours half-mast high—multitudes of citizens in the funeral procession, &c. &c. If the Captain had chanced to be in Bristol or Cork on a like occasion, he would have witnessed exactly the same thing—but he was thinking of the profound apparent indifference of Babylonian London, which probably does not at this moment contain one man whose *exit* would create the slightest bustle—except *the Duke*.

In p. 211, vol. i., we have this story—

'I witnessed, during my short stay here, that indifference to the destruction of life, so very remarkable in this country. The rail-car
crushed

"Five dollars and my bonnet! I reckon two would be nearer the mark; but it's of no consequence."—"None in the least, miss, only I know the value of my bonnet. We'll say no more about it."—"Just so, miss." A pause and silence for half a minute, when Miss Plush looks out of the window, and says, as if talking to herself, "I shouldn't mind giving four dollars, but no more." She then fell back in her seat, when Miss Pink put her head out of the window, and said, "I shouldn't refuse four dollars after all, if it was offered;" and then she fell back to her former position. "Did you think of taking four dollars, miss?"—"Well! I don't care, I've plenty of bonnets at home."—"Well," replied Plush, taking out her purse, and offering her the money.—"What bank is this, miss?"—"Oh, all's right there, Safety Fund, I calculate." The two ladies exchange bonnets, and Pink pockets the balance.—vol. i., pp. 232-235.

The *pendant* is hit off in his best style—

'I may here just as well mention the custom of *whittling*, which is so common in the Eastern States. It is a habit, arising from the natural restlessness of the American when he is not employed, of cutting a piece of stick, or anything else, with his knife. Some are so wedded to it from long custom, that if they have not a piece of stick to cut, they will whittle the backs of the chairs, or any thing within their reach. A yankee shown into a room to await the arrival of another has been known to whittle away nearly the whole of the mantle-piece. Lawyers in court whittle away at the table before them; and judges will cut through their own bench. In some courts they put sticks before noted whittlers to save the furniture. The Down-Easters, as the yankees are termed generally, whittle when they are making a bargain, as it fills up the pauses, gives them time for reflection, and moreover prevents any examination of the countenance—for in bargaining, like the game of brag, the countenance is carefully watched, as an index to the wishes. I was once witness to a bargain made between two respectable yankees, who wished to agree about a farm, and in which whittling was resorted to.

'They sat down on a log of wood, about three or four feet apart from each other, with their faces turned opposite ways—that is, one had his legs on one side of the log with his face to the East, and the other his legs on the other side with his face to the West. One had a piece of soft wood, and was sawing it with his penknife; the other had an unbarked hickory stick which he was peeling for a walking-stick. The reader will perceive a strong analogy between this bargain and that in the stage between the two ladies.

"Well, good morning—and about this farm?"—"I don't know; what will you take?"—"What will you give?"—Silence, and whittle away.

"Well, I should think two thousand dollars a heap of money for this farm."—"I've a notion it will never go for three thousand, any how."—"There's a fine farm, and cheaper, on the North side."—"But where's the sun to ripen the corn?"—"Sun shines on all alike."—"Not exactly

exactly through a Vermont hill, I reckon. The driver offered me as much as I say, if I recollect right.”—“Money not always forthcoming.”—“I reckon I shall make an elegant ’backy-stopper of this piece of sycamore.”

‘ Silence for a few moments. Knives hard at work.

‘ “I’ve a notion this is as pretty a hiccory stick as ever came out of a wood.”—“I shouldn’t mind two thousand five hundred dollars, and time given.”—“It couldn’t be more than six months then, if it goes at that price.”

‘ (Pause.)

‘ “Well, that might suit me.”—“What do you say, then?”—“Suppose it must be so.”—“It’s a bargain then (*rising up*): come let’s liquor on it.”’

N.B. Napoleon Buonaparte was as determined a whittler as the late President of the United States, who was thus eulogised in another stage-progress to Captain Marryat:—“Well, I reckon that from his teeth to his toe-nail there’s not a human of a more conquering natur than Giniril Jackson.”

A very disagreeable subject is touched upon at vol. iii., p. 176—

‘ The Americans were constantly twitting me about the occasional cases of adultery and divorce which appear in our newspapers, assuring me, at the same time, that there was hardly ever such a thing heard of in their own moral community. Now, it appears that this subject has not only been taken up by the clergy, (for Dr. Dwight, late president of Yale College, preached a sermon on the seventh commandment, which an American author asserts “was heard with pain and confusion of face, and which never can be read in a promiscuous circle without exciting the same feelings,”) but by one of their societies also; and, although they have not assumed the name of the *Patent Anti-Adultery Society*, they are positively doing the work of such a one, and the details are entered into in promiscuous assemblies without the least reservation. The author before mentioned says—“The common feeling on the subject has been declared false delicacy; and, in order to break ground against its sway, females have been forced into the van of this enterprize, and persuaded to act as agents, not only among their own sex, but in circumstances where they must necessarily agitate the subject with men,—not wives with husbands, which would be bad enough, but *young and single women with young and single men!*”’

We beg to inform Captain Marryat that we received within these few weeks a most *sentimental* circular from a Society of exactly the same class, in a certain district of this metropolis, and that among the office-bearers there are both single men and single women—whether old or young we cannot exactly say. Similar Associations exist also, unless we be misinformed, in many of our provincial towns, and we remember to have read that when the horrible Westport murders came to light, several amiable spinsters of Edinburgh were found to have very narrowly

escaped *burking* in the course of their benevolent explorings of the lowest haunts of vice!

Captain Marryat says:—

‘Those who live under a democracy have but one pursuit, but one object to gain, which is wealth. No one can serve God and Mammon. To suppose that a man who has been in such ardent pursuit of wealth, as is the American for six days in the week, can recall his attention and thoughts to serious points on the seventh, is absurd; you might as well expect him to forget his tobacco on Sunday.

‘Under a democracy, therefore, you must look for religion among the women, not among the men, and such is found to be the case in the United States. As Sam Slick very truly says, “It’s only women who attend meeting; the men folks have their politics and trade to talk over—and havn’t time.”’—vol. iii., p. 143.

We must observe here that the quotation from Mr. Slick introduces another enemy to the meeting as well as Mammon; and also that what Marryat describes as a result of democratic government ought, for anything he states, to be exemplified equally among the purely commercial classes of our own towns. Nevertheless the two British cities that have of late years exhibited the most praiseworthy example, in every circumstance that can be supposed to indicate genuine religious zeal, are Liverpool and Glasgow. We agree with the Captain, that there is much shrewdness in a remark he quotes from the author of *Mammon*—viz., ‘The only vice we can practice in this world without being arraigned for it, and at the same time go through the forms of religion, is *covetousness* ;’ but covetousness is not a large subscriber to new churches. The truth, however, is, that whatever Marryat says about the irreligious effect of extreme devotion to money-making, applies equally well to any other variety of secular ambition. The love of power or of fame is quite as perilous in that view as the love of gold. The institution of the Sabbath is the blessed antidote of worldly care as well as of mere physical labour—medicine for soul and body to rich and poor.

Our captain has many sagacious remarks on the state of religion in America—but we are not sure that any of his facts would be new to the readers of this journal. He indeed does us the honour to sum up his chapter on “the voluntary principle,” by quoting our old query—‘whether, because the hungry man is the most clamorous for dinner, it follows that the bad man will be the most eager for the means of moral and religious instruction?’ Nothing more correct, probably, than what he says about the miserable tyranny to which the American clergymen, of all sects but one or two, are habitually subjected by the laity of their congregations—but the same thing goes on throughout almost

almost all the dissenting persuasions here in England; and in Scotland—we wonder he did not advert to the portentous fact—a large proportion, perhaps a majority, of the established clergy themselves, are at this moment backing the laity of the lower orders in an agitation, which has for its avowed object to rob *the Church* of all authority in the most important of all matters that lie within her just department. In that country, ever since the present establishment was arranged, no man could be forced upon a parish as minister, if the parishioners could prove anything against his personal character. To judge of his learning and abilities was the province of the Ecclesiastical Court that granted holy orders—and at any stage of his progress he could be effectually arrested by a grounded charge of indecorum or levity in conduct or manners. But now, though no patron ever could present to a living any man who had not passed through repeated ordeals of ecclesiastical examination as to fitness for every variety of clerical duty, the attempt is made to beat down the law of the land, and erect it into a principle that no man shall be allowed to take possession of a living unless, besides having been duly ordained, and received the nomination of the patron, he is also so fortunate as to have captivated the individual tastes of a majority of the people in the destined parish. If this point be conceded, the degradation of the kirk will soon reach the *ne plus ultra*. There is an end to all hopes of advancement in the clerical profession, except through the pertinacious use of *soft sauder*. No man of sense and spirit will dream of dedicating a son to such a calling—and they that embrace it will be a race of crouching flatterers. The probability is that the innovation would soon break the establishment to pieces—the landed gentry would as a body abandon it; and indeed many of *them* are understood to be already quiescent on the subject, from the conviction that, after floundering through a succession of filthy experiments, the end must be the re-establishment of *episcopacy*.

Matches, such as we call *Lucifers*, are in America *Loco-focos*; and a *radical* mob at New York having on some occasion plundered a store of such matches, the name was applied to the *illuminati*. It seems now to be adopted universally throughout the Union. Captain Marryat says:—

‘It would appear as if Locofoco-ism and infidelity had formed an union, and were fighting under the same banner. They have recently celebrated the birth-day of Tom Paine, in Cincinnati, New York, and Boston. In Cincinnati, Frances Wright Darusmont, better known as Fanny Wright, was present, and made a violent politico-atheistical speech on the occasion, in which she denounced banking, and almost every other established institution of the country. The nature of the celebration

celebration in Boston will be understood from the following toast given on the occasion by George Chapman:—"Christianity and the banks tottering on their last legs.—May their downfall be speedy!" &c. &c.

'Miss Martineau informs us that "The churches of Boston, and even the other public buildings, being guarded by the dragon of bigotry, so that even Faith, Hope, and Charity are turned back from the doors, a large building is about to be erected for the use of all, Deists not excepted, who may desire to meet for free discussion." She adds, "*This at least is an advance!*" And in a few pages further—"The eagerness in pursuit of speculative truth is shown by the *rapid sale of every heretical work*. The clergy complain of the enormous spread of bold books, from the infidel tract to the latest handling of the miracle question, as sorrowfully as the most liberal members of society lament the unlimited circulation of the false morals issued by certain Religious Tract Societies. Both testify to the interest taken by the public in religion. The love of *truth* is also shown by the outbreak of *heresy in all directions!*"'

In America, as elsewhere, the papal power is far from neglecting to profit by the general movement of disorganization. 'The Roman Catholic Church,' says Marryat, 'is silently but surely advancing.'

'Judge Haliburton asserts, that all America will be a Catholic country. That all America west of the Alleghanies will eventually be a Catholic country, I have no doubt, as the Catholics are already in the majority, and there is nothing, as Mr. Cooper observes, to prevent any State from establishing that, or any other religion, as the *Religion of the State*;* and this is one of the dark clouds which hang over the destiny of the western hemisphere.

'The Rev. Mr. Reid says:—"It should really seem that the Pope, in the fear of expulsion from Europe, is anxious to find a reversion in this new world. The crowned heads of the continent, having the same enmity to free political institutions which his holiness has to free religious institutions, willingly unite in the attempt to enthrall this people. They have heard of the necessities of the West; they have the foresight to see that the West will become the heart of the country, and ultimately determine the character of the whole; and they have resolved to establish themselves there. Large, yea, *princely, grants* have been made from the Leopold society, and other sources, chiefly, though by no means exclusively, in favour of this portion of the empire that is to be. These sums are expended in erecting showy churches and colleges, and in sustaining priests and emissaries. Everything is done to captivate, and to liberalize in appearance a system essentially despotic. The sagacity of the effort is discovered, in avoiding to attack and shock the prejudices of the adult, that they may direct the educa-

* 'There is nothing in the constitution of the United States to prevent all the States, or any particular State, from possessing an established religion.'—*Cooper's Democrat*.

tion of the young. They look to the future; and they really have great advantages in doing so. They send out teachers excellently qualified; superior, certainly, to the run of native teachers.* Some value the European modes of education as the more excellent, others value them as the mark of fashion; the demand for instruction, too, is always beyond the supply, so that they find little difficulty in obtaining the charge of Protestant children. This, in my judgment, is the point of policy which should be especially regarded with jealousy; but the actual alarm has arisen from the disclosure of a correspondence which avows designs on the West, beyond what I have here set down. It is a curious affair, and is one other evidence, if evidence were needed, that popery and jesuitism are one."

'I think,' adds Marryat, 'that the author of Sam Slick may not be wrong in his assertion, that *all* America will be a Catholic country. I myself never prophesy; but I cannot help remarking, that even in the most anti-Catholic persuasions in America there is a strong Papistical feeling; that is, there is a vying with each other, not only to obtain the best preachers, but to have the best organs and the best singers. It is the system of excitement which, without their being aware of it, they carry into their devotion. It proves that, to them, there is a weariness in the church service, a tedium in prayer, which requires to be relieved by the stimulus of good music and sweet voices. Indeed, what with their *anxious seats*, their *revivals*, their *music*, and their *singing*, every class and sect in the States have even now so far fallen into Catholicism, that religion has become more of an appeal to the *senses* than to the *judgment*.'—vol. iii., pp. 163-166.

In the *political* chapters of this book the subject treated with most novelty is, we think, that of the spread of Societies, such as the Abolition, the Temperance, &c. &c., some of which count members by millions, and are already exerting, or preparing to exert, a potent and direct influence over all elections—an influence so vast, that it seems quite feasible for a couple of them to combine with the effect of carrying even the Presidency. We must quote a little of what the Captain says about the *tee-totallers*.

'The legislature of Massachusetts, which State is the stronghold of the Society, passed an act last year, by which it prohibited the selling of spirits in a smaller quantity than fifteen gallons, intending thereby to do away with the means of dram-drinking at the groceries, as they are termed; a clause, however, permitted apothecaries to retail smaller quantities, and the consequence was that all the grog-shops commenced taking out apothecaries' licences. That being stopped, the *striped pig* was resorted to: that is to say, a man charged people the value of a glass of liquor to see a *striped pig*, which peculiarity was exhibited as a sight, and, when in the house, the visitors were offered a glass of

* 'The Catholic priests who instruct are to my knowledge the best educated men in the States. It was a pleasure to be in their company.'—*Marryat's note*.

spirits for nothing. But this act of the legislature has given great offence, and the State of Massachusetts is now divided into two very strange political parties, to wit, the *topers* and the *tee-totallers*!

'An old Dutchman, who kept an inn at Hoboken, had long resisted the attacks of the temperance societies, until one night he happened to get so very drunk, that he actually signed the paper and took the oath. The next morning he was made acquainted with what he had unconsciously done, and, much to the surprise of his friends, he replied, "Well, if I have signed and have sworn, as you tell me I have, I must keep to my word," and from that hour the old fellow abstained altogether from his favourite schnapps. But the leaving off a habit which had become necessary had the usual result. The old man took to his bed, and at last became seriously ill. A medical man was called in, and, when he was informed of what had occurred, perceived the necessity of some stimulus, and ordered that his patient should take one ounce of French brandy every day. 'An ounce of French brandy,' said the old Dutchman, looking at the prescription. "Well, dad is goot; but how much is an ounce?" Nobody who was present could inform him. "I know what a quart, a pint, or a gill of brandy is," said the Dutchman; "but I never yet have had a customer call for an ounce. Well, my son, go to the schoolmaster; he is a learned man, and tell him I wish to know how much is one ounce." The message was carried. The schoolmaster, occupied with his pupils, and not liking the interruption, hastily, and without further inquiries of the messenger, turned over his Bonnycastle, and arriving at the table of avoirdupois weight, replied, "Tell your father that *sixteen drams* make an *ounce*."—The boy took back the message correctly, and when the old Dutchman heard it his countenance brightened up: "A goot physician, a clever man—I only have drink twelve drams a day, and he tells me to take sixteen. I have taken one oath when I was drunk, and I keep it; now dat I am sober I take anoder, which is, I will be very sick for de remainder of my days, and never throw my physick out of window."

'There was a *cold water* celebration at Boston, on which occasion the hilarity of the evening was increased by the singing of the following

' ODE.

' In Eden's green retreats
A water-brook that play'd
Between soft, mossy seats
Beneath a plane-tree's shade,
Whose rustling leaves
Danced o'er its brink,
Was Adam's drink,
And also Eve's.

Beside the parent spring
Of that young brook, the pair
Their morning chant would sing;
And Eve, to dress her hair,
Kneel on the grass
That fringed its side,
And make its tide
Her looking-glass.

And when the man of God
From Egypt led his flock,
They thirsted, and his rod
Smote the Arabian rock,
And forth a rill
Of water gush'd,
And on they rush'd,
And drank their fill.

Would Eden thus have smiled
Had *wine* to Eden come?
Would Horeb's parching wild
Have been refreshed with *rum*?
And had Eve's hair
Been dress'd in *gin*,
Would she have been
Reflected fair?

Had

Had Moses built a still,
And dealt out to that host,
To every man his gill,
And pledged him in a toast,
How large a band
Of Israel's sons
Had laid their bones
In Canaan's land?
"Sweet fields, beyond Death's flood,
"Stand dress'd in living green,"
For, from the throne of God,
To freshen all the scene,

A river rolls,
Where all who will
May come and fill
Their crystal bowls.
If Eden's strength and bloom
Cold water thus hath given—
If, e'en beyond the tomb,
It is the drink of heaven—
Are not good wells,
And crystal springs,
The very things
For our hotels?

—vol. iii. pp. 186-190.

The Captain's chapter on the town of Buffalo, that wonderful child of the Erie Canal (which there joins the Great Lake with the Hudson River) is full of shrewd observations. He says—

'It is hardly to be credited that such a beautiful city could have risen up in the wilderness in so short a period. In the year 1814 it was burnt down, being then only a village; only one house was left standing, and now it is a city with twenty-five thousand inhabitants. All the houses in the principal streets are lofty and substantial, and are either of brick or granite. The main street is wider, and the stores handsomer, than the majority of those in New York. It has five or six very fine churches, a handsome theatre, town-hall, and market, and three or four hotels, one of which is superior to most others in America; and to these we must add a fine stone pier, with a lighthouse, and a harbour full of shipping and magnificent steam-boats.

'In speaking of the new towns rising so fast in America, I wish the reader to understand, that if he compares them with the country towns of the same population in England, he will not do them justice. In the smaller towns of England you can procure but little, and you have to send to London for anything good: in the larger towns, such as Norwich, &c., you may procure most things; but still luxuries must usually be obtained from the metropolis. But in such places as Buffalo and Cleveland, everything is to be had that you can procure at New York or Boston. In those two towns on Lake Erie are stores better furnished, and handsomer, than any shops at Norwich, in England; and you will find in either of them articles for which at Norwich you would be obliged to send to London. It is the same thing at almost every town in America with which communication is easy. Would you furnish a house in one of them, you will find every article of furniture,—carpets, stoves, grates, marble chimney-pieces, pier-glasses, pianos, lamps, candelabra, glass, china, &c., in twice the quantity, and in greater variety, than at any provincial town in England.

'This arises from the system of credit extended through every vein and artery of the country, and by which English goods are forced, as if with a force-pump, into every available depôt in the Union; and thus, in a town so newly raised that the stumps of the forest-trees are not only still surrounding the houses but remain standing in the cellars, you will find every luxury that can be required. It may be asked what becomes

becomes of all these goods. It must be recollected that hundreds of new houses spring up every year in the towns, and that the surrounding country is populous and wealthy. In the farm-houses (mean-looking and often built of logs) is to be found not only comfort, but very often luxury.'—vol. i. pp. 176-8.

The history of the individual to whom Buffalo chiefly owes its splendour might have furnished Crabbe with a subject:—

'The person who was the cause of this unusual rise was a Mr. Rathbun, who now lies incarcerated in a gaol of his own building. It was he who built all the hotels, churches, and other public edifices; in fact every structure worthy of observation in the whole town was projected, contracted for, and executed by Mr. Rathbun. His history is singular. Of quiet, unassuming manners, Quaker in his dress, moderate in all his expenses (except in charity, wherein, assisted by an amiable wife, he was very liberal), he concealed under this apparent simplicity and goodness a mind capable of the vastest conceptions, united with the greatest powers of execution. He undertook contracts, and embarked in building speculations, to an amount almost incredible. Rathbun undertook everything, and everything undertaken by Rathbun was well done. Not only at Buffalo but at Niagara, and other places, he was engaged in raising vast buildings, when the great crash occurred, and Rathbun, with others, was unable to meet his liabilities. Then, for the first time, it was discovered that for more than five years he had been conniving at a system of forgery, to the amount of two millions of dollars: the forgery consisted in putting to his bills the names of responsible parties as indorsers, that they might be more current. It does not appear that he ever intended to defraud, for he took up all his notes as fast as they became due; and it was this extreme regularity on his part which prevented the discovery of his fraud for so unusually long a period.'—vol. i. pp. 170-2.

From Buffalo he steps over into Upper Canada, and writes thus from the capital, which *was* York and is Toronto:—

'The minute you put your foot on shore, you feel that you are no longer in the United States: you are at once struck with the difference between the English and the American population, systems, and ideas. On the other side of the lake you have much more apparent property, but much less real solidity and security. The houses and stores at Toronto are not to be compared with those of the American towns opposite: but the Englishman has built according to his means; the American, according to his expectations. The hotels and inns at Toronto are very bad; at Buffalo they are splendid: for the Englishman travels little; the American is ever on the move. The private houses of Toronto are built, according to the English taste and desire of exclusiveness, away from the road, and are embowered in trees; the American, let his house be ever so large, or his plot of ground however extensive, builds within a few feet of the road, that he may see and know what is going on. You do not perceive the hustle, the energy,
and

and activity at Toronto that you do at Buffalo, nor the profusion of articles in the stores; but it should be remembered that the Americans procure their articles upon credit, whilst at Toronto they proceed more cautiously. The Englishman builds his house and furnishes his store according to his means and fair expectations of being able to meet his acceptances. If an American has money sufficient to build a two-story house, he will raise it up to four stories on speculation. We must not, on one side, be dazzled with the effects of the credit system in America, nor yet be too hasty in condemning it. It certainly is the occasion of much over-speculation; but if the parties who speculate are ruined, provided the money has been laid out, as it usually is in America, upon real property, such as wharfs, houses, &c., a new country becomes a gainer, as the improvements are made and remain, although they fall into other hands. And it should be further pointed out, that the Americans are justified in their speculations from the fact, that property improved rises so fast in value that they are soon able to meet all claims and realise a handsome profit: they speculate on the future; but the future with them is not distant as it is with us, ten years in America being equal to a century in Europe: they are, therefore, warranted in so speculating. The property in Buffalo is now worth one hundred times what it was when the first speculators commenced; for as the country and cities become peopled, and the communication becomes easy, so does the value of everything increase.'—*Marryat*, vol. i. pp. 213-16.

Captain Marryat's *Diary* does not quite fill two of these volumes, the remainder being given to chapters in which he discusses and speculates. We are of opinion that he would have done better had he intermingled these disquisitions of his with the lively and humorous narrative; and in our arrangement of extracts we have taken the liberty of neglecting the order of the book. There are in the third volume, however, several essays,—on the state of the law, religion, education, slavery, and especially one on the state of the American navy, which we must recommend to the deliberate attention of our readers. These must be read continuously, or no justice will be done either to the subjects or to the author. At present we can only advert to one or two practical hints.

The Captain is as much horrified as any of his precursors with the barbarous condition of society in the frontier States of the Union—and especially with the scenes too often enacted under the authority of what they call *Lynch-law*—but he reclaims against the severity with which all persons taking a part in such scenes have been condemned by hasty observers. He appears to us to have proved distinctly that the Lynch system grew up, and has continued to be tolerated, simply because the short-sighted stinginess of the republican exchequer, in starving all legal functionaries and establishments over these newly-settled districts, has

has rendered the regular administration of justice a mere impotent farce. Innkeepers, or persons equally dependent on local patronage, are, from the shabbiest of considerations, promoted to the highest legal offices; and where such men are attorney-generals and judges, the crimes of wealthy desperadoes, or well-combined bodies of miscreants, are practically beyond the reach of law.

‘The whole of Ireland would offer nothing equal in atrocity to what I can prove relative to one small town in America; that of Augusta, in Georgia, containing only a population of 3000, in which in one year there were *fifty-nine assassinations* committed in open day, without any notice being taken of them by the authorities.’—vol. iii. p. 224.

Society, even in its infancy, rebels against such gross denegation of justice, and notorious offenders are every now and then punished with stripes, banishment, even death, at the hands of the outraged population. Nothing can be more shocking than the excess to which this is occasionally carried; but if the administration of justice be virtually abandoned to the mass, the blame and the guilt lie essentially upon the supreme government of the country.

Captain Marryat gives some curious details respecting the origin of that audacious aggression, the seizure of the Mexican province of Texas by citizens of the United States, unrebuked, if not privately prompted, by the government at Washington. He quotes a long array of native authorities, among others that of Dr. Channing, for the fact that this was a deliberate scheme for extending the slave-holding interest in opposition to the gigantic efforts of the abolition societies. Texas, though situated so far to the south, being an open prairie country, enjoying perpetually the free breezes of the Atlantic, admits every field operation to be conducted safely and in comfort by white labourers. Mexico abolished and prohibited slavery, and the American planters of the southern States, resenting this example, and dreading the competition of free-labour cotton, formed a league to commit what Miss Martineau justly calls ‘the most high-handed theft of modern times,’ for the express purpose of nullifying the prohibition, and converting the Texas into a vast new market for slaves, a vast new field for slave labour—and of drawing from thence a vast accession of political power to the slave-holding provinces of the Union.

‘The project of dismembering a neighbouring republic, that slave-holders and slaves might overspread a region which had been consecrated to a free population, was discussed in newspapers as freely as if it were a matter of obvious right and unquestionable humanity. A powerful interest was thus created for severing from Mexico her distant province.’

So

So says Channing—Captain Marryat adds:—

‘America (for the government looked on and offered no interruption) has seized upon Texas with a view of extending the curse of slavery, and of finding a mart for the excess of her negro population: if Texas is admitted into the Union, all chance of the abolition of slavery must be thrown forward to such an indefinite period, as to be lost in the mist of futurity: if, on the contrary, Texas remains an independent province, or is restored to her legitimate owners, and in either case slavery is abolished, she then becomes, from the very circumstance of her fertility and aptitude for white labour, not only the great *check to slavery*, but eventually the means of its *abolition*. Never, therefore, was there a portion of the globe upon which the moral world must look with such interest. England may, if she acts promptly and wisely, make such terms with this young State as to raise it up as a barrier against the profligate ambition of America.’—vol. iii., pp. 76-78.

Captain Marryat gives little of his space to *the Red men*, and we are not aware that he has brought out more than a single new trait of their manners. It is a curious one certainly—he is speaking of the Sioux:—

‘They hold what they term *Virgin Feasts*, and when these are held, should any young woman accept the invitation who has by her misconduct rendered herself unqualified for it, it is the duty of any man who is aware of her unfitness, to go into the circle and lead her out. A circumstance of this kind occurred the other day, when the daughter of a celebrated chief gave a *Virgin Feast*: a young man of the tribe walked into the circle and led her out; upon which the chief led his daughter to the lodge of the young Sioux, and told him that he gave her to him for his wife, but the young man refused to take her, as being unworthy. But what is more singular (and I have it from authority which is unquestionable), they also hold *Virgin Feasts* for the young men; and should any young man take his seat there who is unqualified, the woman who is aware of it must lead him out, although in so doing she convicts herself: nevertheless, it is considered a sacred duty and *is done*.’—vol. ii., pp. 96-97.

Not always, *perhaps*—but we recommend the subject to the romantic bards of our ‘Keepsakes,’ ‘Forget-me-nots,’ and ‘Books of Beauty.’

We regret that we cannot find room for more than one extract from Mr. Murray’s *Indian* chapters, for on this interesting subject he is much more communicative than Captain Marryat. The brilliant narrative of Washington Irving’s ‘*Astoria*’ had, no doubt, pre-occupied the richest ground—but still the pages in which Mr. Murray describes his own adventures among the red men of ‘the far West’ will amply reward our readers’ attention. It is impossible to peruse them without conceiving a very favourable opinion of the writer’s personal character, spirit, and temper.

He

He seems to have submitted to all sorts of privations and hardships with the same gallantry of heart that never failed on the threatening of actual danger; and he can therefore afford well to paint *con amore* the dandy heir-apparent of the great chief of the Pawnees.

‘He began his toilet about eight in the morning, by greasing and smoothing his whole person with fat, which he rubbed afterwards perfectly dry, only leaving the skin sleek and glossy; he then painted his face vermilion, with a stripe of red also along the centre of the crown of the head; he then proceeded to his ‘coiffure,’ which received great attention, although the quantum of hair demanding such care was limited, inasmuch as his head was shaved close, except one tuft at the top, from which hung two plaited “tresses.” (Why must I call them “pigtails?”) He then filled his ears, which were bored in two or three places, with rings and wampum, and hung several strings of beads round his neck; then, sometimes painting stripes of vermilion and yellow upon his breast and shoulders, and placing armlets above his elbows and rings upon his fingers, he proceeded to adorn the nether man with a pair of mocassins, some scarlet cloth leggings fastened to his waist-belt, and bound round below the knee with garters of beads four inches broad. Being so prepared, he drew out his mirror, fitted into a small wooden frame, (which he always, whether hunting or at home, carried about his person,) and commenced a course of self-examination, such as the severest disciple of Watts, Mason, or any other religious moralist, never equalled. Nay more, if I were not afraid of offending the softer sex by venturing to bring man into comparison with them in an occupation which is considered so peculiarly their own, I would assert that no female creation of the poets, from the time that Eve first saw “that smooth watery image,” till the polished toilet of the lovely Belinda, ever studied her own reflected self with more perseverance or satisfaction than this Pawnee youth. I have repeatedly seen him sit, for above an hour at a time, examining his face in every possible position and expression; now frowning like Homer’s Jove before a thunderstorm, now like the same god, described by Milton, “smiling with superior love;” now slightly varying the streaks of paint upon his cheeks and forehead, and then pushing or pulling “each particular hair” of his eyebrows into its most becoming place! Could the youth have seen anything in that mirror half so dangerous as the features which the glassy wave gave back to the gaze of the fond Narcissus, I might have feared for his life or reason; but, fortunately for these, they had only to contend with a low receding forehead, a nose somewhat *sinuous*, a pair of small sharp eyes, with high cheek-bones, and a broad mouth, well furnished with a set of teeth, which had at least the merit of demolishing speedily everything, animal or vegetable, that came within their range.

His toilet thus arranged to his satisfaction, one of the women or children led his buffalo-horse before the tent; and he proceeded to deck himself, by painting his forehead, neck, and shoulders with stripes of red, and sometimes twisted a few feathers into his tail. He then put

put into his mouth an old-fashioned bridle, bought or stolen from the Spaniards, from the bit of which hung six or eight steel chains, about nine inches long; while some small bells, attached to the reins, contributed to render the movements of the steed as musical as those of the lovely 'Sonnante,' in the incomparable tale of Comte Hamilton.

'All things being now ready for the promenade, he threw a scarlet mantle over his shoulders, thrust his mirror in below his belt, took in one hand a large fan, of wild-goose or turkey feathers, to shield his fair and delicate complexion from the sun, while a whip hung from his wrist, having the handle studded with brass nails. Thus accoutred, he mounted his jingling palfrey, and ambled through the encampment, envied by all the youths less gay in attire, attracting the gaze of the unfortunate drudges who represent the gentler sex, and admired supremely by himself!'—*Murray*, vol. i., pp. 318-321.

In a foot-note upon the italicized adjective *simious* our author adds:—

'I believe I can justly claim the invention or anglicising of this word. If I can, I consider the republic of letters under deep obligation to me.'

We are sorry to undeceive Mr. Murray, but his exultation is *nimious*;—if he will turn to Peter Plymley's third letter, (which we are happy to refer to in the collective works of Mr. Sydney Smith, vol. iii. p. 300,) he will find Mr. Canning charged with inventing (thirty years ago) a new term, viz., *fanaticism*, to denote what had used to be called 'public virtue' and 'detection of abuses;' to which Peter adds, that 'the term invented by Mr. Canning has been adopted by that *simious* parasite who is always grinning at his heels,'—meaning, according to the ancient scholiasts, Lord Palmerston.

It may be doubted if even yet the happy adjective has been quite anglicised; but, as Don Juan observes,—

'If England wants the word, she has the thing.'

ART. III.—*Memoirs of the Life, Character, and Writings of Joseph Butler, D.C.L., late Lord Bishop of Durham.* By Thomas Bartlett, A.M., Rector of Kingstone, Kent, and one of the Six Preachers of the Cathedral of Christ, Canterbury. London. 8vo. 1839.

ON the works of this great prelate we have expressed ourselves at large in former numbers of this Journal.* His life, now written for the first time in any detail, demands some notice, uneventful as it is,—both because it is the life of Butler, and because it proceeds from the pen of a connexion of his own:

* See particularly vol. XXXVIII., p. 305, &c.; and vol. XLIII., p. 182, &c.

Mr. Bartlett having married (if we read him right) the great-granddaughter of the bishop's elder brother. It may be presumed, therefore, that whatever tradition of their illustrious relative survives is most likely to be found in this quarter; and that if it prove scanty, as it does, it is nevertheless all that is to be had.

Joseph Butler, the author of the *Analogy* and the *Sermons*, was born at Wantage, a market-town in Berkshire, (which had the glory also of giving birth to Alfred the Great,) on the 18th May, 1692. He was the youngest of eight children of Thomas Butler, a substantial linen and woollen draper, who had retired, however, from his shop, and established himself at the Priory, a house near the town, where the room in which Butler first drew breath is yet to be seen nearly as it then was. His education was begun under the Rev. Philip Burton, a clergyman of the Church of England, and master of the grammar-school of that place. From him he was by-and-by removed to Mr. Jones, who kept a dissenting school, first at Gloucester and afterwards at Tewkesbury; Butler's father being of the Presbyterian persuasion, and intending his son for its ministry. Here he had Secker for his schoolfellow; and the friendship between the future primate of England and prelate of Durham, commenced under these singular auspices, in a nursery of nonconformity, lasted throughout life. It was whilst he was yet at Tewkesbury school, though now in his twenty-first year, that he addressed his Letters (so well known) to Dr. Clarke, wherein he professes himself dissatisfied with that author's *Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God*. The reasons which he assigns for this are so acute; are urged in so calm and ingenuous a spirit; and so clearly proceed from one whose desire really was, what he avowed it to be, 'to make the search after truth the business of his life'—that Clarke replied to them, anonymous as they were, evidently under a sense that he had to deal with an antagonist worthy of him, and eventually attached the whole correspondence to his treatise. In order to preserve his *incognito* in this affair, Secker was employed to convey these letters to the post-office at Gloucester, and bring back the replies: such was the modesty of this masterly reasoner,—a feature of his mind which impresses itself on his writings from first to last; for 'the shortness of our faculties,' to use a phrase of his own, was that which made itself most felt, as was likely, by one who exercised them on such high argument; and instead of the oracle many an ordinary man esteems himself—esteems himself in proportion as his parts are shallow—Butler's confession ever was, 'I have nothing to draw with, and the well is deep.' It was now becoming time that he should enter on his profession; but after reflecting on the question of nonconformity, he could
not

not satisfy himself of its reasonableness or innocence; and, in spite of the bias of education and a father's wish, he decided for the church. When the temperament of Butler's mind is considered, and the absence of all temptation in the church at that time to warp his choice, it must be confessed that she has great reason to triumph in the deliberate verdict of such a man; and it was probably not forgiven or forgotten when, some years after his death, an attempt was made to fasten on his memory an accusation of popery, partly founded on a Charge which he delivered to his clergy at Durham, in which he had ventured to plead for 'the importance of external religion,'—'of forms which should daily bring the subject before men's thoughts, and lead bad men to repent, and good men to grow better;' and partly on the fact that, when repairing his private chapel at Bristol, he had fixed a cross over the altar. It was reserved for the reformers of Bristol, eight years ago, effectually to do away all traces of the latter reproach; and when they had set the bishop's house in order, after their manner, and search was made amongst the ruins for this memorial of Butler's episcopacy, it was found to be broken in pieces and destroyed. And yet this *papist* had written, in one of his sermons, of *popery*, that it '*was the great corruption of Christianity, which is ever hard at work to bring us again under its yoke!*' But that age, like this, knew not how to discriminate between popery—an invention of modern times, which shrinks from the test of real antiquity—and the primitive church, which was indeed full of the visible signs of invisible things, in order the better to appeal to thoughtless men; and delighted to present the cross on all occasions to their eyes, that their hearts might be turned to Him who died on it.

Butler never was married; but an acrostic epitaph upon a female cousin, written about this period of his life, gives token that he too 'had felt the softer flame.' The lines are withheld, from a natural desire of the biographer not to exhibit Butler in a position below himself; but well may that passion be thought to foster the muse, which could excite the author of the '*Analogy*' to deeds of verse.

In 1714 Butler was entered a commoner of Oriel College, where he soon formed an intimacy with Mr. Edward Talbot, son of Dr. Talbot, shortly after Bishop of Durham; an event which gave a character to the rest of his life. Through Mr. Talbot's influence, seconded by that of Dr. Clarke, then rector of St. James's, he was in 1718 appointed preacher of the Rolls Court, apparently his first regular ministerial charge; for though his autograph is found in the register of the baptisms and burials of the parish of Hendred, near Wantage, during the year 1717, it is

probable that he was merely officiating for his friend Mr. Talbot, the incumbent of the living.

Meanwhile Secker was studying medicine at Paris; for though he too, like Butler, was designed by his father for a minister amongst the dissenters, yet being unable to determine to what communion amongst them he should attach himself, and dissatisfied moreover with the divisions that prevailed amongst them all, he had resolved upon a different walk in life. But far other things were in store for him than he contemplated. Butler, without his knowing it, had spoken of him in such terms to Mr. Talbot, that the latter promised, if he thought proper to take orders in the Church of England, to recommend him to the notice of his father the bishop; and after some deliberation Secker accepted the offer, and was ordained in 1722 to the rectory of Houghton-le-Spring. Butler himself was presented the same year, by the same patron, to that of Haughton, near Darlington. We think it is Fuller who tells of an inscription over a parsonage door to this effect,—

‘If here you shall find
A house built to your mind,
Without any cost;
Praise God the more,
And give to the poor,
And then my labour is not lost.’

But Butler had not this piece of good fortune. He was accordingly upon the point of involving himself in the expenses attending the erection of a new house; a work in which he was thought very little fitted to engage; when his patron, at the suggestion of Secker, hastened to his rescue by presenting him with the rectory of Stanhope. This was in 1725. In the following year he resigned the preachingship at the Rolls, which he had hitherto held with his living, dividing his time between the duties of town and country, and resided altogether at Stanhope; not being *dead*, as Archbishop Blackburn replied to Queen Caroline, who had thought him so, but *buried*.

On quitting the Rolls, however, he published his *Sermons*, fifteen in number, preached at that chapel, taken at random, as he tells us, from amongst others delivered by him in the same place; and however deeply we may lament his modest disposal of the rest, it is characteristic of Butler that he should have left it as ‘his positive and express will,’ that ‘they should be burned without being read by any one, as soon as might be, after his decease.’ In the *Sermons* which he published, the true foundation of morals is affirmed in the principle of the supremacy of conscience; and though overlaid for a season by the principle of expediency

expediency of Paley, which had the disastrous advantage of being recommended to the world by the most popular of writers, truth is once more beginning to show how mighty it is, and Butler's assertion of it to prevail.

In the retirement of Stanhope he was 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies;'—of *sweet*, for he was here rearing up that everlasting memorial of his genius, *The Analogy of Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature*—and (to adopt the majestic language of Mr. Southey) 'was laying his strong foundations in the depths of that great argument, there to construct another irrefragable proof of the truth of Christianity, thus rendering philosophy subservient to faith, and finding in outward and visible things the type and evidence of those within the veil;'—of *bitter*, for the seclusion in which he was living began to try his spirits, which were at best perhaps not high, and made his friends anxious to relieve him from his solitude. Accordingly, Secker, who, though nearly of his own age, yet being probably the wiser in his generation, seems to have watched over him with a kind of parental affection, interceded with the Lord Chancellor Talbot, the brother of Mr. Edward Talbot, their common patron in early life, to nominate him his chaplain, and Butler began once more to spend half the year in town. Of his habits at Stanhope all that can be gathered on the spot, is contained in the following letter of the present Bishop of Exeter to Dr. Goddard, Arch-deacon of Lincoln:—

'Exeter, January 25, 1835.

'My dear Sir,—I earnestly wish I could justify the report made to you by the Provost of Oriel, that I could supply you with several anecdotes of Bishop Butler. The truth however is, that although tantalized by seeming opportunities of acquiring some information respecting the private life and habits of one to whom I have been accustomed to look up as the greatest of uninspired men, I have been mortified by my almost entire failure. In the rectory of Stanhope, I was successor to him after an interval of eighty years; and one of my earliest employments there, was to search for relics of my illustrious predecessor. I was assured that an old parishioner, who, with a tolerably clear memory, had reached the age of ninety-three or ninety-four, recollected him well. To him I frequently went, and in almost all my conversations endeavoured to elicit something respecting "Rector Butler." He remembered him well—but, as I ought, perhaps, to have anticipated, could tell me nothing; for what chance was there, that one who was a joiner's apprentice, of thirteen years of age, when Butler left Stanhope, could, fourscore years afterwards, tell anything about him? That he was respected and beloved by his parishioners, which was known before, was confirmed by my informant. He lived very retired, was very kind, and could not resist the importunities of common beggars, who, knowing his infirmity, pursued him so earnestly, as sometimes to drive him back

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This is a piece of cowardice, for which I blame myself, though I believe none of my friends will blame me. But though Hume called upon Butler, he did not see him; and one cannot help feeling that this was just one of those trifles in life which sometimes have consequences altogether disproportionate; and that had Butler been within, Hume might have been a believer. The prophet, however, had least honour in his own house. John, one of his nephews at Wantage, a wealthy and eccentric bachelor, fonder of mechanics than metaphysical theology, having borrowed an iron vice of a Scotch neighbour who professed much admiration of the new work and its author, proposed that, as Mr. Thompson liked the 'Analogy,' and he liked the vice, they should make an exchange—and, accordingly, the quarto presentation copy which John had received from his uncle, passed into Mr. Thompson's hands.

In 1738 Butler was appointed to the See of Bristol, and two years afterwards to the Deanery of St. Paul's, when he resigned the living of Stanhope. There is a tradition at Bristol, that he spent the whole income of his bishopric (no very great one to be sure), on an average of the twelve years he held it, in the repairs and improvements of the palace; and the examination into the damage occasioned by the late fire led to the belief that he had been greatly imposed upon by the workmen he employed. A trait of his habits here is preserved by Dean Tucker (then his domestic chaplain), in one of his tracts:—

'The late Doctor Butler, Bishop of Bristol, and afterwards of Durham, had a singular notion respecting large communities and public bodies. His custom was, when at Bristol, to walk for hours in his garden in the darkest night which the time of the year could afford, and I had frequently the honour to attend him. After walking some time, he would stop suddenly and ask the question, "What security is there against the insanity of individuals? The physicians know of none; and as to divines, we have no data, either from scripture or from reason, to go upon relative to this affair." "True, my Lord, no man has a lease of his understanding, any more than of his life; they are both in the hands of the sovereign Disposer of all things." He would then take another turn, and again stop short—"Why might not whole communities and public bodies be seized with fits of insanity, as well as individuals?" "My Lord, I have never considered the case, and can give no opinion concerning it." "Nothing but this principle, that they are liable to insanity, equally at least with private persons, can account for the major part of those transactions of which we read in history." I thought little,' adds the Dean, 'of that odd conceit of the Bishop at that juncture; but I own I could not avoid thinking of it a great deal since, and applying it to many cases.'

What an application of it would have suggested itself to Tucker, could

could no longer have been again walking in that self-same garden on the 31st October, 1831.

In 1747, died Archbishop Porter, and the primacy was offered to Butler; but he declined it, saying, as the tradition of his family reports it, that 'It was too late for him to try to support a failing church.' His nephew John, the same who preferred the vice to the *Apology*, took a view of his own of the archbishopric also; and only conceiving it possible that his uncle could have refused it from a want of capital, proposed to advance him 20,000*l.*, or any other sum he might require to set him up; and returned to Wantage greatly dissatisfied that he still persisted in his refusal.

Three years afterwards the See of Durham became vacant, and it was the wish of the King that Butler should succeed to it; but the Minister, the Duke of Newcastle, was desirous of conferring the lieutenancy of the county, which had hitherto gone with it, upon Lord Barnard; and, though it may well be believed that such an office would have few charms for such a man as Butler, he nevertheless would not allow the ancient honours of the palatine see, whether appropriate or otherwise, to take damage through him, and would hold it unimpaired or not at all. The concession was made, and Butler was translated to Durham. His feelings on this occasion will be best seen by the following admirable letter:—

'My good Friend,

'I should have been mighty glad of the favour of a visit from you, when you were in town. I thank you for your kind congratulations, though I am not without my doubts and fears how far the occasion of them is a real subject of congratulation to me. Increase of fortune is insignificant to one who thought he had enough before; and I foresee many difficulties in the station I am coming into, and no advantage worth thinking of, except some greater power of being serviceable to others; and whether this be an advantage, entirely depends on the use one shall make of it: I pray God it may be a good one. It would be a melancholy thing, in the close of life, to have no reflections to entertain oneself with, but that one had spent the revenues of the bishopric of Durham in a sumptuous course of living, and enriched one's friends with the promotions of it, instead of having really set oneself to do good and promote worthy men; yet, this right use of fortune and power is more difficult than the generality of even good people think, and requires both a guard upon oneself, and a strength of mind to withstand solicitations, greater, I wish I may not find it, than I am master of. I pray God preserve your health, and am always,

'Dear Sir,

'Your affectionate Brother and Servant,

'JOSEPH DUNELM.'

No sooner had Dr. Butler taken possession of his new diocese, than

than he set about repairing and improving the two episcopal residences at Durham and Auckland. He appointed three days in every week for public hospitalities; but, though munificent on these occasions, in his private habits no man was more simple and unostentatious. He distributed largely—calling for his house-steward, and bidding him give whatever money he had at hand (500*l.* it happened to be on one occasion) to a benevolent institution which was recommended to him; and subscribing his 400*l.* a year to the county hospital. In the disposal of his vast patronage he had respect to merit only; insomuch, that one of his nephews, (Jonathan) a man of superior talents too, and supposed to bear a stronger resemblance to the bishop than any other of his family, but who did not give himself, as Butler thought, sufficiently to the work, and was therefore not preferred by him, exclaimed in his wrath, ‘Methinks, my Lord, it is a misfortune to be related to you.’

Whilst attending his duties in Parliament, he resided at Hampstead, in a house formerly belonging to Sir Harry Vane, and from which he was taken to the Tower before his execution. Here, also, the Bishop’s taste for architecture displayed itself. He decorated his windows with painted glass, and the subjects being scriptural, the incident was afterwards turned to account, and he was said to have received them as a present from the pope. Most of this is now lost: some was given by a subsequent occupier of the house to Oriel College, as a relic of its great alumnus; and a few panes are still to be seen in their original position. In this retreat, which is described by one of its inmates as ‘most enchanting,’ Secker (who had been rising in the Church, *pari passu*, and was now Bishop of Oxford) and Butler dined together daily.

He had not held the See of Durham more than two years when his health began to fail, and he was ordered by his physician to Bath. Here he arrived on the 3rd June, 1752; on the 8th of the same month, his chaplain and friend, Dr. Forster, writes to Secker, that his symptoms were ‘thirst, sickness, dry skin, great feverish heats, chiefly at night, attended with weakness of body, and lowness of spirits at intervals that is quite shocking.’ On the 12th, ‘his attention to every one and everything was immediately lost and gone;’ but his affection for Secker was still lively as ever, the image of the latter still mingling with his wandering thoughts; and, at the last, says his chaplain, ‘when for a day or two before his death he had in a great measure been deprived of the use of his faculties, he was perpetually talking about writing to him, though without seeming to have anything which, at least, he was at all capable of communicating.’ On the 13th June, Catherine Talbot, the daughter of Butler’s early friend, dating from the deanery

deanery of St. Paul's, where she was residing with Secker, expresses herself as follows:—

'The dangerous illness of one of our most dear and valued friends, the excellent Bishop of Durham, gives to every day a most painful anxiety for the coming in of the post from Bath. He was my father's friend. I could almost say my remembrance of him goes back some years before I was born, from the lively imagery which the conversations I used to hear in my earliest years have imprinted on my mind. But from the first of my real remembrance, I have ever known in him the kind affectionate friend, the faithful adviser, which he would condescend to when I was quite a child; and the most delightful companion, from a delicacy of thinking, an extreme politeness, a vast knowledge of the world, and a something peculiar to be met with in nobody else. And all this in a man whose sanctity of manners, and sublimity of genius, gave him one of the first ranks among men, long before he was raised to that rank in the world, which must still, if what I painfully fear should happen, aggravate such a loss, as one cannot but infinitely regret the good which such a mind in such a station must have done. But this is an idle, a wrong regret. Providence needs not this or that instrument, but whatever Providence orders is best. But you will not wonder that I am affected, that I am very low, because I see mamma low, I see my lord affected. We all live in suspense; and there is not a room in the house that does not peculiarly remind us of him who was so lately its possessor, and who has so often so cheerfully and hospitably received us in it.'

On the 16th June, about eleven o'clock in the morning, in the sixty-first year of his age, Butler breathed his last.

It is stated, says Mr. Bartlett, upon the authority of the late Rev. Richard Cecil, that during Bishop Butler's last illness, when Dr. Forster was one day reading to him the 3rd chapter of St. John's Gospel, the bishop stopped him at the 16th verse, and requested him to read it a second time. When this was done, after a pause, he said, 'I never before felt those words to be so satisfactory and consolatory.' One of the daughters of Mr. Venn, of Yelling, recollects her father often to have referred to the end of Butler—'How he looked to Christ as a poor sinner, and said he never had so clear a view of his own inability to save himself as then.' The author of the chapter in the *Analogy* on the appointment of a Mediator, and the redemption of the world by him, could scarcely have felt otherwise; especially under the strong conviction which he seems ever to have entertained of the degree in which he himself personally had fallen short. 'He was walking with his chaplain, Dr. Forster,' (the anecdote is Dr. Madan's, Bishop of Peterborough,) 'when he suddenly turned towards him,' (a way which he appears to have had,) 'and with much earnestness said, "I was thinking, Doctor, what an awful thing it is for a human being to stand before the great
Moral

Moral Governor of the world, to give an account of all his actions in this life !” And it was Butler who had these alarms !

To the few particulars of his character, so tenderly touched in Miss Talbot’s letter, we have nothing to add, except that he was extremely fond of music ; and ‘ when he was not engaged in the evening with his friends and clergy, or in the necessary duties of his sacred office, his under-secretary, Mr. Emm, who had been a chorister at St. Paul’s, was in the habit of playing to him on his organ, and this he found to be a grateful relief to his mind after severe application to study.’

An engraving, from apparently an excellent portrait of Butler, by Vanderbank, taken of him when he was forty years of age, the period at which he was employed on his *Analogy*, is prefixed to this volume. It represents him as having an oval face, regular features, an expanded forehead, strong eyebrows, and large full eyes, wearing, in a very remarkable degree, an expression of abstraction, as though the mind was otherwise engaged than in looking through them :

‘ —fa semiante

D’ uomo cui altra cura stringa e morda
Che quella di colui che gli è davante.’

There is added to this volume an abridgement of the *Analogy*, chiefly made in Butler’s own words ; and an apocryphal sermon on St. John iii. 8, on which, as we have no others of the like kind to compare it with, we will not pronounce an opinion.

On the whole we are most grateful to Mr. Bartlett for the information he has afforded us on this deeply interesting subject, from the family recollections he has gleaned up, and from the various notices of Butler by contemporary writers, which he has drawn to a focus and made tributary to his *Memoirs*. In a future edition, which we heartily hope may be speedily called for—since nothing but good can come of every fresh impulse given to the circulation of his great relation’s works—we would suggest to him, whether his materials might not sometimes be re-arranged to advantage, and the several component parts be made to fall into their places more in ‘ a concatenation accordingly.’

ART. IV.—*Reports of the Society for the Suppression of Mendicancy, &c. &c.* London, 1838-1839.

VIRGIL places Want—*turpis Egestas*—before the vestibule of his poetical hell, in the very jaws of Orcus, and in the company of as ghastly a crew as ever presented themselves to a seer’s eye. The frightful conclave includes almost every passion, vice,
and

and suffering that can afflict and degrade human nature, and would almost lead to the conclusion that money is virtue. And, indeed, we fear that it must be admitted to be no fiction of the imagination, that without money it is a task of no small difficulty to be virtuous, in the times wherein our lot is cast, and in the present state of society in this country. How many thousands of spirits imprisoned in the limbos of wretchedness are panting to be free, *superasque evadere ad auras*? How many actually do emerge from the swarming gulf, bringing with them inventions in art and science that lessen the miseries, and increase the physical, the moral, and the intellectual happiness of man? On these the primæval curse has descended softened into the gentleness of mercy, and poverty has brightened their wits and sharpened their invention, purifying their souls like the silver seven times tried. Hardship and distress only serve to make such minds more determined to shine in their proper sphere, and, like the generous Godolphin Arabian, they endure on, 'biding their time' till the fortunate hour arrives which is to lift them to fame. But we are not all made of the same clay:

'The spurns

That patient merit of th' unworthy takes'

tell with fatal effect on softer natures; they feel, in its worst form, that worst of maladies, the sickness of the heart caused by hope deferred. The divine ray, worn by its efforts to struggle through the fog of prejudice and pride with which wealthy dunces surround it, wanes and dwindles; many a Milton, many a Franklin, and many a Davy remain mute and inglorious, or only flash out for a moment to be extinguished for ever.

Thus the inequality of wealth, whilst, on the one hand, it is the source of much misery, is, on the other, the mainspring of all greatness; and, in our own England, has, perhaps, more of the blessing and less of the curse than in any other country. Among imperfectly civilized nations, this inequality puts the life of the poor man at the absolute disposal of the rich man. As if to exhibit to the people the Moloch strength of unrestrained wealth and power as opposed to poverty and weakness, thousands of human beings were sacrificed at the coronation of Montezuma; and even in that terrestrial Mahomedan paradise, Otaheite—Tahiti is a different region now—where bounteous nature spreads a table for all, and

'Bread itself is gather'd as a fruit,'

it was some poor friendless wretch that was brought to the morai as a blood-offering.

There is not, it is admitted, any country in the world so rich in public charity as Great Britain; and, indeed, it has been a question

question whether our parochial and other schools, our magnificent hospitals, and our comfortable almshouses, may not be rather injurious, as tending to make men rely upon others instead of themselves. We are by no means advocates for imprudence; on the contrary, we hold self-reliance to be one of the principal ingredients for making a good and useful citizen; but there are some accidents against which no foresight can guard. There are but a favoured few who are not liable to sudden reverses; and all of us may be suddenly stricken by death, or visited with mutilation and disease in the very vigour of our days. What would become of the family of the poor man so stricken or visited, who depends on his sinews for the daily support of himself and his little ones, but for those godlike institutions? And after all, splendidly munificent as they are, there is a class of cases which they do not reach.

Those who have only witnessed poverty in the country (in England, at least) have no idea of the squalid wretchedness in great towns. The cottage, however humble, has, in almost every rural district, if that district be not quite neglected, its little plot of garden, surrounded by the fresh air, and smiled upon by the blessed light of the sun, and, in winter, is cheered by its bright bit of fire; so that the family, though poor, have their undisturbed home. In towns, three, sometimes four families are inmates of the same filthy dark *cellar*. We will just relate a London case that came under our own observation, not long ago.

An Irishman with a wife and six children (five of them at home) had employment in some lead works, and was able—great luxury—to afford a whole room for himself. In a pecuniary sense, the employment was good; but it was most unhealthy: the poor man's strength gave way under it, and he was sent to a hospital, there patched up, and told, on his discharge, that if he returned to the works it would kill him. But what was he to do? There were the children crying for bread. He *did* return to the works, was accepted and entered again on his labour; but, as he had been warned, he was soon obliged to fly for his life. Just at this time, the eldest boy, who was about fifteen, came home, having been shipwrecked, and to get him a new kit to go to sea again most of the necessaries were pawned. The parents were sober, honest, and industrious, struggled hard to live, and suffered in silence. In that dreadfully severe weather which visited us at the end of January and beginning of February, our attention was drawn to a poor girl sitting out in the streets in the snow, in almost transparent clothing, trying to turn a penny by selling chestnuts. This led to inquiry, and their room was visited. The scene that presented itself is indescribable: there was

generally about as veracious portraits as their shepherds ; and though, in the city at least, *the long-remembered beggar* may be at any time seen, he is neither quite so picturesque nor so agreeable as the guest of the Village Preacher. Indeed, we do not remember more than two respectable British beggars, Goldsmith's and Edie Ochiltree ; but they were not in the roll of common men.

But the scourge of mendicity is common to all countries ; and the different remedies which have been suggested and applied to destroy it are so many beacons to warn posterity from striking on the quicksands of absurdity, which certain legislators have laid down as safe harbours. To name one out of many panaceas, the sages of some German principalities thought they had cut the knot when they prohibited the poor from marrying. The wise men must have been rather astonished when they found that the population increased rapidly under the prohibition. ' Une nomenclature immense,' says M. Peuchet,* after enumerating the various causes which in this world of changes are constantly throwing thousands out of employment, ' qu'il serait très difficile et très intéressant d'établir, fournit coup sur coup et de toutes parts des légions sans travail et sans ressources, toujours à deux doigts du pillage, de l'assassinat, et du vol. La mendicité semble la transition entre les classes laborieuses et les classes criminelles ; et les divers pays se les renvoyant sans cesse de l'un à l'autre par des mesures de police toujours de plus en plus restrictives, il est facile de prévoir le moment où, si l'organisation des lois sur la mendicité ne prend un ensemble européen, on se trouvera dans l'alternative de les encourager sans mesure ou de les massacrer sans pitié.' Hard measure this ; but M. Peuchet knows his ground ; and though England is free from some of the continental evils and dangers, she has abundance of her own.

The same author informs us that, in France, there were, in the years anterior to 1789, a considerable number of mendicants condemned to be broken on the wheel, ' pour raison d'attaques, incendies, vols, et assassinats.' This crushing rigour seems to have been as general as it was terrible—' Leurs bandes furent ainsi détruites : ' horrible as the punishment was, it was clearly necessary that some strong measures should be resorted to ; for it appears from the documents connected with their trials, that those beggars were neither more nor less than brigands regularly united together for the commission of crime, and that their associations extended through whole provinces. Till this heavy judgment fell upon them they lived, as regular beggars in all countries think themselves entitled to do, luxuriously. They were a rich fraternity. The foolish among them were hoarders, the wise usurers ; and as a

* Mémoires tirés des Archives de la Police, Paris, 1838.

specimen of their *menus plaisirs*, we beg to introduce our patrons to one of the quarterly festivals of the beggars of *vieille France*. Translate it we will not; the eloquence of the worthy Sieur Vincent, 'Agent de police,' would suffer too grievously from an attempt to force it into an English dress.

The following then is this agent's official report—transcribed by M. Peuchet—'*Sur le dîner que l'état-major de la confrérie des mendiants de la capitale donna, dans l'année 1786, chez un marchand de vin de la rue Saint-Jacques.*'

'Je me suis transporté chez le sieur Drouet, cabaretier, près de l'Estrapade. Il avait fait, dès le matin, enlever les cloisons d'une salle basse, dont les fenêtres grillées donnent sur le clos des Génovéfains. Une table en fer-à-cheval, large et clouée sur de puissans tréteaux, se trouvait disposée, chargée de près de deux cents couverts. Le sieur Drouet, que je connais de longue date, consentit à satisfaire ma curiosité, et me fit passer près des commissaires ordonnateurs du festin pour un de ses neveux; en cette qualité, je dus mettre la main aux accessoires du service, afin que mon oncle prétendu vaquât librement aux soins de la cuisine, où dix aides, appelés pour ce surcroît de besogne, s'agitaient dans une épaisse fumée.

'Une loueuse de chaises d'un jardin public avait fourni deux cents tabourets, et l'on avait fouillé dans l'arsenal des théâtres forains à l'effet de tapisser les parois de cette cave, dont la vétusté disparaissait sous un bariolage de décorations hétéroclites; des potences de bois simulaient çà et là des candélabres, et, comme autant de poignets, portaient des régimens de chandelles que messieurs les commissaires mouchaient fort lestement avec les doigts. Malgré les temples et les cascades des décors tachés de graisse, rien ne faisait présager encore le luxe dont on m'avait promis l'étalage. A la vérité, messieurs les pauvres de Paris ne donnent pas dans ces babioles, et comprennent beaucoup plus le faste de l'estomac que la prétintaille des ornemens. Les vins furent dégustés l'un après l'autre, patiemment; et, malgré ma fatuité de connaisseur et l'astuce de mon très cher oncle qui chicanait sur les qualités et sur les âges, je fus obligé de rendre des points à ces gourmets émérités—qui se dissertèrent comme une assemblée de rois sur les clos des divers pays, et sur les procédés des particuliers et des marchands, dans la falsification de leurs denrées; les bouteilles suspectes furent écartées et remplacées; on aura pu les vendre à des bourgeois. C'est parmi ces fins dégustateurs qu'il faut prendre les surveillans des cabaretiers. Les vins acceptés furent rangés en pyramide dans un coin, et l'on ne les perdit pas de vue. On chargea les tables de friandises; le déploiement des hors-d'œuvres me donna de l'appétit: sardines, anchois, olives, mille délicatesses de la saison; des pâtés de venaison tout chauds, qui jetaient un fumet exquis; des chapons de la Bresse, des gigots musqués de cette petite pointe d'ail dont l'eau vient à la bouche rien qu'en y songeant; des forteresses de côtelettes désossées et poudrées de fine chapelure; quelques hures de sanglier dans leur gelée crenelée comme une forteresse; des saladiers remplis d'oranges de Portugal, coupées
par

par tranches, baignant d'eau-de-vie ; bref, tout un assortiment de dessert comme dans les galas de l'Hôtel-de-Ville pour les élections des échevins, chargeait à la fois cette table, tandis que l'on marquait les places avec un soin que l'on n'a pas toujours dans les meilleures maisons de Paris. Un ordre merveilleux se faisait comprendre dans les distributions de ce pêle-mêle. Drouet me fit sentir que nul ne devait assister à ce festin que les élus, et que, pour cet effet, on devait servir tout à la fois : je vis qu'il me faudrait déguerpir. Les précautions prises pour qu'il ne se glissât pas d'intrus parmi les convives étaient extrêmes, et consistaient en certains mots de passe auxquels on devait en répondre d'autres qui se succédaient comme des numéros d'ordre.

Sur une table particulière, dressée au centre du fer-à-cheval que formait la table des convives, on plaça, quand vint le gros de l'assemblée, des soupières enveloppées avec soin pour que leur chaleur ne s'évaporât pas. Je n'ai pas pu deviner ce que contenaient ces bienheureuses soupières. Mais à la grimace de délectation qui gonfla toutes ces figures de bandits, à leurs yeux étincelans comme des escarboucles, je compris qu'on était satisfait du cabaretier. Quatre cochons de lait, dont les entrailles étaient recousues, devaient contenir également des merveilles gastronomiques dans leur intérieur. Les invités cependant arrivaient coup sur coup, se groupaient, se félicitaient, s'intéressaient l'un à l'autre ; quelques-uns vinrent en fiacre. Je reconnus là des gourgandines qui se tiennent à la porte des églises, parées, bichonnées, décrassées pour ce jour-là, et que, dans tout autre temps, on ne toucherait certainement pas avec des pincettes. Il fallait voir la métamorphose pour y croire ; les estropiés étaient en fort grand nombre ; on n'a pas plus de civilités dans les façons chez les riches bourgeois de la rue des Lombards. Le trait caractéristique de la plupart de ces physionomies était un regard perçant et moqueur. Quelques aveugles furent amenés par leurs soi-disant filles, squelettes liés au sort de ces braves gens, pour l'intérêt de leur commerce, et sur lesquelles un carabin prendrait des leçons d'ostéologie sans avoir besoin de les faire écorcher. Du reste, il faut que ce soit leur acabit naturel, car lorsqu'il fut question de déplacer une des longues tables, pour établir un courant de circulation entre les tabourets et les murailles, quatre de ces momies, dont les articulations semblaient devoir se disjoindre au moindre choc, soulevèrent le massif avec une prestesse dont on ne les aurait pas crues capables. Des mendiants galantins apportèrent des fleurs qui, bientôt, sur le corsage de ces dames, jurèrent avec leurs figures ranciees et revêches ; leur sourire de remerciement aurait fait fuir le diable, il m'ôta l'appétit. Les pralines et les bonbons, les pastilles ambrées, les liqueurs pour s'ouvrir l'estomac, circulèrent au choix des invités ; et deux clarinettes donnant le signal, car ces gail-lards-là mangeaient au son des instrumens, les commissaires me firent déguerpir avec les autres gens de service. On ferma soigneusement les portes ; le sieur Drouet, avec qui je renouai plus amplement connaissance, en jugeant quelques-unes des bouteilles mal à propos déclarées suspectes et qui se laissèrent boire, m'apprit que chaque convive payait par tête la somme de six livres, sans compter les liqueurs et le café.

Les principaux gueux de Paris, la haute classe des mendiants, connus pour

pour les plus huppés, protégés par les dévotes de M. l'archevêque de Paris, dont ils sont les courtiers et les espions, font de ces solennités quatre fois par an, rarement dans le même endroit deux fois de suite ; ils ne manquent jamais, au préalable, d'envoyer des commissaires chargés de débattre les prix. Malgré toute leur finesse, on les attrape encore. Il est probable que, dans ces repas, s'agitent les grands intérêts du métier, les conventions pour interdire de force ou de gré la place à des demandeurs qui ne sont pas de la confrérie. On sait l'art d'écraser un faux frère et de l'expulser. Je dois me trouver avec un des commissaires, et si c'est l'intention de M. le lieutenant de police, en ma qualité de joueur de flûte, j'espère obtenir la faveur d'assister en personne à l'une de ces prochaines bacchanales.'

We strongly recommend the study of the above to Mr. Gunter ; and if he will condescend to take a few hints from the refinements of this *fête*, great will be the gratification of the noble and illustrious guests who may have the good fortune to make the assay of his handiwork, and eloquent will be the columns of the Morning Post immortalizing his efforts.

That the same country where these elegant orgies were celebrated still retained the *pauvre honteux*, we have evidence in a touching story which will be found at p. 69 of M. Peuchet's book, and well bears out an apophthegm of his relating to his countrymen,—*Faire envie plutôt que pitié, c'est la maxime du peuple*. As M. de Malherbes and Madame de Staël were driving together in the Place Vendôme, in 1785, the horses threw down a man who was absolutely dying of hunger, but who still kept his high spirit, and, when the coachman declared what his state was, proudly and angrily answered that he had but that moment left a *cabaret*, endeavouring to turn into ridicule the alarm of the pitying domestic. He tried to walk away,—but stumbled and fell from sheer weakness. During his fainting fit his pockets were searched and his address found. M. de Malherbes went to the dwelling of this unfortunate, and there beheld—and we need not add relieved—a family of spectres who had not tasted nourishment for three days. Here we have one of the many instances of unknown misery in large towns—misery which is seldom projected on public notice, excepting when our attention is suddenly aroused and our feelings shocked by finding that a miserable fellow-creature has expired for want in the midst of plenty, a solitary outcast surrounded by a population of 1,500,000 souls.

The British beggar by profession has had his portrait-painters in almost all ages. Under Henry VIII. the mendicants, driven to desperation by the suppression of the monasteries, had recourse to such excesses that we find 72,000 of them hanged for thieving in that reign. (Q. R. vol. lxii. p. 70.) Shakspeare thus paints the vagrant of his time—

'My

'My face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; else all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness outface
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometimes with lunatic bans, sometimes with pray'rs,
Inforce their charity.'

We shall now take leave to present one or two more modern pictures—the first drawn by the hand of a master, before whose piercing eye all human follies and frailties were laid bare; and how refreshing it is to return to the vigorous, healthy air of his style, after being perfumed and pastilled to death by the tawdry trash of the day. There is more strength in half a page of Fielding or Smollett than in a whole ship-load of the diluted, maudlin, sickly sentimentality with which the so-called *fashionable novelists*, male, female, and epicene, drench their patients. Thus speaks Julian, by the mouth of Fielding:—

'I was born into a very poor and numerous family, which, to be honest with you, procured its livelihood by begging. This, if you was never yourself of the calling, you do not know, I suppose, to be as regular a trade as any other; to have its several rules and secrets, or mysteries, which to learn requires perhaps as tedious an apprenticeship as those of any craft whatever.

'The first thing we are taught is the countenance miserable. This, indeed, nature makes much easier to some than others; but there are none who cannot accomplish it if they begin early enough in youth, and before the muscles are grown too stubborn.

'The second thing is the voice lamentable. In this qualification, too, nature must have her share in producing the most consummate excellence: however, art will here, as in every other instance, go a great way with industry and application, even without the assistance of genius, especially if the student begins young.

'There are many other instructions, but these are the most considerable. The women are taught one practice more than the men, for they are instructed in the art of crying, that is, to have their tears ready on all occasions; but this is attained very easily by most. Some, indeed, arrive at the utmost perfection in this art with incredible facility.

'No profession requires a deeper insight into human nature than the beggar's. Their knowledge of the passions of men is so extensive, that I have often thought it would be of no little service to a politician to have his education among them. Nay, there is a much greater analogy between these two characters than is imagined: for both concur in their first and grand principle, it being equally their business to delude and

impose on mankind. It must be confessed that they differ widely in the degree of advantage which they make by their deceit: for, whereas the beggar is contented with a little, the politician leaves but a little behind.'

The whole chapter is admirable; but we have only room for the conclusion.

'The luxury of our lives might introduce diseases, did not our daily exercise prevent them. This gives us an appetite and relish for our dainties, and at the same time an antidote against the evil effects which sloth united with luxury induces on the habit of the human body. . . . I can, I am assured, say of myself, that no mortal could reap more happiness from the tender passion than my fortune had decreed me. I married a charming young woman for love; she was the daughter of a neighbouring beggar, who, with an improvidence too often seen, spent a very large income which he procured by his profession, so that he was able to give her no fortune down: however, at his death, he left her a very well-accustomed begging-hut, situated on the side of a steep hill, where travellers could not immediately escape from us, and a garden adjoining, being the twenty-eighth part of an acre, well planted. She made the best of wives, bore me nineteen children, and never failed, unless on her lying-in, which generally lasted three days, to get my supper ready against my return home in an evening, this being my favourite meal, and at which I, as well as my whole family, greatly enjoyed ourselves, the principal subject of our discourse being generally the boons we had that day obtained, on which occasions laughing at the folly of the donors made no inconsiderable part of the entertainment: for whatever might be their motive for giving, we constantly imputed our success to our having flattered their vanity or overreached their understandings.'—*Journey from this World to the Next*.

The habits of the fraternity in the beginning of the eighteenth century are thus depicted by one who, like Fielding, knew London thoroughly:—

'I looked out of my window the other morning earlier than ordinary and saw a blind beggar, an hour before the passage he stands in is frequented, with a needle and thread, thriffully mending his stockings. My astonishment was still greater when I beheld a lame fellow, whose legs were too big to walk, within an hour after, bring him a pot of ale. I will not mention the shakings, distortions, and convulsions which many of them practise to gain an alms; but sure I am they ought to be taken care of in this condition either by the beadle or the magistrate. They, it seems, relieve their posts according to their talents. There is the voice of an old woman, who never begins to beg till nine in the evening, and then she is destitute of lodging, turned out for want of rent, and has the same ill fortune every night in the year. You should employ an officer to hear the distress of each beggar that is constant at a particular place, who is ever in the same tone, and succeeds because his audience is continually changing, though he does not alter his lamentation. If we have nothing else for our money, let us have more invention to be cheated with.'—*Spectator*, No. 430.

The

The wish here expressed by Steele has been in great measure realised by a society which has had no small abuse lavished upon it by maudlin sympathisers. It is very easy to call it a society for relieving the poor by giving them nothing; but, like everything in England that has a sure foundation, it has struggled through evil report and good report till it has risen, like the grain of mustard-seed, to a goodly tree of refuge for the really deserving objects of compassion, whilst it aids in administering due chastisement to the profligate and the wicked. The reports of the Society for the Suppression of Mendicity state that it is instituted '*for the purpose of checking the practice of public mendicity, with all its baneful and demoralising consequences; by putting the laws in force against impostors, who adopt it as a trade, and by affording prompt and effectual assistance to those whom sudden calamity and unaffected distress may cast in want and misery upon the public attention.*'

We shall, by-and-by, return to this excellent society; but in the mean time let us inquire what may be the actual number of persons who live by begging in Great Britain at the present time. To obtain exact information on subjects of this kind is seldom easy, and in former days very loose statements went down. The Commissioners appointed to inquire as to the best means of establishing an efficient constabulary force in the counties of England and Wales adduce, as an example, the estimate of the number of prostitutes given by Colquhoun in his work on the police of London—namely, 50,000:—

'The whole male population of London and Westminster and the parishes within the Bills of Mortality was,' say the Commissioners, 'according to the actual enumeration of 1801, the period to which he referred, only about 400,000. But after deducting the children and the very old, the remainder capable of contributing to the support of the vice of prostitution would not be more than from 150,000 to 200,000 at the extreme. Allowing that all were licentious in their habits, the learned magistrate's estimate gave one prostitute for every three or four males, and alleged that every third or fourth female was a professed prostitute. In a recent address, published by a voluntary association for the Suppression of Prostitution, the number of prostitutes in the metropolis was stated to be not less than 80,000. The actual enumeration shows that, at this time, the number of known prostitutes living amidst nearly a million and a half of the population does not exceed 7,000. We may observe, that the proportion of this unfortunate class to the population is similar in Paris, the average number during the year 1832 being 3,558, according to the police registers of that metropolis.'

It is of the highest importance that something like accuracy should be attended to before societies, consisting of well-meaning persons, give to the public the numbers of the class whom they

intend to reform. In their eagerness to astonish by the amount of immorality and crime, they forget that such overwhelming numbers rather scare than attract the reflective philanthropist.

With regard to the class which forms the subject of our inquiry, upwards of eighteen thousand commitments, per annum, of persons for the offence of vagrancy mark the extent of the body from which they are taken.* Mr. Mayne, one of the Police Commissioners, states the number of persons carried before the metropolitan magistrates in the year 1837, for begging, at 4000. These numbers are sufficiently large, but there is nothing in their amount to produce despair, if the proper remedies are promptly and vigorously applied.

Commencing with the street-beggars of London, our attention is first attracted to the lame and the blind. The loss of limbs and the loss of sight strike upon the fortunate possessor of both, and silver seldom fails to come from the hand of those blessed with competence, while the hard-earned copper money of the poor servant girl is sure to find its way into the hat of the cripple, and the little open tin-box carried by the worthy doggie that leads the blind man. The characters of these peripatetics are thus given by Mr. Knevitt, an assistant manager of the Mendicity Society :—

‘Do your constables apprehend blind men who walk the streets at certain hours with laces and other trifles for sale, but whose gestures and tone of voice point them out as beggars?—Occasionally, but it is very rarely they are committed by magistrates.

‘You sometimes see cripples, lamentably injured, drawn in carts or dragging themselves along the streets by means of crutches; do you think the sympathy of the public is so strong for them, or the blind men, that they prefer enduring the nuisance of their exhibition and solicitation to their being taken before a magistrate and committed?—I do; and many of them can make very considerable sums.

‘Is it not a painful truth that these blind beggars are generally men of very bad characters?—The greater part of them are known to the officers as bad characters.

‘Can you give an instance of remarkable depravity on the part of mendicants of this description?—Yes, I can; I have in my recollection the circumstances of one man who has been convicted many times of keeping a notorious brothel, one of these blind men.

‘Such being the general imputation on blind beggars, does it not appear both reasonable and just that they should not be exempted from the restrictions imposed on other vagrants, and is it not likely that, these facts being known, the popular objections to their apprehension will cease?—I think they will; I have known many instances of blind men being apprehended and taken before magistrates; they have

* Report of Constabulary Force Commissioners.

offered either to send them to prison or to the workhouse; to prevent going to prison they have accepted the workhouse, and a few days afterwards they have left again: I have many instances.

‘Most of these people having parishes in London, or elsewhere, many persons consider it a hardship to compel them to resort thither instead of allowing them, from false lenity, constantly to infringe the law?—Many persons would consider it a great hardship to confine them to the workhouse.

‘Are the cripples alluded to generally bad characters?—A great many of them are: a blind man was recently threatened to be committed to prison; he had been apprehended many times; the magistrate told him unless he went in the workhouse and remained there, he should be committed to the house of correction; he consented to go; his plea was, his daughter was out of place; an officer was sent to say we would assist in clothing the daughter if she could get a place; the mother said, “No, no, she don’t want any place;” she was a decent pretty-looking girl about 16. This girl is in the habit of going out with her father, and leading him from one principal thoroughfare to another, and then loitering about in the neighbourhood; as I explained to the father, he was leading the girl into temptation; being blind, he could not see what she was doing, or what company she was in.

‘When blind men are sent to the house of correction, are they put to hard labour?—I believe not.

‘In what manner does the fact of a blind man being sent to the house of correction operate as a punishment?—I am not aware; I never visited the house of correction; I never was in it, and do not know in what way they employ them, but I should think picking oakum.

‘According to that view, there is little difference between their treatment in the house of correction or the workhouse?—Only when they are in the house of correction they are prisoners for the time, but if they think proper to insist on leaving the workhouse, they have no authority to keep them in.’—*Select Committee on Metropolis Police Offices, Evidence*, pp. 90, 91.

The same witness is asked whether he finds that the robust beggar generally submits to the test of work? His reply should be borne in mind by those who delude themselves into the idea that they are performing an act of charity by giving money to the mendicant:—

‘It is a very rare thing’—he answers—‘they remain at work!—it is very rare; they can get more money by begging in one day than many mechanics. I have known instances of beggars being apprehended with from 1*l.*, 2*l.* or 3*l.* or 4*l.*; and I have, on one occasion, known a man apprehended in Tottenham Court Road who had 8*l.* or 10*l.* about him.’

It is not uncommon for one of these gentlemen, with a child in his arms and with a woman who passes for his wife, leading two or three other children near him, to accost the solitary passenger in the voice lamentable, especially on a Saturday night, with ‘Neither money nor food for to-morrow.’ The good-hearted

man

man to whom this appeal is made forgets in his benevolence, as he hands the splendid shilling, how many pence, fourpences, six-pences, and shillings, abstracted from other good-hearted men and women, the mendicant has already bagged; and little thinks, as he walks away congratulating himself with having saved a family from starvation, that the pockets of the beggar contain more money than his own.

Mr. Knevitt is asked whether the Society apprehends many females:—

‘Some of the most notorious vagrants in London are females. There is a girl with one eye, of the name of Brady, who has been in prison not less than from thirty to twenty-six times, within the last six years; she spends more than half her time in prison. The moment she comes out, she goes begging; one of her most favourite parts is St. James’s Square, but she is to be found in all parts of the town and city; she has been repeatedly committed for two or three months, but she no sooner comes out than she goes to her old habits.’

Again,—

‘Have you observed that begging on a Sunday is more rare than on week days?—Yes.

‘How do you account for that circumstance?—I do not know how to account for it, but it is a fact. I believe that the notorious beggars get a great deal of money on a Saturday night from mechanics’ wives and others they meet going to market. The notorious Quinn, a man that is about London, with a white night-cap, is generally out of a Saturday night, sitting on some steps, pretending to be dying; the moment he is recognised by anybody who knows him he takes to his heels and runs as fast as most men in London. He is now in prison.’—*Evidence*, p. 92.

The truth is that the professional beggar picks up a good harvest on a Saturday night, and, like other industrious people, finds the hebdomadal day of rest necessary.

We should be sorry to open up the scenes where the great portion of the money given to the street beggar is spent. The curious reader may refer to Burns, whose poetry on this subject is no fiction. As it must be, however, a comfort to the charitable and humane to know how their money is spent, when it is laid out in the most innocent way, we beg to present them with the following question and answer:—

‘Are beggars, in your judgment, so hardened that the facility of obtaining work has no effect upon them?—None whatever; they would not work on any terms, the greater part of them; there is a boy of the name of Tomkins that has been repeatedly in prison, an interesting child; he sits up with a paper before his face, “Pity the poor;” he says his father is a respectable mechanic; the magistrates, on various occasions, have sent for the father, and he has taken him home; at last the

the boy became so incorrigible, the father would have nothing more to do with him; that boy has said he has got half-a-sovereign a-day by begging; I asked how he spent it; *he said he usually went to the play and took some boys and girls with him.* This boy has not been in prison less than twenty times within the last three years.'—*Evidence*, p. 93.

The various modes of exciting compassion are infinite. To pass over the different established methods of simulating diseases, from the last stage of a jaundice, upon which the patient has lived in comfort for years, to the more active performer who subsists upon convulsion-fits, with the aid of a little soap, we will for the present notice two of the more ordinary ways of working on the feelings of the tender-hearted, especially in towns. Two, or, if they can be procured, three fine bouncing babies of the same age, and as like each other as possible—no difficult matter to accomplish—for to most eyes, except the discriminating eye of the mother, all babies are alike—are infallible charms for expanding the hearts and the purses of the dear, good women, especially those who are, have been, or are about to become mothers. Their bosoms would be unyielding flint before this 'Open, Sesame!' did they know all. The bantlings are generally hired at so much a day, and the pseudo-mother sits with them displayed asleep in her capacious lap—no bad representative, especially when the woman is comely, of the teeming goddess herself. Conversations have been overheard as to the rate at which the young creatures had been *rented*, and surprise has been expressed by an old practitioner at the large sum given by one not so well versed in the market. 'How much did you give for yours?'—'A shilling a-piece.'—'A shilling a-piece!—Vy then you've been done, or babbies is riz; one or t'other—I only give sixpence for mine, and they feeds 'em and Godfrey's-cordials 'em and all, afore I takes 'em, into the bargain.'

A real mother with a fine family is a prize to a male practitioner. 'Many vagrants,' says Mr. Knevitt, 'consider picking up a woman with five or six little interesting children almost a fortune to them, and they remain with them a certain time when they leave them.'

In London, parents send out their children, when they are old enough, to gather alms: if the poor little things do not bring home the required sum, they are severely beaten. A child's first theft is often committed in order to make up the amount.

The begging-letter department is another of the most successful. If the charitable could but see, as we have seen, whole packets of letters in the same hand, but each setting forth a different catalogue of misfortunes, found on the same practitioner, and intended to be used, like some medical prescriptions, *proust*
occasio

occasio postulet, the very sight of a begging letter would, at once, freeze their charity, however warm it might be.

Sheridan has touched this mode of levying contributions with his usual felicity, when he makes Mr. Puff declare that he supported himself two years entirely by his misfortunes.

‘*Sneer.*—By your misfortunes?

‘*Puff.*—Yes, Sir,—assisted by long sickness and other occasional disorders; and a very comfortable living I had of it.

‘*Sneer.*—From sickness and misfortunes!—You practised as a Doctor and an Attorney at once?

‘*Puff.*—No, egad, both maladies and miseries were my own.

‘*Sneer.*—Hey!—what the plague!

‘*Dangle.*—’Tis true, i’faith.

‘*Puff.*—Harkee!—By advertisements—“To the charitable and humane!”—and—“To those whom Providence hath blessed with affluence!”

‘*Sneer.*—Oh!—I understand you.

‘*Puff.*—And, in truth, I deserved what I got, for I suppose never man went through such a series of calamities in the same space of time!—Sir, I was five times made a bankrupt, and reduced from a state of affluence by a train of unavoidable misfortunes! Then, Sir, tho’ a very industrious tradesman, I was twice burnt out, and lost my little all, both times!—I lived upon those fires a month.—I soon after was confined by a most excruciating disorder, and lost the use of my limbs!—That told very well, for I had the case strongly attested, and went about to collect the subscriptions myself.

‘*Dangle.*—Egad, I believe that was when you first called on me.

‘*Puff.*—In November last?—O, no! I was at that time a close prisoner in the Marshalsea, for a debt benevolently contracted to serve a friend! I was, afterwards, twice tapped for a dropsy, which declined into a very profitable consumption. I was then reduced to—O, no—then I became a widow with six helpless children,—after having had eleven husbands pressed, and being left every time eight months gone with child, and without money to get me into an hospital!

‘*Sneer.*—And you bore all with patience, I make no doubt?

‘*Puff.*—Why, yes,—tho’ I made some occasional attempts at *felo de se*; but as I did not find those rash actions answer, I left off killing myself very soon. Well, Sir, at last with bankruptcies, fires, gouts, dropsies, imprisonments, and other valuable calamities, having got together a pretty handsome sum, I determined to quit a business which had always gone rather against my conscience.

‘*Sneer.*—Most obligingly communicative indeed; and your confession, if published, might certainly serve the cause of true charity, by reserving the most useful channels of appeal to benevolence from the cant of imposition.’

Mr. Puff’s mantle has fallen upon more than one eloquent descendant. We find from the confession of an experienced vagrant that he knows—

‘Two

‘Two begging letter-writers, Lawyer B—— and Captain M——. B—— was a lawyer at Ipswich; was divorced from his wife, and lives in a very dejected state. He can write a capital letter, *enough to make any of the quality people cry*. The begging-letter people give him a shilling for a letter. He is now travelling as a match-seller. Captain M—— is a short man, not five feet high, dark hair: travels all over England, and writes begging-letters, but not so well as B——. He is on the “high fly,” and has been a tramping impostor about 23 or 24 years. His constant story is, that he has just lost his ship.’*

The writing of these letters is a regular profession, and there are houses of call where the *Litterateurs* are in attendance in order to receive their clients. In London an interleaved copy of the Court Guide, with annotations indicating ready victims, and affording useful hints of various sorts, forms part of the usual stock-in-trade, and is at the service of such as do not grudge the counsellor’s *honorarium*.

We will now suppose the London season to be over. Grisi has warbled her last scena; Taglioni has gracefully bounded and *descended*, as if the sylph’s wings really sustained her, for the last time; and Elsler’s *cachucha* no longer takes all hearts by storm. All the gay birds of paradise are fled to rural or Neptunian haunts; but they do not migrate alone. The laborious of all classes remain to fulfil their appointed tasks; the honest hard-handed mechanic still toils on amid the smoke and the smother, with his stunted plant of *old man* on the window-sill of his garret to remind him that there is such a thing as vegetation. Not so the joyous mendicants.—We again quote the evidence of Mr. Knevitt:—

‘The amount of mendicity fluctuates very much with the state of the season, does it not?—Yes, it does; many leave early in the spring; they have their favourite watering-places, and some go to Cheltenham, and some to Bath; they travel the whole country. The child of a beggar told me, a few days ago, that they considered Reading one of the best places in England.’

The habits of these itinerants are well described by the experienced person whose evidence we have above quoted as to the begging-letter department. Here is some more of his confession, taken by Mr. Miles:—

‘He was bound to the master of a fishing-smack at Harwich: master went to the dogs, and he went upon the world. Got into the Rotterdam trade; brought a Jew home one voyage, who lives in Rosemary Lane (Rag Fair): keeps a clothes-shop. The Jew persuaded him to smuggle; pointed out a locker to him, and suggested a false bottom; promised to buy all he would bring. The hint was adopted, and packages

* Report of Constabulary Force Commissioners.

of snuff, tobacco, and strings of coral beads were brought over ; about fifty packages in a voyage. The Jew kept his word, and gave about 2s. 6d. a package for tobacco ; but he could not keep his situation. The locker was ultimately detected : he lost his ship, and at last his character, and his clothes, among the worthless classes at the dancing-houses in Wapping, and near the dock-gates. About five or six months ago he took a wife and took to begging ; thanks to the Jew.

‘Beggars tramp about from town to town : there is a low lodging-house for travellers in every village : they tell the people that they are travelling to find work, but pray to God they may never get it. They all go out “to walk” in the mornings, and return at night to their lodging-houses, where they live well, and spend the day’s produce in drinking. They are merry fellows, money or no money, and laugh at the people for “flats.” They tell each other what houses are “good,” and arrange their districts so as not to interfere with each other. Every trumper is accompanied by his fancy girl or his wife. A black fellow, who is well known about Deptford, and goes about the streets singing and dancing, takes his country journeys with two women, and makes plenty of money to pay all their expenses.

‘The price of their bed is threepence ; always two in a bed ; sometimes ten or fifteen in a room. A lodging-housekeeper in the Mint has a similar establishment at Romford, containing twenty-four beds, which is superintended by his agent. “Tiger-faced Sal,” at Wisbeach, keeps the worst lodging-house he ever saw. She buys any stolen property.

‘The private lodging-house is always frequented by the following trades or callings. They all have their appropriate cant names.

‘1st. Men who go about the country almost naked begging clothes or food. They get about 3s. a-day. They have good clothes at their lodging-house, and travel in them from town to town, if there are not many houses in the way. Before they enter the town they take them off, as well as their shoes and stockings, put on their Guernsey jackets, send the bundle and the woman forward to the lodging-house, and commence begging at the first house they come to. Knows a man who was recently clad from head to foot in new clothes at a shop in Billericay, by the son of the rector in a neighbouring village, all of which clothes, including hat, shoes, and stockings, he sold about half an hour afterwards, by auction, in the tap-room of a low public-house, to his companions, and they all got drunk together with the proceeds. These fellows always sell a gift of clothes.

‘2nd. Men who are ring-droppers. Travelling tinkers make sham gold rings out of old brass buttons. H—— D—— is a noted fellow at this work ; his wife and mother go with him and drop the rings. They live in St. Giles’s, and travel for a month or two. They sometimes make 20s. or 25s. a-day.

‘3rd. Fellows who go round to different houses, stating their master’s stock of rags has been burnt, or that a sudden supply is wanted, and that they are sent forward to collect them. The rags are called for, and one fellow marches off with the bundle, leaving one or more talking with

with the housewife, who is gravely cavilling about the price, and as gravely informed that the master is coming round, and they leave some private mark on the door-post, which they say is the sign to indicate to him the quantity and quality taken, and the amount to pay; so they walk off, and "never tip her anything." The rags are carried to the keeper of a rag-shop, who gives quires of paper in exchange, which they carry round to small villages, and sell to small shopkeepers, or at farm-houses. All rag-shops "stand fence for anything," and buy any stolen property, or metal, from iron hoops to gold rings.

'4th. A set of fellows who go about in decent apparel, leaving small printed handbills at cottages and farm-houses, wherein are set forth the wonderful cures of all sorts of ailments, effected by medicine which they sell. The following day these bills are called for, and the credulous people buy small phials of this nostrum, at various prices, from ten shillings to sixpence, according to the tact of the beggar, and the folly of the party. The mixture is only a decoction of any herb or rubbish that may be at hand. He (B——) was told by one of this class that he had just sold a bottle of "stuff" to a poor woman who lived in a cottage on Warley Common, Essex, and who had been long ailing. She gave ten shillings for it, and it was only salt and water, some tea, and coloured green with nettle tops. These fellows obtain more money than any other class of impostors, sometimes as much as 2*l.* a-week, and they seldom go to London.

'5th. Men who travel about the country in shabby-genteel attire, stating that they had been well off formerly, but are reduced by recent misfortune. Some are burnt-out farmers or shopkeepers; some first-class workmen out of work, owing to the bankruptcy of their employers; some captains, who have just lost their ships upon the coast. This story is always used after a heavy gale of wind. Some carry begging-letters, which are written for them, price 1*s.* This is very profitable, if well managed. The "Lady Bountifuls" are great supporters of these fellows.

'6th. Fortune-tellers. Many women, when tramping with the men, dress themselves like gipsies, and contrive to get a tolerable daily booty, at least 3*s.* or 4*s.* a-day.

'7th. Trampers who have nothing to sell, but manage to live merely by begging.

'8th. Thieves—"prigs"—generally go in couples; walk into a country shop, where there is an old woman and a candle; buy something, drop a sixpence; get the old lady to bring the candle round to look for it, while the other fellow is filling his pockets with whatever he can lay his hands upon.

'9th. Match-sellers. 10th. Ballad-singers.

'11th. Fellows who boil up fat and a little soap over night, run it out in a cloth, and next morning cut it up like cakes of Windsor soap. It's all bad, but they drive a good trade.

'12th. Fellows who go from house to house, stating that they live in some neighbouring town, and ask for "umbrellas to mend." An active fellow in this line will make a clean sweep of all the umbrellas in a village

village before dinner. These umbrellas are produced in the London market on wet days and dusky evenings.

'18th. A Jew seldom thieves, but is worse than a thief; he encourages others to thieve. In every town there is a Jew, either resident or tramping, sure to be a Jew within forty-eight hours in the town, somehow or other. If a robbery is effected, the property is hid till a Jew is found, and a bargain is then made.'

Our papers we at present say nothing, as they more properly belong to the class of thieves; and we wish to confine ourselves as much as possible to mendicity in this article. So many, however, of the class of vagrants carry on a kind of mixed practice (of begging and thieving) that this is not a very easy task.

The provincial houses for the accommodation of mendicants are also the places of refuge for the common thief, and to them and from them flows that stream of vagrancy and crime, which, gathering strength as it wanders from its polluted source, will inundate the country, if it be not dried up. H——, a prisoner in Salford gaol, who gives a full and particular account of himself and his 'Pal,' P——, describes, *inter alia*, a trip to Kidderminster.

'At every lodging-house on the road H—— met plenty of trampers, and he did not see one face that he had not seen at St. Giles's. They also recognised him, and compared notes. Some were hawkers, some were going half-naked, some were ballad-singers, some were going about with false letters, others as broken-down tradesmen, some as old soldiers, some as shipwrecked sailors; and every night they told each other of *good houses*. They all lived well, never ate any broken victuals, but had meat breakfasts, good dinners, hot suppers, and frequently ended by going to bed very drunk. Not one spent less than 3s. a-day, many a great deal more. They sometimes make 5s. and average 3s. 6d. per day; some often get a sovereign where humane people reside.

'P——, having been employed at a carpet-manufactory before he came to London, went to visit his old friends, and was soon able to introduce H——. Every day stole balls of twine and string. The first lot they sold was worth about 1l., and they got 10s. 6d. for it. They lived by plundering the manufactories and picking pockets in the streets. Some of the property they pawned, some they sold to trampers at the lodging-houses.'

Mr. D. King, of Brighton, says—

'There are numerous lodging-houses, the keepers of which furnish matches, songs, laces, and many other petty articles, which are hawked about as an excuse for vagrancy, thereby avoiding direct begging; and it gives them opportunities of going down areas under pretence of selling their wares, by which they have every chance of pilfering any article that may be inadvertently exposed, and, what is of greater consequence, observing the fastenings and other circumstances that may lead to rob-

bery; for the undersigned has no hesitation in declaring his belief that the principal robberies effected in Brighton have been concocted in a vagrant lodging-house, and rendered effectual through the agency of the keepers; and signals are not communicated more regularly by the telegraph than intelligence is given and received amongst vagrants. One method is for the keeper to furnish his moving lodgers with cards of his house when the parties leave, which they give to any vagrant they meet coming to Brighton, receiving in return the notification of the house in the town to which they are journeying."

The magistrates of Chester say—

'We have from 150 to 200 lodging-houses in the borough for vagrants, trampers, and thieves. Many of these have been notorious for thieves of the first class.'

A young vagrant of nineteen says—

'I had no money when I got to Chester; I went into the market, got two dishes of butter and some eggs; I then went to a lodging-house, and put the butter down, and asked if I could have lodging: the woman said, 'Oh, ay; I reckon thou hast been on the priggig order?' I said, What else? She bought the butter of me, and gave me about half price for it.'

Another of the same class says—

'If we had been after any game, and got a stake, we went to the lodging-house, and changed our clothes.'

A prisoner, when questioned how far the fear of the constables influenced his practices or pursuits, says,—

'Not much in country towns, the people in the lodging-houses would put us up to them.'

Another boy says—

'I was enticed from my work by some lads, and we fetched a money-drawer out of a shop. When I was not working I used to contrive to get the amount of my wages on a Saturday night, and took it home to deceive my parents. I used to daub myself with cotton waste to make my mother think I had been to my work. I got acquainted with three men in a lodging-house; they told me I should always have plenty of money and nothing to do. I went on tramp with them. When lads run away from home they go to a lodging-house, and if the parents look for them, the lodging-house keeper hides them. If a lad once gets into one of them it is all up with him, for he sees them drinking and card-playing, and hears them talking of the places they have been in. Young girls are enticed to the houses; many hundred lads would not go if it was not for them. I have seen nine beds in a room, and a lad and a wench in each. I was once in a lodging-house at Warwick, when there were 130 men, women, and children there, all loose characters.'

One felon states in his confession that—

'Those who engage servants should be very particular with their characters, for often when a girl leaves her place she goes to a lodging-house, and there gets acquainted with thieves. She pays a shilling at the register-office, and gets a place, and is the tool of some person who
has

has got connected with her; and very often these women go on the 'servants' lark,' which is taking a place and only waiting until they have an opportunity of committing a robbery, or of giving information to those who will.'

Another delinquent says—

'I have known as many as forty or fifty regular prostitutes and thieves lying hickety-pickety in one lodging-house, many of them from different towns. They tell one another all they know. Bad wenches enticing young lads from home to these houses make more thieves than aught else.'

Another prisoner says—

'Lodging-houses are a very great evil. I have known as many as ten men and ten women lying indiscriminately on the floor. A lad who has overrun his parents is sure of a home there; besides which, the lodging-house people try to get young girls from the factories to sleep there, which is a sure way of making their house.'

Having given a vast deal of similar evidence, the Commissioners state as follows:—

'We find that these receptacles are, in general, only visited or examined on the occasion of the pursuit of any particular offender; that they are nearly invariably unlicensed, and that the legal powers in respect to them are inadequate for the protection of the public.

'We have received offers of extensive evidence of the demoralization carried into every part of the country by the streams of vagrants and mendicants. It has been stated in evidence, that by imposture, begging, and depredation, the various classes who frequent the unlicensed lodging-houses obtain more money with less labour than is obtainable by means of honest industry by a large proportion of labourers. Instances have been stated to us where travelling mechanics have been seduced from their occupations into the career of mendicancy from the temptations which it offers. Labourers have gone to the vagrants' lodging-houses to purchase, for their own use, the meat and refuse food which they could obtain there at a cheap rate.'

'Mr. Thomas Yates, a solicitor, after describing the increase of thefts and robberies in the town and neighbourhood of Llanfyllin, states,—"There are three lodging-houses for tramps, one of which is the most notorious house in the parish. The constables are frequently obliged to enter it, especially about fair times, in order to quell the disturbances and excesses created by trampers. This disorderly house is kept by a woman known by the name of 'Old Peggy.' She never lets a tramp go to bed without money, or money's-worth; and the broken victuals a tramp brings home is sold by her to poor persons who keep dogs, such as rat-catchers, &c. One man told Mr. D——, a druggist in the town, that for twopence 'Old Peggy' would give him scraps enough to keep his dog for a week or more. The druggist stated that 'Old Peggy' has often come to him, saying, 'God bless you, doctor, sell me a hap'orth o' tar.' When first applied to, he asked, 'What do you want with tar?' The reply was, 'Why, to make a *land sailor*. I want a hap'orth just to

to daub a chap's canvass trousers with, and that's how I makes a land sailor, doctor."

'There are seven beer-shops in the town, besides nine public-houses. The serjeant-at-mace informed me that these beer-shops, as well as the public-houses, keep open all night, or as long as they have any customers whom they choose to serve with drink, and that neither he nor any of the other constables ever interfere with them, unless specially called upon, "as they do not like to inform upon a neighbour."

'The mischiefs of these migratory streams of depredators is not confined to the crimes which they commit, though those must be extremely extensive, to furnish such numerous hordes with the means of subsistence. These characters, experienced in the crimes and vices of the larger towns, form large proportions of the population of the gaols in the rural districts. The other inmates, chiefly agricultural labourers, confined for misdemeanours, may be considered pupils in these normal schools of crime.'

The Report teems with other proofs of the close alliance between vagrancy and felony; nor will we weaken the striking statements which we have laid before our readers by any comment of our own: but we hope to be forgiven for relating, on unquestionable authority, one story which shows the influence of the keepers of these houses, and the regular system on which the mendicant part of such establishments is conducted.

Mr. —, who resides in the West of England, had been so annoyed by troops of beggars, that he sent for the landlord of their house of accommodation, and told him that he would give him half a sovereign, if he would protect him from any more such visits that season, and show him his book. The man said that he would consider of it, and, after a while, returned and consented. The book contained a regular account of the roads and better class of houses and seats in the district, all being marked as *bad* or *good* according as they were liberal, or not, to beggars. The man received his ten shillings, and the donor was free from persecution for the remainder of that season; but next year Mr. — was harassed worse than ever. He sent for the landlord, and remonstrated; but the latter reminded him that the contract was only for freedom from importunity during the last season, and that it had been faithfully kept.

We will now suppose the circuit to be finished, and that the travellers, invigorated by the fine fresh air and their summer diet, are returned to head-quarters, and have resumed their town characters.

And here we must express a wish that those philanthropists who make it a practice to sally forth in the morning with half a pocketful of bright silver fourpences, which they dispense,
right

right and left, to every beggar or match-carrier whom they may meet, will, if this should meet their eye, reflect on the enormous mischief they are doing. If they would save their fourpences and *little shillings*, to provide themselves with tickets from the Mendicity Society, the case of every one to whom they might give a ticket would be carefully examined. If this will not induce them to hold their hands, let them remember that they are encouraging an offence: indeed the commissioners of police suggest that they should be treated accordingly. 'If,' say Colonel Rowan and Mr. Mayne, 'it be so desirable to put an end to street mendicity, and to treat it as a crime, the party who gives the money to a beggar should be considered guilty of an offence; for he gives encouragement to those committing the offence.'

There is one institution, 'the Refuge for the Houseless Poor,' that cannot, as it is at present conducted, be considered in any other light than as a most serious evil; and we say this reluctantly, for we are sure that the persons who patronise it have the best intentions. The objections to this institution do not apply to the Mendicity Society. Mr. Knevitt's examination shows the difference between the principles on which these two institutions are formed:—

'Do you think the relief afforded by the Mendicity Society has the effect, in ordinary seasons, of drawing beggars to the metropolis?—Decidedly not. It is not street mendicants and vagrants that will accept the work given them by the Mendicity Society.

'Are you aware of the existence of an institution called the "Refuge for the Houseless?"—I am; they have now two establishments, one in the city, and one in Westminster.

'The practice of that institution is, in the evening, to receive any persons who apply, to afford them shelter and a place for sleeping, and in the morning to discharge them with a small portion of food?—They receive them in the evening, when they oblige them to wash themselves, and they receive a portion of bread: they have different berths, parted off for each individual: in the morning he receives a slice of bread: they are then sent into the streets, both men and women.

'Do not many old hardened beggars avail themselves of that institution?—I believe many come to London for the express purpose of getting shelter there in severe weather, and begging about the city in the daytime.'

The evidence of the commissioners of police confirms this latter statement in the clearest language:—

'It frequently happens in the places provided in different parts of the town as a Refuge for the Houseless Poor, that the police are, during the night and in the evening, directing to such houses those objects, and next morning the police have before them, assembled together, nearly the whole of the beggars, whom it becomes their business to apprehend individually in detail during the course of the day, if they are found
begging

begging in the streets: they see them under the management of the society, while getting their faces washed, having a certain allowance of bread delivered out to them, and after having received such relief as the society will give them, starting off to their several beats to re-commence their operations of begging; and the police seeing them all start, it then becomes their duty to follow and watch for each individual beginning to beg, that he may take him into custody.

‘Then, in fact, the Refuge for the Houseless Poor at present acts as a great encouragement to mendicity, since it gives them free quarters in which they rest for the night, and from which they proceed to pursue their trade by day?—Certainly, that is the effect.’

The following evidence will show the mode in which the Mendicity Society works practically. In the first place it appears that during the very rigorous winter of 1837-8, the number of applications at their Office was greatly increased. It was, in fact, larger than it even had been before; and the result of the society’s efforts to meet such an emergency are well deserving of our attention. Mr. Knevitt is asked, with regard to this cloud of applicants,—

‘Were you able adequately to meet their wants, or were you not obliged to relax the severity of your investigation to enable you to get through the cases?—We were.

‘Did that relaxation encourage the resort of beggars to the metropolis; did it last so long as to have that effect?—No; they were, generally speaking, altogether a new class, men who had been frozen out of their work at the docks, and on the banks of the river; many were discharged for six weeks and two months by it; there was no work, and they could get no relief from their parishes in which they resided; when they applied they were told they did not belong to them.

‘By the extraordinary exertions of the society on that occasion you were enabled to diminish a great amount of distress, and also to diminish the number of vagrants who would otherwise have been about the streets?—They must have been vagrants had they not been relieved by the society. *One Saturday we relieved nearly 1400 families in the day, and gave away 6000 meals.*

‘You do not consider the society, even in the most inclement weather, is open to the charge of undertaking an office which they cannot adequately discharge?—Decidedly not.

‘You are enabled to do that, I conclude, by the benefactions of the public increasing in proportion to the application you make?—I always find an appeal to the public has been responded to during the five years I have belonged to the office.’

This exhibits the powers of the society when exerted in the time of unusual pressure, and in the aggregate. Let us now see how they operate when applied to individual cases. A charitable donation, unless it be very considerable, does not alter the position of the person who receives it. The money is spent, and the re-

cipient remains just in the state in which the donation found him. But if the means of regaining his position in society, or of raising himself from utter destitution to the independence of honestly earning his bread, be given to the unfortunate, the work is a work of true charity: it is also a work of true policy; for it makes a good citizen of one who, in his despair, may be tempted to become a felon. Let us look at a few cases, taken almost at random, in which the society have succeeded in this way:—

‘W. H. M., a single young man, twenty-three years of age, applied to this society for relief, in a most destitute and starving condition. It appeared, upon inquiry, that his father had been transported while applicant was but a child; an asylum was therefore provided for the latter in that excellent institution, the Philanthropic, where he conducted himself with so much propriety as to entitle himself to gratuities on two different occasions, of some amount. While there, he had acquired a knowledge of the printing business, and, on completing his apprenticeship, obtained employment as a journeyman, whereby he had supported himself in comfort and respect, until thrown out of employment by the failure of his master and subsequent illness, which ultimately reduced him to such a state of destitution, that he was without a home, or the means of support, and committed to prison, at the instance of the police, as a vagrant. On his liberation he applied to this society for relief; and his character appearing, upon inquiry, unexceptionable, he was not only respectably clothed at the society’s expense, but also provided with employment at the establishment of a highly respectable firm, where, it was afterwards ascertained, his conduct was most satisfactory to his employer, and there is good reason to believe that he will have constant work at good wages.’

‘M. W., a native of Oxfordshire, with a wife and six children dependent, applied by ticket for relief in very great distress, to which he had been brought by an accident which had deprived him of the means of obtaining his livelihood. Upon inquiry, it appeared that he had for many years supported his large family solely by his own industry, in carrying goods by means of a horse and cart for different respectable tradespeople about the metropolis; but that while so engaged in the city, his horse was killed through the negligence of the driver of an omnibus, and his vehicle so injured as to require considerable repair before it could be again fit for use. The occurrence having taken place at night, amidst the confusion incidental to such an event, the guilty party escaped, and, consequently, the unfortunate applicant was unable to procure any remuneration for his losses. His character, however, proving unexceptionable, the Society afforded him temporary relief until an opportunity was afforded of appealing to his parish, from which a small sum of money was, however, procured; and the Society thereupon made up sufficient from its own and private funds, placed at its disposal, to enable the applicant to purchase another horse, and part for the necessary repairs of his cart, thus placing him in a way of again maintaining

maintaining his family, which, it is gratifying to learn, he has since succeeded in doing !'

'W. R., a native of Devonshire, 45 years of age, having a wife and three children dependent, who had for many years maintained his family by the sale of wood about the streets of London, appealed to the Society for relief, in consequence of having been compelled to make away with almost every thing he possessed, including a wheelbarrow in which he was accustomed to carry the wood he had for sale, until himself and family were almost reduced to starvation. It appearing, upon inquiry, that the character of the applicant was unblemished, and that his distress had arisen solely from an illness with which he had been afflicted for many months, assistance was afforded him by the Society to purchase another wheelbarrow, and stock of wood, with which he recommenced his former occupation, with a very favourable prospect of success.'

We must now turn to the less agreeable, but not less necessary portion of the Society's labours, and exhibit some cases of detected and punished fraud.

'C. S., a single young woman of creditable appearance, 21 years of age, who represented that she had formerly been in service, but was reduced by a combination of unfortunate events to the necessity of seeking a livelihood by singing about the streets, notwithstanding she had been respectably brought up, was referred to this Society for relief by one of its subscribers. She further stated, that she was living in Essex-street, Whitechapel; but, upon inquiry there, no such person could be found, which was easily accounted for afterwards, inasmuch as it appeared that, although she had previously lived in that street, it was under an assumed name, and as the wife of a man with whom she had long cohabited; and that, at the time of her application to this Society, she was living with him within a short distance of the Society's office; and it further appearing that he was in constant work as a picture-frame maker, whereby he earned 20s. per week, no assistance was therefore afforded her, except what was advanced previous to the merits of her case being inquired into.

'J. F., a native of Ireland, 40 years of age, and of particularly strong and healthy appearance, who had been long known to this Society as a common impostor, was apprehended in King-street, St. James's, in company with a woman whom he pretended to be his wife, and two decently attired children. From their appearance, and the tale they told, strangers would be induced to suppose that they had but just arrived in London in search of employment, but that the woman had been taken suddenly ill, from mere exhaustion, and that they were in a state of total destitution. This artifice the man pursued in various parts of the metropolis, frequently with different women; and when apprehended, which they had been several times, resisted the officers most violently. On being searched, he was always found to have a considerable sum of money about his person. The magistrates before whom they were taken committed both the man and woman to the House of Correction.

'J. D. S., a man of colour, and a native of Bengal, who had been

known to the Society's officers many years, and by whom he had been apprehended no less than eighteen times, was again taken into custody by one of them, begging in Leather-lane, apparently in a state of extreme misery and destitution, indeed almost in a state of nudity; it will, however, be scarcely credited, that so far from being in distress, he was well known to be, and admitted that he was, the landlord of two lodging-houses in St. Giles's, which yielded him ample means of support; and when apprehended, upon being searched, no less a sum than 18s. 1d. was found upon his person; and upon a similar occasion, which occurred previously, as much as £9 was found sewn up in his tattered garments. Upon being made acquainted with these facts, the magistrates again committed him to prison. This case fully exemplifies the inutility of relieving street beggars with money without previous inquiry at this Society's office, where most of the notorious impostors are known, and will account in a great measure for the frequent refusal of the Society's tickets when offered, as those persons really in want of assistance readily accept of them; but on the other hand, the practised and indolent beggars are well aware that their real character and circumstances are not likely to escape exposure, from the rigid inquiry instituted by the Society previous to any material assistance being afforded them. It is deemed useful to add a description of this impostor, who, as before observed, is a black man, forty-five years of age, with a mole in his right eye, and is about five feet five inches in height.

The worthy magistrates, before whom one Mrs. Trigge was brought, appear to have executed a sort of poetical justice on the offender:—

'No. 31,773.—Alice Trigge, a woman of creditable appearance, was apprehended under the following circumstances:—During the last summer, this woman called upon a lady in Bedford Square, stating she was in an advanced state of pregnancy, and soliciting an order for admission into the Lying-in Hospital. While relating her tale, she appeared to be suddenly taken *in the pains of labour*, which caused so much alarm to the inmates of the house, that a cabriolet was instantly sent for, the applicant carefully assisted into it, 10s. given her, and the driver directed to proceed forthwith to the Hospital. On the cab reaching a gin-shop in the vicinity of Oxford Street, she jumped out, and invited the driver to partake of some gin, at the same time boasting of the trick she had played off on the ladies. These facts being completely proved in evidence, and also that she was an old impostor, the magistrates committed her *to hard labour in the House of Correction* for three months.'

Enough of this catalogue of low vice; and, indeed, we fear that we have already wearied the eye with these dark but true pictures. We must, however, caution the public against the foreign practitioners whom the rapidity of steam communication—(who would be encumbered with wings?)—now pours upon our shores. This may meet the eye of more than one gentleman who has been accosted as he was leaving his club, by some person inquiring
either

either in French, or Italian, or German—the two former for choice—whether he can inform the applicant if he knows who can speak those languages? If, unfortunately, he answers the querist, he will find that the latter, according to his own account, is either a captain or mate who has lost his ship, or a person of condition reduced to the sad necessity of doing what is odious to him. These persons also frequent the watering-places, Brighton especially. Then there is another mode of attack. A well-written letter is handed in, stating that the writer, a literary foreigner, has, in the extremity of his distress, been obliged to pawn a valuable work for a very small sum, enclosing the ticket of a pawnbroker who lives at a distance. This application is generally made on a Sunday.

We here close this melancholy catalogue. And though the task has been an unpleasant one, we trust that we may have assisted in opening the eyes of those who may have the will and the power to put down this crying evil of vagrancy. The disease requires prompt and vigorous remedies, not palliatives. ‘A little slumber, a little sleep, a little folding of the hands to sleep,’—there has been too much of this. If those who *can* stem this torrent will not arouse themselves, let them not be surprised if, in no short period of time, they find that they have to contend with more than one Iru at the gate.

But what are the remedies?

As regards our private conduct as individuals, the most obvious remedy is to be found in giving the utmost support to such institutions as that of which we have been quoting the Reports—the invaluable MENDICITY SOCIETY OF LONDON—in every affluent person’s considering it as a point of clear and urgent duty, not to give money in the streets—but *tickets*, which will ensure attention to the case, and relief, if relief be really required;—but, as regards the government of the country, the great and only remedy lies in the establishment of a vigilant, efficient, responsible police. It is, doubtless, very captivating to be eloquent upon self-government and the glorious days of Alfred; but we hope that the suppression and punishment of vagrants and felons will not, even in these days of sympathy with offenders, be considered as very much infringing the liberty of the subject.

- ART. V.—1. Αἰσχύλου Ἀγαμέμνων. *The Agamemnon of Æschylus, with notes critical, explanatory, and philological.* By the Rev. T. W. Peile, M.A., etc. London, 1839.
2. [*Bibliotheca Græca, curantibus* F. Jacobs et V. C. F. Rost.] *Æschyli Tragædiarum*, vol. i. *Orestea*: Sectio 1, *Agamemno*. Edidit Dr. R. H. Klausen. Gothæ et Erfordiæ, 1833.
3. *Theologumena Æschyli Tragici*. Exhibuit R. H. Klausen, Phil. Dr. Berolini, 1829.

SINCE the appearance of Bishop Blomfield's edition of the *Agamemnon* (see *Quarterly Review*, No. L.), little has been done in England for *Æschylus*: for this play almost nothing, except in the metrical versions of Kennedy, Harford, and Simmons: none of which, we fear, can be compared with the German translation of Wilhelm von Humboldt.* This remarkable man, though he often abuses the flexibility of his language so far as to translate a difficult passage and retain the whole difficulty, has entered with true poetic feeling into the spirit of his author: and his metrical version of the *Agamemnon* is, as could not but be expected from his name, truly valuable. Professor Scholefield has indeed produced a readable and convenient edition: but it has been by adhering almost servilely to the text of Wellauer. It has been the fashion to praise this latter scholar's *Æschylus* very highly: and certainly he has *undone* a great deal of the mischief done by those whom the Germans (with some reason) nickname *Porsonunculi*. But he was a rude and surly dogmatist, without the accuracy which might have induced us to submit to him. (See the proof of this in the *Museum Philologicum*, vol. i. p. 229, sq.) And he lived long enough to write to Hermann, expressing his regret for having undertaken such a work so crudely, and stating that he was resolved (had he lived to publish a second edition) to recant much which had disfigured his first. (Hermann's *Opuscula*, vol. vi. part ii. p. 22, sq.) There is also an edition by C. G. Haupt, which contains much that is valuable, especially the learned notes of Spanheim: but it is disgracefully incorrect in typography. Schneider's small edition with German notes we have not seen.

Additional value is given to Humboldt's translation by an appendix of corrected readings, the work of the patriarch of modern scholars, Godfrey Hermann of Leipzig. This venerable man has long outlived the freaks which brought him under the lash of Porson; and has devoted, throughout an extended life, a high

* Voss's, which Kennedy adopts, does not bear so good a character. Droysen's, we believe, is highly spoken of.

genius to the pursuits of classical literature. His pre-eminence cannot be disputed: pity only it is that he wishes to reign like the Turk, with no brother near the throne; and declares war against all and sundry who will not join his party, *addicti jurare in verba magistri*.

Our readers may smile at the use of such a word as *party*, in connexion with the dead languages and their literature. *Political* England has far other excitements. But so it is, that the fiery energies of the German have not the same vents as ours. A strange medley of solid matter and muddy froth,—in some respects phlegmatic and heavy,—yet with his head full of that ‘empire of the air’ which Madame de Staël assigns to him, to balance the French empire of the earth and the English of the water,—he needs, beyond all others, a pursuit in which patience can be united with enthusiasm. In youth, his *perfervidum ingenium* shows itself in his wild and unkempt person, his *renownings*, and his duels. But he leaves the university: the political arena is comparatively closed,—commerce there is little;—literature becomes his active life—and that, too, in those especial departments which are farthest removed from the active life of others,—pure literature, moral and intellectual science, speculative theology, and that which (according to Mr. Donaldson, in his very valuable but rather eccentric work *The New Cratylus*) comprehends theology under it,—*philology*. Into these they fling themselves, as they do everything, with heart and soul; and they quarrel as loudly, abuse each other as roundly, ‘throw their brains about’ as much, identify themselves as completely with the cause they espouse, as the editors of English newspapers do with Lord Durham or Sir F. Head, Lord Brougham’s letter to ‘Dear John Russell,’ or his assault on the *resigned* administration. Happy nation, which can afford to disquiet itself about conflicting schools of abstract philosophy, about the date of a Greek inscription, or the number of a Greek chorus! Happy rulers, if *young Germany* can be prevailed upon to follow the example of its ancestors, to shed ink for blood, and to smoke over the wrecks of the past and the visions of the possible, without an attempt to realise their nebulous ideas in the present!

These are circumstances which cannot but have influence on the phenomenon of German literature in general, and especially as connected with the classics. And hence the bickerings and the hot spirit with which they carry on controversies on subjects which, we fear, may seem to most of our readers cold enough. *Parties*, then, in reference to classical literature, Germany has at present two: one, which may be called the *critical* school, that
of

of Hermann and his followers; the other of the *Archæologists*,* 'the upstart race,' of which the heroes are A. Boeckh of Berlin, K. O. Mueller and the late lamented L. Disson of Goettingen, and F. G. Welcker of Bonn. The name of B. G. Niebuhr has been also claimed as belonging to them: and certainly, if they were all that they wish and pretend to be, there would be some ground for the claim: but it is most presumptuous on their parts, and most unfair to the memory of that great and amiable man, to associate him with a polemical party, or with any of those petty literary jealousies above which he soared so high.

Hermann and his friends stand upon the old paths of criticism and philology, asserting especially the importance of minute verbal and grammatical nicety. And whenever an errant knight of the new school has sallied forth, the veteran Godfrey, ready as his namesake of old, has met him in the field, like the champion of some Castle Perilous bound to do battle against all comers. The old hero watches with grim jealousy over the realm which for half a century has been his, and shows no little indignation at such as enter it without acknowledgment of his authority. And yet it is in no slight degree Hermann himself who has given an impulse to the minds of his countrymen, and breathed life into their philological researches. He is no mere word-catcher, none of those—

γωνιοβόμβυκες, μονοσύλλαβοι, οἷσι μέμηλε
τό σφιν καὶ τὸ σφῶν, καὶ τὸ μιν ἡδὲ τὸ νιν,—

but a ripe and good scholar, whose literary studies have enriched a profound philosophical mind; while the general character of his emendations on Æschylus bespeaks not only acuteness and accuracy, but a poetical spirit of no ordinary power. Witness such emendations as that on Choeph. v. 423, &c. ἔκοψα κόμμον, κ.τ.ε. in his Opusc. iv. p. 338, vii. p. 59. However, if in any measure Hermann has assisted at the hatching of this new race, no hen among her first brood of ducklings is more puzzled by the antics of her progeny; and his resistance to every effort they make, and the unmeasured language which he uses himself and encourages in his pupils against them, are felt as indications of personal hostility, and met in the same spirit. The last paper of his that has come to our knowledge fairly announces that 'as long as Ritter Mueller goes on talking nonsense about Æschylus, so long will he (Hermann) go on, in spite of weariness, to prove it nonsense.'

* Strictly, according to their pretensions, 'the historico-antiquario-archæologico-philosophico-æsthetic (or perfect) school:' a definition to which nothing can be objected except—its inapplicability.—See Herm. Opusc., vol. vii. p. 26.

The school referred to has done more for philology than any other in modern times ; for it has opened a new mine of illustration. Its most valuable characteristic is to deal with things rather than words—to enter into the full meaning of the ancients, rather than to dabble with what its supporters have called, contemptuously enough, *note-learning*. They bring all the stores of immense reading, as well as an extensive acquaintance with ancient art, to bear on any given classical subject. But they most pride themselves on a talent for combination, which works up the scattered hints of various authors into a full and perfect form, with more than German industry and ingenuity. And in the full confidence of their infallibility, whether collectively as a council, or separately as popes, they aim at forming a sort of joint-dictatorship over the public mind, leaguings to maintain each the other's crotchets, and asserting the certainty of every theory or opinion which may from time to time be enunciated by one or other of the initiated *archæologers*. They are thus often rash, always overweening : always ready to believe each other, to disbelieve all beside : ‘*κοινὰ τὰ τῶν φίλων*’ (says the caustic Hermann, *Opusc.* vol. v. p. 15) : *quodque unus excogitavit, credunt sodales : ita novæ antiquitates proceduntur.*’ This forms, in fact, the key to the whole quarrel. They look upon the critical school with undisguised contempt, branding them with epithets which would have better applied to the times of Dutch supremacy, before Heyne led philologists on to something beyond mere heavy pioneering.* Mueller somewhere in his ‘*Eumenides*’ talks most arrogantly about questions being now asked, which mere ‘*note-learning*’ is incompetent to answer, and which, consequently, must be left for his own school. The *critics* expose in return the crudity and rashness of their conjectures, the continual blunders and recantations which ensue, and their absurd readiness to reconstruct new theories the very moment some unlucky authority which they had overlooked has upset their old ones. It is clear that both styles of scholarship are needed. Of course a finished scholar ought to unite the excellencies of both. Like the lame man and the blind in the epigram, they ought to make an alliance : and then the seven-leagued boots of the archæologer might march rapidly forward, assured against all perils of hedge or ditch by the keen eyes of the critic. But as long as they are pitted against each other,

* Not that, on the one hand, this pioneering is unnecessary in the first place : nor yet, on the other, that Heyne himself deserves high credit for his philological attainments (see *Lebensnachrichten von B. G. Niebuhr*, vol. ii. p. 147) :—but he certainly showed the way to something more advanced.

it must be confessed that much may be said not only *for*, but *against* both sides. No man has yet, to the best of our belief, thoroughly united both systems. Boeckh is the deepest critic of the New School : but he is in the same proportion deficient in some of its more peculiar accomplishments. Mueller has attempted very little as an *Editor* of the *Eumenides* ; and in that little we cannot help thinking that he has signally failed :—Hermann's review settles that portion of his claims. As an *Illustrator* he is always in more danger than others of going wrong, because he takes in so much wider a field : and his conclusions are often absurdly disproportioned to his premises ; but in the power of bringing together scattered morsels of information, in the genius which groups these fragments, and sees at a glance in what connexion they are to be used, in the almost prophetic eye which realises the form of the future structure long before the materials are complete, Mueller, with all his hyper-Teutonic eccentricity, is far above the attacks of Hermann. Were we even to grant that he was wrong in every one of his conclusions, we might yet maintain that the book was a most precious one, as containing the germ of a future system of scholarship, equally spirited and more chastised. The critics are seldom so absurd as the archæologists : the archæologists never so dull as the critics. The one will perhaps preserve their own dignity better : the other will do more to benefit the reader. Meanwhile we are reaping some advantage from the dispute : for Mueller's edition of the *Eumenides*, and Hermann's elaborate review of it in the *Wiener Jahrbuecher*, throw more light on the *Orestean Trilog*y than all the earlier commentators together. And thus we come to the works named at the head of our article.

The edition of the *Agamemnon* placed first on the list is by Mr. Peile, one of the tutors of the University of Durham, a scholar of high distinction at Cambridge, where he was a fellow of Trinity College : we need not say more. He takes his stand very decidedly on the old critical, philological, and grammatical ground : his work contains a mass of very valuable matter in these departments ; and he has had the advantage of the MSS. of the learned Bishop of Lichfield, who, we conclude, has abandoned his cherished design of re-editing *Æschylus*. In most pages the initials 'S. L.' occupy a place honourable alike to the master and his pupil.

The second is by Dr. R. H. Klausen of Bonn, a disciple of the new school, though he is not without a certain heaviness which rather belongs to the old one. His little treatise on the 'Theogumena' of *Æschylus* is sadly ponderous : bearing indeed the
stamp

stamp of indomitable labour in the accumulation of facts and quotations ; but, we conceive, put together under a wholly erroneous impression of the real character and creed of the poet, which will be discussed more at large below. But his 'Agamemnon' shows his talents to much greater advantage. We are not aware of any one, certainly not excepting Mr. Peile, who has in the same manner entered into the spirit, and laboured to unravel the thoughts, of his author. Our editions of Æschylus in general might just as well be mere dictionaries of words and phrases. Blomfield's, with all its value, is nothing more : Butler's is, perhaps, less exclusively so ; but then, what an unfathomable book did Butler's Æschylus become under the conditions to which its editor was subjected ! The critical value of these editions has been now so long past, that the less said on the subject the better : nor could we augur well for Mr. Peile's judgment, when we found him in his preface placing Klausen '*perhaps next to the present Bishop of London, whose name must needs stand foremost in connexion with that of Æschylus.*' This is more than sand-blindness, it is the 'high gravel-blindness' of national feeling,—*λημψὶς κολοκύντας*. The value of Bishop Blomfield's Glossary is very great indeed : and glad should we be to see such a *Lexicon Æschyleum* completed and thrown into an alphabetical form. The excellence of some of his conjectures we should be very sorry to deny. But we fear that few pages of *his* text will stand a comparison with that of Æschylus in Dindorf's *Poetæ Græcorum Scenici*.*

It must be confessed that Klausen is very often wild and absurd : and, in particular, that he labours under the monomania of thinking everything easy to construe. He would read a newspaper through crosswise from column to column, without remarking more than a certain *depth* of style. He has got hold of the true key to most of his author's difficulties—the *sequence of the thoughts, when the construction of the words is irregular* : but like a child with a new plaything, he wears it out by trying it on everything that comes in his way. Keys are very useful things for opening locks ; but they have not quite so much influence on stone walls. Hence it would be easy to collect a long string of ridiculous passages from his notes (cf. v. 114) : but to do so would be to give an utterly false impression of the value of his work. The fact is, that a German, especially if possessed of genius, always has an idiosyncrasy of a most perplexing kind : and in particular the nation seems—(as indeed Goethe con-

* Not that we hold up this as a perfect text : but it is one which ought to teach young scholars to endeavour to dive into the meaning of the readings of MSS., and not to correct (save the mark !) all that they find difficult. For the sake of uniformity, our references to Æschylus will be made according to this edition.

fesses in his remarks on 'Don Juan')—utterly devoid of that sense of the ludicrous which keeps eccentricity in check through fear of ridicule, in things where ridicule is a fair test. Let a German aim at fun, and he will run riot in unbridled skittishness; but whenever he is in earnest, he is *so much* in earnest that his every idea is invested, in his own eyes, with the same seriousness: nor can he comprehend how others are to see anything ludicrous in that which he has thought of gravely. To such an extreme is this carried, that one is sometimes led to doubt whether it be the *hypsoi* of solemn Cervantic drollery, or the *bathos* of pure, unsophisticated, unconscious *bonhomie*. To take an instance from a volume now before us, written by a pupil of Mueller—(Schoell's *Beitraege zur Kenntniss der Griechischen Tragödie*)—who can say whether Herr Schoell is in jest or earnest when he tells us that the *Proteus* (the fourth play of the *Oresteia*) was not a regular satyric drama, but a playful *réchauffé* of the three tragedies preceding, founded on the visit of Menelaus to Proteus in the *Odyssey*; and that, therefore, 'the chorus could not be of satyrs. *But might it not consist of sea-calves?* These ugly, cunning creatures might be represented as furious against all intruders, until Eidothea perhaps finally cajoled and appeased them. Would not this form a *naïve* and enjoyable parody on the propitiation of the Eumenides by Athena?' (vol. i. p. 17.) Shade of Aristophanes!—Shade of Jonathan Oldbuck! *A dance of salvage seals* in a play of *Æschylus*, and that play not even satyric! And is all the poet's art exhausted—are all the powers of earth, and heaven, and hell brought together in one tragic group,—

'ut turpiter atrum

Desinat in piscem,'—

to wind up with Menelaus *playing at hide and seek with a chorus of phocæ!*

To one portion of an editor's duty, frequently much neglected, Klausen has paid especial attention. The rule has usually been, 'Take care of the words, and the sentences will take care of themselves:' or at most to attempt to master the sentences singly, without tracing their mutual connexion. Many editions of the classics are the mere outpourings of an editor's commonplace book—scraps hung with more or less success on the pegs afforded by an author's language, rather than the results of an actual endeavour to illustrate him. Such works are read more advantageously by studying the notes, and from time to time referring to the text, than by the reverse method. What then can be their object? Clearly not an acquaintance with this poet, or that philosopher: but simply a knowledge of the usages of a language.

We

We have an anatomical lecture on a finger or a toe: but it might as well have belonged to any other individual as to the actual *subject*; and if so, how utterly does the man himself disappear, when even the dead body, as it were, loses its identity? We have seen some such books, wherein the notes might have been mere slips cut with the scissors out of a grammar and a dictionary, *minus* the philosophical arrangement of the one, or the alphabetical of the other. Now such labours are unquestionably important. But is this to edit an ancient author? We humbly think not. And though, unfortunately, editions of the classics are the only vehicles (medically speaking) in which such lucubrations are likely to be gulped down, yet it seems but reasonable to demand that, if youths must swallow bitter draughts of scholarship, the noblest works of uninspired genius may not be associated for ever in their memories with the abomination.

Klausen—though far from being free from long-winded disquisitions of this kind—has attempted something much more to the purpose. He is careful to elucidate the trains of thought as they arise in the mind of the poet, and the plot as furthered or modified by each step in the play. He has, in short, endeavoured everywhere to enter into not only the words, but the very mind of Æschylus; and holding by the thread of that one leading idea, round which, in his poetry, everything clusters and crystallises, he strives to give, not the deep intonations of dead sounds, but ‘the thoughts that breathe and words that burn,’ even as they were drunk in by an audience on whom no delicacy of allusion, no brilliance of poetry, no harmonious adjustment of parts was lost.

Surely this is the spirit in which we should approach remains so precious:—not to cut and to slash them, though we may flatter ourselves that we are carving a dish fit for the gods; not ‘to peep and botanise’ about them, to settle the relative claims of $\tau\epsilon$ and $\delta\epsilon$ —to refer this epithet or that derivative to its technical pigeon-hole in some grammarian’s cabinet; much less to smother them in onions, to overlay the poet’s pages with ell-long quotations from every worse author than himself, who has used the same words in the same, or perhaps in a different sense, or has caught and caged a notion of Æschylus, which must be infinitely surprised to find itself in the company of his own. To such misconceived duties our English *eruditi* have been apt to devote themselves with resolution worthy of a better cause. And we regret to say that our delight in hailing such a work as Mr. Peile’s was seriously damped by the discovery that, while his sound scholarship, unwearied diligence, and critical acumen made his volume a valuable storehouse, he had increased instead of lessening the

evil

Modern Criticism on Æschylus.

evil of which we complain, from a want of poetical taste and feeling.* Nay, objections to the book occur even before opening it. Let any one look at the square inches of the volume! The brazen bowels of Didymus himself would be unequal to its digestion. What can possibly compensate for the substantial evil of four hundred and fifteen pages, whereof three hundred and thirty-four are of closely-printed notes—

‘Scriptus et in tergo, necdum finitus *Orestes*?’

This comes of the ‘fatal facility’ of *English* note-writing! English is as unfit for notes, as Latin is for lexicography. Latin is in itself the language for notes; and there are, besides, extrinsic advantages: Latin notes, for instance, must be terse:—here is one check to prolixity: Latin notes cost most men a good deal of trouble:—here is another. Dr. Arnold and Mr. Mitchell have much, in many ways, to answer for, in giving the sanction of their high names to an example so fruitful in bad effects.† We cannot but fear that great evil will result from it to the scholarship of this country, at a time when we need every exertion to maintain a respectable place in the field of classical literature.

Of course, our meaning is not that, because Æschylus ought to be admired, he ought not to be expounded and interpreted. We are not anxious to have him wondered at in a clasped volume. His words must be explained, his idioms illustrated, his grammatical niceties enucleated. Above all, the highest critical skill is requisite to supply the lamentable want of materials for a perfect text. We cannot do without critical editions of Æschylus; and we trust to see one such from Hermann himself, and one from the English scholar who reviewed Scholefield’s Æschylus in the Philological Museum, before many years expire. But let these labours be kept in some measure distinct; as indeed in many editions is done, in a way which practically confesses the inconvenience of indiscriminate annotation. The philological notes ought always to be such as to show that they are intended really to assist the reader in the study of the author. We would fain see an edition of Æschylus to which ‘*Pars minima est ipse*

* Strikingly evinced, we think, in his choice of interpretations in many of the most beautiful portions of choruses; and not less so in the vulgar language in which he sometimes allows himself to translate Æschylus. See the notes on vv. 39, 51, 118, 148 (does he know the meaning of *Wraith*?), 175, 183, 321, 406, 546, 678, 702, and fifty other places, where he is only absurd; on vv. 695 and 811

he deserves more severe blame. By the way, when he prefixed ‘*Quis attaco sumum χείρ?*’ to the well-deserved dedication, did he see that he was making the excellent Bishop of Lichfield in a ludicrous light in connexion with the name of Persius? And then the *purpurei panni* in the preface!

most sincerely to have to make any deduction from the general due to Mr. Mitchell’s annotated text of Aristophanes.

poeta sui' would not be applicable; where each portion of the editor's labours should be strictly adapted and subordinated to the object of bringing out THE POET, unravelling his conceptions, and throwing light upon his ideas. Materials there are in abundance, thanks to those who have gone before, for bringing all the verbal illustrations into a small compass. A single, but very appropriate, example of the use of a word or phrase, selected, if possible, from himself, or if not, from those nearest him in character and position, would always be preferable to accumulated learning; and the books should be referred to, which are best calculated to help the student, if he wishes to carry any investigation further. Of course, all points which gain light from general history, or from the poet's own life, should be touched upon, but very briefly; and any longer discussions ought to be interwoven in an essay upon the general scope and the adjuncts of each particular play, to be read and digested before commencing the text.* And in everything alike the one aim and object should be the elucidation of the author's thoughts through that master-science in which grammar, and logic, and poetry combine to make language an adequate expression of the heights and depths of man's inward nature. Then *Æschylus* would speak, not as the poet of Athens or of Greece alone, a tongue foreign to our ears, as though a mummy were to cry from out its cerements; but we should hear him and look upon him as the *sacer vates*, the *interpretes deorum*, whose appeal is to the hearts of all his brethren, whose language is the language of them all. In this way his poetry would come in upon our souls, not as the faint echo of an inarticulate voice where we can only recognise the melody, but as clothing truths the most profound in a garb the most winning; and it would work upon us till we dreamed that ourselves had felt originally and independently those high thoughts and imaginings, which were but the responses of a soul attuned to his.

For if ever there was a poet filled with the deep sense of the sacred nature and duties of his calling, as the teacher of religion and of all virtue as therewith connected, *ÆSCHYLUS* was he. And this it is which—to all such as have studied him earnestly, and truly laboured to drink of his sealed fountains—gives a character to his poetry nothing less than awful. We may well conceive *Sophocles* and *Euripides* to have sung in a joyous or a pensive mood, to give vent to the one feeling, or to soothe the other; but always so, as that it rested in their own choice to sing or not,

* In this Mueller has set a good example; but has (as usual) gone too far, in throwing everything into this form. Even a translation does not supersede the necessity of running notes on minute points; only they ought to be themselves proportionably minute.

and that their choice was regulated by their own inclinations. But a SPIRIT is upon Æschylus, not to be resisted, not to be controlled; the fire kindles, and he speaks with his tongue—

— ἐμπέδως
 δείγμα προστατήριον
 καρδίας τερασκόπου ποῦται,
 μαντιπολεῖ δ' ἀκέλευστος, ἄμισθος ᾄοιδά.—(Agam. v. 975.)

He was a POET indeed; and the more so, in that his character was one which did not rest in the poetical as an end, but was ever looking forward to objects and duties external to himself and beyond the pleasurable exercise of his own powers, to which his whole inward being was to be devoted,—even the inculcation of truth severe and sacred duty. And a sketch of such points as are certain in his life will show that the times in which his spirit grew—at first in silence and in shade, afterwards amidst action and turmoil, through evil report and good report, in prosperity and disappointment—were such as to act with especial force on such a temperament, and to work, even when most adverse, and to the last, towards the development and perfection of his character.

THE birth of Æschylus is fixed in the year B.C. 525, eleven years after the invention by Thespis of that which soon became tragedy, and two years after the death of Peisistratus; when Athens, under the peaceful, economical, and happy sway of the 'tyrant' Hippias, was the seat of all the arts of Greece, the resort of Lasus, of Anacreon, and of Simonides. During his boyhood followed in rapid succession the murder (things must be called by their right names) of Hipparchus by Harmodius and Aristogeiton, who (unless an *old song* is better authority than an *old almanack*) did *not* kill the tyrant, *nor* restore liberty and law to Athens,*—the consequent jealousies and cruelties of the actual sovereign Hippias,—and the final expulsion of the Peisistratids.

He was a young man of four-and-twenty when the siege of Naxos led to the revolt of Aristagoras and the Ionians: which again, within a couple of years, brought the Athenians into actual contact with the Persian forces at Sardis—'barbariæ lento collisa duello;' *lento* indeed—which lingered, but without intermission of purpose on the Persian side, until the invasions by Darius and Xerxes, and thence was transmitted onwards until a man of Macedon put an end at once to it and the empire of the Asiatics. Amidst such events did he make his first effort as a dramatic writer, as the rival of Pratinas and Chœrilus. Then followed the 'Taking of Miletus,' a tragedy of real life, memorable as having

* See the deliberate judgment of Thucydides, vi. 53, 54, sqq.

proved,

proved, in the hands of the pathetic Phrynichus, too keenly painful for dramatic interest. And swift as the thunder-clouds did the storm gather over Greece. *Once* the winds and the waves fought against Persia—‘*afflavit Deus et dissipantur*’—Athoan Zeus from the frontier height of Helias looked down on the baffled aliens. And *once*, when it was still fondly deemed that

‘Never man could stem the torrent driving wildly from afar,
Never might of sturdiest bulwark stay the surging tide of war,’

(Pers. v. 87.)

the tide was rolled back from the little plain of Marathon; and the barrow of those who died there was a bulwark to their brethren,—an altar* at whose holy fire the love of father-land was kindled and handed down from age to age,—a mighty spell which even in degenerate days could avail to call up the ghost of Athenian spirit.

For some years past we have heard nothing of Æschylus as a poet: but we may be well assured that he was completing his poetical education; and here at Marathon he appears again in his place as one, and not the least distinguished, of the bright band who saved their country. His first prize in the theatre was six years after his glory at Marathon, four years before the climax of the international struggle—the death-grapples of Thermopylæ and Salamis. Here again, and in the next year at Platæa, he fought; and in B.C. 472, at the age of fifty-four, he produced the play which commemorates the contest, *The Persians*, forming, with the Phineus and the Glaucus, a trilogy which Welckert† ingeniously unites as illustrating the one idea of Greece triumphant over Asia, in the Argonautic expedition, the battle of Salamis, and the victory of Syracuse over the Phœnicians of Carthage. In B.C. 468, Sophocles, then twenty-seven years of age, carried away the tragic prize from Æschylus; and from this time we know nothing certainly of his life for ten years, until B.C. 458, when, just two years before his death, he produced *The Orestea*, or trilogy of connected dramas on the subject of Orestes,—the most perfect specimen of the ancient stage, without which we should have as little conception of the difficulties, the capabilities, and the consummate artistic finish of the Attic tragedy, as we should possess of the epics, had Homer come down to us in fragments.

It is doubtful whether Æschylus was at Athens when the *Orestea* was performed, or not. On the one hand, we know that the poet was usually his own χοροδιδάσκαλος (chorus, ballet, and

* Compare the Ode of Simonides on those who died at Thermopylæ.—(ix. p. 10 Ed. Schneid.)

† ‘Die Aeschyleische Trilogie u. s. w.,’ pp. 470-81; but the theory is precarious, as depending on a correction of Glaucus—Πάστρις for Ποσειδών.

have done, or they did not. If they did, his retirement was only voluntary,—in disgust, perhaps, but not on compulsion: if they did not, how was he enabled to *return* at all, or in any way to produce his tragedies under his own name, as we learn from the *Didascalie* that he did? Now, in the *Frogs* of Aristophanes, when the mock contest between Æschylus and Euripides begins, our poet is made to ‘pray Demeter, the goddess who had nursed his spirit, to keep him ever worthy of her mysteries.’ (v. 886 sq.) Probably the verses, which have a fine and solemn flow, are from himself; but, at any rate, they prove an assurance on the part of the comic poet, both that Æschylus was really free from all imputation in such a matter, and, also, that this was the opinion of his audience: else he would not have made him claim as his tutelary goddess her whose curse was supposed to be on him; nor would he, in such a matter, (no high object being in view,) have so incautiously opposed the general feeling. We do not need such stories as this to explain the confession made in the same comedy that Æschylus ‘could not agree with the Athenians.’ (v. 807.) The matter will explain itself as we proceed with what we called his poetical education.

Perhaps the most poetical era in a nation’s history is that in which the old and the new come abruptly into contact, before the scepticism of civilisation and active business-like life has fully done away with superstition. Such was the time of our poet’s earlier life, when a belief was still cherished that the gods lingered among men, and interfered sensibly (as we find even in the history of the Persian invasion) for their welfare. In an especial degree, the holy character of his native hamlet Eleusis, the seat of the high mysteries of Demeter and Cora, must have sunk deep into the soul of an enthusiast whose spirit was awed but not quelled by sacred things. It was here that, according to a statement which we see no reason to question, he felt himself early in life set apart for his high calling, as by a voice divine borne in mysteriously on his spirit. And in such a spot we may well conceive the youth to have acquired all that deep tone of religious fervour which characterised the man. There can be little doubt that he was initiated in these mysteries; and the whole tenour of his poetry, and the views of mythology which he adopts, give manifest tokens of something more high, deep, and dread than the joyous, irrepressible Bacchic enthusiasm,—something at once more fiery and more chastised—restrained by depth of principle and character from blazing out, and in virtue of that restraint burning with a flame more pure, more steady, and more intense. The source to which this may be traced was *reverence*—the great ruling principle of the mind of Æschylus, but one

wholly alien to the minds of his countrymen,—one which, perhaps, is to be traced in his writings and those of Plato alone of them all. In the poet it breeds a constant seeking and seeking onward for something to look up to in wonder and worship,—a yearning after the old, the vague, the illimitable—all, in fact, that, *in the absence of revelation*, leads on man's mind towards eternal truth, and connects him with a higher order of being. It is more akin to Gothic than Hellenic feeling—to such a feeling as would not so willingly worship in the garish day as in the religious twilight of long-drawn aisles, with the light of heaven dimly struggling through some storied window, and half illuminating the quaint forms of its fantastic legend. An erring mythology was in the foreground: but

‘As the ample moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer even
Rising behind a thick and leafy grove,
Burns like an unconsuming fire of light
In the green trees; and, kindling on all sides
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
Capacious and serene: like power abides
In man's celestial spirit;’—

and thus to the poet's mind all things were not only pure, but glorified.

For example, let us compare the mythology of Æschylus with that of the *Iliad*,* the origin, as Herodotus himself intimates, of the Greek belief. In the Homeric poem all is clear, definite, tangible, startling. Zeus is an Hellenic king; his capital is the top of a mountain; his attendant gods are an Hellenic court:—the very counterpart of Agamemnon and those who owned him as *ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν* below. They are over men, as the shrewd are over the simple, or as Gyges was raised above his fellows by the possession of his ring: they work as if by spells, not as beings essentially of a higher order. It is everywhere *human nature*, in form and feeling, that we see; and though the heroes of the *Iliad* are religious towards them in outward acts, yet it is difficult to look upon the poet as their worshipper. A form is theirs so definite in outline, that they must veil themselves in clouds to become invisible: a body so material in substance, that a spear

* It must be admitted that there is a great difference in this respect between the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. It is, without doubt, the most striking distinction between them. In the *Odyssey* the gods are *naturally* invisible: they are also, *comparatively speaking*, moral; for instance, *ὄρε αἰεὶ, ὄρε μέγαν* in the *Iliad* are always used of superhuman *might*; in the *Odyssey* they are applied to *wickedness*. See G. W. Nitzsch, in Ersch and Gruber's *Encyclopædia*, Art, *Odyssee*.

from

from a mortal hand can pierce it; and if the wound gives forth ichor and not blood, that is because they eat ambrosia for bread, and quaff nectar instead of wine. They are, in fact, in all respects, *immortal men*, and men not always of the highest order. Not to speak of moral excellence, which of course is out of the question, they are actuated almost invariably by the most petty motives—by spleen, pique, jealousy, and the *spretæ injuria formæ*.

Such were the gods of Greece,—outwardly the creatures of the same spirit which developed itself so wonderfully in her sculptures, and of the bright southern atmosphere which clothed them; inwardly, the realised ideas of a mind which, with great clearness and quickness of comprehension, still grovelled amid material things. The anthropomorphous* tendency which connects the plastic arts with religion, naturally debases this as much as it elevates those. The painter and the statuary soar high above the individual forms of earth, in their attempts to realise the heavenly. This is the poetry of the arts, as portraits comprise their prose; and it is worthy of remark that, until the best days of Grecian art were at an end, there scarcely were such things as portraits at all. And the feeling on which such a distinction rests is singularly illustrated in the descriptions of *beauty* furnished by the tragedians:—the standard of comparison is a *picture* or a *statue*. Thus in a passage of the *Agamemnon*, which we shall not attempt to translate, Iphigenia is described just when

κρόκου βαφάς ἐς πεδὸν χέουσα
ἔβαλλ' ἕκαστον θνητῶν ἀπ' ὀμματος βέλει φιλοίκτη,
πρέποντά θ' ὡς ἐν γραφαῖς, προσεννέπειν θέλουσα.

This is one instance among very many: several may be found in Blomfield's Glossary on the passage (v. 233), though he himself adopts a different explanation. Now, it needs hardly to be pointed out that, unless the Greek *idea* of a painting or a statue was very different from anything *purely imitative*, there would be nothing ennobling, nothing poetical in it. No one would think of comparing an original to a copy. If, however, anthropomorphism conferred this elevation upon art, it was by subtracting just so much from religion:—it could but degrade heavenly forms to the level of earthly conceptions. And as in Aristotle's hackneyed distinction between poetry and history the general truth of the one, though higher, is of the same nature with the particular truth of the other, being deduced from its combinations; so the highest flight of genius could but call into being a *human* form, elevated perhaps far above any individual type, but still even in its very perfections deduced from external reality—a con-

* This is a wretched word, but we know of no genuine English equivalent for it.
ception

ception of the Divine archetype only as derived from nature's attempts to embody it. Thus the struggle to give form and pressure to their divinities brought them of necessity down to the reach of man's powers. To conceive and express divine nature adequately would of course be a divine attribute: and he who deemed that this had been attained in their wondrous sculptures could not set the god far above the man.

Like considerations will apply to the Greek views of the divine essence of the gods *as beings*, as contrasted with their outward semblances: here too every notion which went to make up their idea of a divinity was borrowed from this world, too often without being purified in the process. There was nothing of which they could not form a definite conception—nothing that was not *natural*.—that is, according to the views which people have of nature, which do not always exclude contradictions and miracles, provided they get rid of mysteries and reduce everything to the cognisance of the senses.*

And this is rationalism,† which thus entered the Pagan world, as it has entered the Christian; blind to everything which was beyond the scope of its senses, incredulous of all which its reason could not grasp, measuring the hidden realities of things by the fallacious appearances without, and the imaginings of a reprobate mind within. Thus their gods became men, and individual men; nay, out of their own hearts they raised up gods to themselves of their own imaginations, and worshipped, under the name of deities, their own lusts and affections—each his own complex character.

A pantheon of such gods as these could be cheaply honoured, and possessed much that was but too attractive for heathendom. But would a substitute for religion such as this satisfy the void in a soul like our poet's? Would not he feel that no idea which man could realise for himself on such a subject *could* be clear or definite without even thus betraying its poverty and inadequacy? With all the blessings of revelation, and in proportion to our sense of them, we feel that our highest knowledge must of neces-

* The vulgar belief in ghosts, that is, incorporeal beings visible to the bodily sense, will illustrate our meaning, connected as it is with the verity of invisible and spiritual agencies ministering to the heirs of salvation. Moreover, vulgar ghosts are not only visible, but usually *tangible*; they cudgel and horsewhip, which is merely carrying out the same view a little farther.

† In its generic signification that is,—*Rationalismus* as opposed in German theology to *Supranaturalismus*: thus the Romish adoration of images, and the doctrine of transubstantiation, were both the resources of men who recoiled from all that was above sense. And in the latter instance, they repudiated the real mystery, the doctrine that was *above* sense, to accept instead that which was within the province of sense, though contradictory to it. This rationalism is not incompatible with superstition, provided it be a gross kind of superstition.

sity be indistinct, because it belongs to the region of faith and not of sight. If mysteries abound where revelation is, what, where she is withdrawn, shall reason do in things divine? In such a case, the train of a serious man's thoughts would be rather—‘If there be higher beings in the universe than man, man's only chance of not doing them injustice—of avoiding error and misconception—lies in not venturing beyond what is dim and indefinite.’ Such, however, was not the character of the religious system presented to Æschylus; and we speak from his writings in saying that the very depth of his religious feelings made him dissatisfied with deities, whose nature he could fathom,—whose character he could despise. Not that he was truly an unbeliever, The elastic nature of ancient systems saved him from that; and he could acquiesce in the *de facto* dynasty, so to speak, of Olympus, while his heart and his allegiance were elsewhere.* There was an earlier, a more dread and mysterious mythology—*πρὶν ὧν* (Agam. v. 170)—which had passed away and been superseded indeed, but which still lingered in the background of the Hellenic system; and to this he devoted himself with the more energy in proportion to his disquiet—perhaps with the more zeal, for that ‘the old faith’ seemed neglected. The real gods of his devotion were EARTH with her Titan brood, of whose time-honoured inheritance the Olympic dynasty had possession, but questionably and precariously,—THE FATES,—THE FURIES,—and, above all, the dread power of DESTINY.

There is no time to inquire whether these were the objects of Pelasgian worship before the Hellenic era in Greece: though much might be said in support of the opinion, that this was the true revolution typified in the triumph of the Olympic gods, and that there was a time when their undefined but gigantic shadows hung over the land afterwards peopled by a more cheerful but less impressive mythology. We certainly trace the relics of the Pelasgian worship, not only in Samothrace, but at Eleusis,† the very cradle of Æschylus. But to illustrate the matter itself, we only need to compare the manner in which Destiny (the cardinal point of the Greek drama) is treated by Homer and Sophocles, and by Æschylus. Homer confesses its power, and sometimes in language sufficiently awful, as applying even to the gods. But these passages are balanced by others, which place it in the hand

* It was by no means uncommon for the serious thinkers of Greece and Rome thus to keep terms with the vulgar belief, in a manner very like the political conduct of peaceable Jacobites in the latter half of the eighteenth century.

† This is admitted, rather reluctantly, by Ritter in his *History of Philosophy* (vol. i. p. 138 sq., Engl. transl.). It is a strange confusion which makes him say that ‘this, which is seen in the background of Homer and Hesiod, in the tragic writers has wholly disappeared.’—p. 132.

of Zeus; and it usually appears rather as a rule of action, which he has prescribed to himself, and a law which he has given to others, than as anything of higher obligation. Once indeed, to save Sarpedon's life, he has serious thoughts of breaking through it: but is stopped by the hint, *that if he interferes with Destiny in favour of individuals, the other gods will do the same in behalf of their favourites.* (Iliad, xvi. 435 sqq.) This is decisive as to the Homeric conception of Destiny. Sophocles (ὀμπρικήτατος, as he is emphatically called) practically adopts Homer's view so far, that he makes Destiny supreme over man; but he avoids the difficult question of its relation to the individual gods. On the other hand, Æschylus boldly asserts its irresistible authority over gods and men. So high is this dread power removed beyond the ruler of Olympus, that the distance from mankind up to him shrinks to nothing in comparison. This is to be sought especially in the Prometheus, a tragedy which wholly depends upon the fatal secret which the Titan hides from Zeus, triumphing, amid all the pangs which divine beings can inflict and suffer, in the prospect of his oppressor's fall, even as Uranus and Cronus had fallen before him. Indications of the same thing may be found in the other plays; and we have often fancied that in the Eumenides an irony, deeper than at first appears, lurked in Apollo's pretended justification of his father for imprisoning Cronus. The Erinyes very naturally criticise his inconsistency in being so severe upon Clytæmnestra's crime after his own conduct. Apollo replies,—

‘ Bonds may be loosed again. *That deed admits*
Of easy cure, and many a cheap atonement.
But, blood of man once shed, from dusty death
He rises never. Cure for this is none:
All else Zeus tosses lightly to and fro.’

(Eumen., v. 645 sqq.)

There seems here to be an ironical hint at such a possible revolution as might control the caprice which ‘tosses to and fro’—(ἀνω τε καὶ κάτω στρέφει, a scarcely tragic expression)—all things in the world. At any rate, the poet's tone cannot be mistaken, however studiously he may affect to make the justification of Zeus complete.

That a view of the Greek legends, such as we have indicated, was equally available for the purposes of poetry with the vulgar one, it would be rash to say; for it required a giant mind to grapple with its difficulties. But it most undoubtedly contained, in its visionary grandeur, a *higher* poetry than the other; and, in fact, that the gross *humanism* of the usual creed was always unsatisfactory, is proved by the systematic eagerness with which all tried to get rid of it by allegory and such like processes. But the very nature

nature of the earlier one suggested acquiescence in an imperfect state of knowledge, a willingness to contemplate things unattainable, a sentiment of self-abasement before the Infinite, which was the best preparation for loftier things. Of course it would be lost labour to endeavour after depicting these shadows. Their essence makes it impossible: they are *felt*, not seen; and in this consists their power.

Again, it may be affirmed that there was more of TRUTH in the old belief than in that which superseded it. Let us, however, explain ourselves. We are not asserting that any of the fables of either form of paganism actually were in possession of the truth. Both were of the Evil One from the beginning. Nay, the elder were, perhaps, the more monstrous. We are speaking, not of those who perverted the truth and turned it into a lie, but of those who received this, knowing no better, and by instinctive feeling laid hold of those particulars where most trace of the original verity remained. And our meaning is, that there was both more of philosophic truth in the awful feelings which they impressed on their believers—in their association of mystery with things divine,—and more of primitive truth in the notions which these fables enveloped and in a manner overlaid, than in all the opposite characteristics of their successors. Believers in the book of Genesis must hold the tradition of primitive revelation to have been the source of all knowledge of God and divine things, which has existed among the nations. Even from the time when God talked with the patriarchs have the relics of this been preserved; broken, indeed, and scattered, and wrapped up with an infinite deal of error and of falsehood, but still so preserved as to be a principle of life to all that enveloped them. As the nations went farther and farther from the fountain-head, the waters of life became embittered and polluted; but still they were the waters of a heavenly well-spring, until men hewed themselves broken cisterns which would hold *no* water. So long as the principle of faith was suffered to act simply, something still of primeval revelation could be detected by those who knew how to look for it, even among all the gross perversions of a false worship. Their vague notions of the mystery and immensity of the Divine nature,—the dark and gloomy picture of that Destiny which was hanging over all,—the consciousness of man's nothingness, and the nothingness of all around him, as compared with the deep reality of the things which are not seen,—the prominent place which *the war in heaven* held in their belief,—all bear marvellous testimony to the truths which remained—a treasure, though the key was lost—for a fallen world to believe.

DESTINY, as treated by Æschylus, seems to shadow forth
the

the influence of man's fall on his inward heart and outward circumstances alike; and finely does the melancholy tone of tragedy harmonise with this, as expressing the feelings created by knowledge of a deep-seated and irremediable disease—a disease that is, of which man could not escape the overwhelming sense, but had lost the knowledge of the cure. The *Destiny* of Sophocles is more irrespective, and as it were mechanical, working by the concurrence of outward circumstances round about and upon his characters, but not within them. Erring and imperfect as his *Œdipus* is represented, the particular actions which cause his misery are done in ignorance and involuntarily: his very deeds are rather sufferings than deeds (*Œd.* Col. v. 266 sq.); and precisely herein, with Sophocles as now-a-days with ourselves, lies the tragic part of his character. But the *Destiny* of Æschylus is no mechanical force, dragging man, whether he will or no, into peculiar positions. It is a power which makes use of his inward impulses to act upon his will, leading him to follow the law of sin which is in his members. Let us look to the story of the Agamemnon, and we shall find startlingly prominent the *πρωταρχος ἄρν*, (v. 1192)—the original guilt of the monarch's ancestor; and this not only works its own vengeance in the sufferings of the race, but *sin begets sin* (v. 758);—the primal taint spreads over the generations of posterity, and each adds to the awful account of crime as well as misery, until the hour comes for Orestes to cope and crown the grisly pile. (v. 1283.) It is an awful confession of the inborn corruption of our nature, and our hereditary sin. Again, let us avail ourselves of the glimpse which the Prometheus affords us of ancient truth refracted and distorted in the dense atmosphere of human imagination. Can we be blind to the strange and awful medley of good and evil, of the Tempter and the Redeemer, which is portrayed in the Titan? On the one hand, here is a godlike Being, but a fallen one, and at enmity with God (v. 119 sqq.), who relieves the ignorance of mortals (v. 546),—imparting to them all the wisdom of this world—the arts and accomplishments of life (vv. 109, 254, 506, etc.)—all that the King of Heaven had seen good to withhold from man—all the fruits of the tree of knowledge. (vv. 443 to v. 566.) —But, on the other, it is from pity and love for mortals that this Being acts. (v. 28.) When none else will plead for them he intercedes (v. 231 sqq.): when the Supreme resolves to sweep them from the face of creation, he stands forth in their behalf, and saves them from destruction and from hell; and this very love for mortals it is that causes his immortal sufferings: the evil which they escape he must undergo. (vv. 239, 267.) The anger of the God of Heaven rests upon him; and nailed—all but literally—

literally—to a cross (vv. 19 to 76)—he submits, steadfast in soul and purpose, to agonies that he foreknew and might have shunned (vv. 101, 266), while universal nature sympathises with the sufferer. (vv. 405 to 435.) Surely not without witnesses were left the holiest truths, the most precious promises, even among those who, in abandoning the one, had ceased to look forward to the other!

But it was only in proportion as the old traditions were held fast that even this remained so. The time was come when the world would not acquiesce in the old legends, yet knew of nothing better to set up in their stead. Men tampered with them, without either the knowledge or the feeling of what they were and what they meant. Can we wonder that, in explaining and rationalising and allegorising and philosophising, in the various processes of the alembic to which they were subjected, all that was the life and soul of these legends flew off and was lost? The truths were sedulously cast aside or obliterated; *for they were unmanageable*. The falsehoods were formed into systems, commented upon, and perpetuated. The Gentile sages turned their backs on the east, where the fountain of light was, though hidden behind the mountains; and gave their worship to the reflection of his beams, to the rainbow and the gross western cloud,—clinging to that which was of the earth, earthy—rejecting that which was from heaven. Simple minds, in all their degradation, would still have held somewhat of truth; but ‘the world *by wisdom knew not God*.’

Was there anything then in Greek *philosophy*, as it existed in the early days of Æschylus, which could influence the formation of a character like his? Surely nothing which his own Ionian race at least had produced. What to him were their speculations on physics, the ‘dynamical’ and ‘mechanical’ theories of Thales or Anaximander? (Ritter, vol. i. p. 190 sqq.) He who, as Cicero says, called Philosophy down from heaven and placed her among men—Socrates—as yet was not. These sages had no notion that there were things in the universe more noble than the material universe itself. They could discourse eloquently on the priority of the elements, the properties of matter, the substance of the sun: they knew something of the theory of comets: they had attained to the prediction of eclipses. Of *man* alone, placed in the world a little lower than the angels,—of man, whom, nothing as he is, the Deity has vouchsafed to visit and be mindful of,—of his nature, his duties, and the objects of his being, the school of Ionia had nothing to tell!

But there was even then a philosophy of a very different character in Greece. It is of no relevance to our subject to criticise the history of the son of Mnesarchus, to prove his identity,

or

or to settle his chronology. It skills not to determine here whether there was one Pythagoras, as Bentley and the vulgar deem, or two, as Hesychius says, or sundry, as is the opinion of Niebuhr:—whether his thigh was golden or of flesh and blood:—whether he died at eighty, or at one hundred and seventeen, or at any, *or each*, of the intermediate years. Personally, Pythagoras is an enigma, and doubtless will remain so; but the Pythagorean philosophy is a **FACT**, with which we may deal accordingly: and though it may be impossible to satisfy ourselves about particular details, we are enabled, from its extended influence at the time we are treating of, to ascertain enough for our purpose. With this explanation we may be allowed to avoid circumlocution by speaking, as is usual, of the doctrines of *Pythagoras*.

‘Science,’ in the modern one-sided acceptance in which only physical and mathematical science is meant, was not undervalued by Pythagoras. On the contrary, mathematics were an especially Pythagorean study; *Number*, in all the senses which can be assigned to the term, was his delight; *Music* was one of his most important means of training his disciples; *Order* was the grand perfection of his whole system. His physics indeed were wildly unreal; and seem (if moderns are not wholly in error about them, which is far from improbable) to have been even based upon a confusion between the arithmetical unit and the material atom. But, however strange the speculations, the spirit of the whole was an elevating one: for it was the abstracting of the thoughts from objects of sense, to fix them upon the *forms*, not the *matter* of things. And all this was connected with a truly encyclopedic education in things practical and speculative alike: a real attempt to develop man’s whole mind, morally, socially, and religiously. Plato (*De Republ.* p. 600 B.) tells of him that he was deeply beloved by all around him for the system of personal morality which he taught, and which they handed down as the Way of Pythagoras; a *Way* which enforced the most rigid discipline and the most active exertion, combined with a deep and sober spirit of meditation. Politically speaking, his system was aristocratic, in the best and most literal sense of the word;—that those should be placed in the most important situations, whose minds had most profited by his course of training. In religion there was a mystic worship, concerning which, of course, little is known: but it is at least probable that Pelasgian forms, such as were alluded to above—(especially as Pythagoras was said to be of Pelasgian descent)—furnished its substance.

The most remarkable points of the whole, then, are briefly these:—

- (1.) The opposition of this system to the materialism of Greece:
- (2.) the

—(2.) the perpetual return of the notion of *Order, Harmony, Subordination*; and (therefrom arising) the special inculcation of deference to authority, and a teachable temper:—(3.) the peculiarly practical character of the whole scheme, and its oneness in all its parts, especially in its plan of education by the culture of the whole man.

Its striking excellence on the whole, notwithstanding all the serious objections to which it is liable, may be inferred from the fact that moderns are at a loss to decide whether the Pythagoreans formed a political union, a religious order, or a philosophical school. In this they seem to forget that man's nature is compound, and his relations various, as a Being moral and intellectual, social and religious. The Pythagorean training was not for philosophers, *or* citizens, *or* members of a church. It was for MEN, whose nature fits them for all these characters, and whose duty it is to unite them ALL.

Of course this discipline was liable to impress the scholars with a thorough distrust, not to say contempt for all who did not share the ties and advantages of their society. The majesty of the multitude impressed the mind of a Pythagorean with little awe! The doctrine of rights, as opposed to duties, and unconnected with qualifications, he would hold to be mere madness. His politics, like his music, his personal deportment, and the whole character of the brotherhood to which he belonged, were of that sober and orderly cast, which we would willingly with Mueller* identify as Doric, could we find an authentic specimen of *such* Dorism in history.

Having said so much, it is scarcely necessary for us to say that *Æschylus* was a Pythagorean. (Cic. Tusc. Quæst. ii. 13.) Indeed, with all the advantages of culture and development which he shared as one of the Ionian blood, he seems to have united much of the sterling depth of character, the sturdy heart of oak, of the ideal Dorian: that character which in the abstract was to the Athenian what Athens in the olden time (see Aristoph. Acharn. v. 179 sqq.) was to the 'young Athens' of Pericles and his successors. But in looking to the actually existing specimens of either tribe, he could have little real sympathy with any: as to his own compatriots, we have already seen that 'he could not away with them' (*οὐ συνέβαινε*): and the indignant rejoinder in Aristophanes is, 'No doubt he thought them a nest of thieves.' (Ran. 808.) Yet let us be fair. In the only age when genuine patriotism can be said to have been called forth in Greece,

* However no one ought to study the subject without consulting his 'Dorians,' vol. ii. See also Ritter's History of Philosophy (vol. i.) and Thirlwall's History of Greece (vol. ii. p. 140 sqq.).

Athens was the only state where its light burned steady and pure. (Herodotus, vii. 139, ix. 8 sqq.) Herein were they and he mutually worthy of each other; and well has he sung the glories that he shared. But when this excitement was at an end, and parties were no longer kept together by the pressure of external danger, his *somnia Pythagorea*—dreams of private and public virtue—were rudely dispelled. There were in Athens, as there are under one name or other everywhere, a conservative and a levelling party,—their leaders Aristides and Themistocles,—their engines the Areopagus and the Ostracism: but Conservatism and Aristides were powerless against the ready craft and worldly wisdom of a popular leader like Themistocles. The influence of Aristides sank, one may say, as his character rose.* The attachment of Æschylus to this great man (who really does seem to have fully deserved all the honour which attaches to his name) is shown in ‘the drama big with war,’ the Seven against Thebes, in the character of Amphiaræus, the good, the mild, the wise, who chose to be just, and cared not for the seeming: a perfect character, who is hurried to destruction only because he is by circumstances bound up with a reckless and faithless crew. (vv. 592, 605 to 614.) The whole audience, we are told (Plut. ap. Mueller, Eumen. § 38), at once applied the character as, no doubt, the poet meant it. The same thing is also shown in the stress laid, in his ‘Persians,’ on the part which Aristides took in the battle of Salamis, though a very subordinate one. (Compare Æsch. Pers. v. 447 sqq. with Herod. viii. 95.)

One effort was now made after another to overset what remained of Solon’s constitution; and the point of attack chosen was the Areopagus. For the poet’s view of these attempts, which was undoubtedly the true one, we must refer to his noble vindication of the court, and of the principles of order which it represented, in the Eumenides.† But before this the corruption had been at work on both sides: the principles of Aristides ceased to influence the party of Aristides: they lost their vantage-ground by adopting the atrocious policy of their Roman contemporaries: Ephialtes, like Genucius, fell by the treachery of his opponents.

Massacres by the populace would have caused less horror; for men’s feelings are more excited by a single *inconsistent* crime, than by an uniform course of evil. It is the white robe that shows the stain of blood; and when the friends of order used the

* The anecdote of the citizen who asked him to write his own name on the sherd wishing to ostracise him, because he was sick of hearing any one called *The Just*, may perhaps not be literally true; but it embodies a great truth: *viri enim fulgore suo, etc.*: the only consolation is, *extinctus amabitur idem*,—Athens buried Aristides.

† Mueller’s historical elucidations of the subject are excellent.

weapons of assassination, their strength might well turn to weakness. Æschylus himself, after Aristides died, stood in the place of Amphiaraus.—Why then betake ourselves to gossip about his causing miscarriages by his machinery? Why lend an ear to worse calumnies, and impute a betrayal of the mysteries, or a connivance at, if not a share in the death of Ephialtes—that is, in plain terms, *murder* or *sacrilege*—to the purest, the most devout soul of ancient Greece? Surely we need nothing more than the sketch of his character which we have drawn from his life and writings, to account for his having retired in disappointment and despondency, long before discord reached its highest pitch.

More we know not with certainty,—save that he died and was buried with great pomp at Gela in the year 456 B.C.

This sketch has detained us much longer than we expected; and there yet remains for us the consideration of the master-work, the *Orestea* itself. To this, and some of the questions connected with it, we may return hereafter, when Klausen, whose ‘*Choëphori*’ has appeared, publishes the ‘*Eumenides*’ also. In treating, meanwhile, of Æschylus himself, and endeavouring to draw a slight outline (in the absence of materials for anything more) of his real character, we trust that we may have been neither uninterestingly nor uselessly employed. If, indeed, we could adequately express even our own imperfect conceptions of him, it would be felt that there is no heathen writer—no, not Plato himself—from whom lessons of deeper and more practical truth can be drawn:—none more likely to kindle in others a holy devotion to the high ends of man’s being.

In conclusion, we would express our thanks to the conductors of the *Bibliotheca Græca* for giving us such useful and valuable works as (to say nothing of others) Dissen’s *Pindar*, Stallbaum’s *Plato*, and Klausen’s *Æschylus*. To Mr. Peile too our thanks are due for the labour and learning displayed in his ‘*Agamemnon*’. He promises to continue the series; and he can, if he will, make it a valuable accession to our libraries. But to this end he must eschew tediousness, and cease to think that the poetry of Æschylus (εὔτε πόντος ἐν μεσημβρινᾷς | κοίταις ἀνύμων νημέμοις εὖδοι πρῶτον, v. 565) may with impunity be translated in language like ‘*When the sea, in British seamen’s phrase (!), had turned in for his meridian nap*’ (p. 176). If he persists in playing such antics as this and others that we could mention, we have only to take our leave of him in the words of the good old Archbishop of Granada:—‘*Adieu, monsieur: je vous souhaite toutes sortes de prospérités, avec un peu plus de goût.*’

ART. VI.—1. *The Pentameron and Pentalogia*. London. Post 8vo. 1837.

2. *Poems, Original and Translated*. By John Herman Merivale. Now first collected. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1839.

WHEN we read the *Pentameron* on its first appearance, now two years ago, it hardly seemed to require notice at our hands, as we had shortly before devoted a considerable space in this journal to Mr. Landon's writings generally, and in particular to the long series of his *Imaginary Conversations*. Taking up the volume, however, for the purpose of comparing some of its criticisms on Dante with Mr. Merivale's, we found that we could not lay it down until we had read it all over again, and by that time we had marked so many passages, that though we have no intention of going into another formal criticism, we consider it as due to Mr. Landon that we should thank him for the pleasure his new dialogues have afforded us, and to our readers that we should invite their attention to some of the striking thoughts, images, and expressions scattered profusely over a little work which has as yet attained only a very small circulation—nay which, we apprehend, might almost be said to have fallen still-born from the press.

Boccaccio is supposed to be visited, during his recovery from an illness towards the close of his life, by Petrarch; and they converse together during *five days*, on such subjects as Mr. Landon might justly imagine to have occupied, under such circumstances, these gentle and generous friends: for friends they were in weal and in woe, living and dying—and, indeed, the vindication of their memories, from the vulgar charge of envy and mutual disparagement, fills one of the most pleasing of their skilful admirer's pages. He says:—

'When an ill-natured story is once launched upon the world, there are many who are careful that it shall not soon founder. Thus the idle and inconsiderate rumour, which has floated through ages, about the mutual jealousy of Boccaccio and Petrarca, finds at this day a mooring in all quarters. Never were two men so perfectly formed for friendship; never were two who fulfilled so completely that happy destination. True it is, the studious and exact Petrarca had not elaborated so entirely to his own satisfaction his poem of *Africa*, as to submit it yet to the inspection of Boccaccio, to whom unquestionably he would have been delighted to show it the moment he had finished it. He died, and left it incomplete. We have, it must be acknowledged, the authority of Petrarca himself, that he never had read the *Decameron* through, even to the last year of his life, when he had been intimate with Boccaccio four-and-twenty. How easy would it have been for him to dissemble this fact! How certainly would any man have dissembled it who doubted of his own heart or of his friend's!'

Mr.

Mr. Landor quotes the last letter of Petrarch to Boccaccio:—

“ I have only run over your *Decameron*, and therefore I am not capable of forming a true judgment of its merit: but upon the whole it has given me a great deal of pleasure. *The freedoms in it are excusable; from having been written in youth, from the subjects it treats of, and from the persons for whom it was designed.* Among a great number of gay and witty jokes, there are however many grave and serious sentiments. I did as most people do: I paid most attention to the beginning and the end. Your description of the people in the Plague is very true and pathetic; and the touching story of Griseldis has been ever since laid up in my memory, that I may relate it in my conversations with my friends. A friend of mine at Padua, a man of wit and knowledge, undertook to read it aloud; but he had scarcely got through half of it, when his tears prevented him going on. He attempted it a second time; but his sobs and sighs obliged him to desist. Another of my friends determined on the same venture; and, having read it from beginning to end, without the least alteration of voice or gesture, he said, on returning the book, ‘ It must be owned this is an affecting history, and I should have wept, could I have believed it true; but there never was, and never will be, a woman like Griseldis.’ ”

‘ Here (says Mr. Landor) was the termination of Petrarca’s literary life: he closed it with the last words of this letter; which are, “ *Adieu, my friends! adieu, my correspondence!* ” Soon afterward he was found dead in his library, with his arm leaning on a book. In the whole of this composition, what a carefulness and solicitude to say every thing that could gratify his friend; with what ingenuity are those faults not palliated but *excused* (his own expression) which must nevertheless have appeared very grievous ones to the purity of Petrarca!

‘ But why did not Boccaccio send him his *Decameron* long before? Because there never was a more perfect gentleman, a man more fearful of giving offence, a man more sensitive to the delicacy of friendship, or more deferential to sanctity of character. He knew that the lover of Laura could not amuse his hours with mischievous or idle passions: he knew that he rose at midnight to repeat his matins, and never intermitted them. On what succeeding hour could he venture to seize? with what countenance could he charge it with the levities of the world? Perhaps the Recluse of Arqua read at last the *Decameron*, only that he might be able the better to defend it. And how admirably has the last stroke of his indefatigable pen effected the purpose! Is this the jealous rival? Boccaccio received the final testimony of unaltered friendship in the month of October, 1373, a few days after the writer’s death. December was not over when they met in heaven—and never were two gentler spirits united there.

‘ The character of Petrarca shows itself in almost every one of his various works. Unsuspicious, generous, ardent in study, in liberty, in love, with a self-complacence, which in less men would be vanity, but arising in him from the general admiration of a noble presence, from his place in the interior of a heart which no other could approach or merit, and from the homage of all who held the principalities of learning in

every part of Europe. Boccaccio is only reflected in full from a larger mass of compositions: yet one letter is quite sufficient to display the beauty and purity of his mind. It was written from Venice, when finding there, not Petrarca, whom he expected to find, but Petrarca's daughter, he describes to the father her modesty, grace, and cordiality in his reception. The imagination can form to itself nothing more lovely than his picture of the gentle Ermessinda; and Boccaccio's delicacy and gratitude are equally affecting. No wonder that Petrarca, in his will, bequeathed to his friend a sum, the quintuple in amount of that which he bequeathed to his only brother, whom, however, he loved tenderly.

'Such had been, long before their acquaintance, the celebrity of Petrarca, such the honours conferred on him wherever he resided or appeared, that he never thought of equality or rivalry. And such was Boccaccio's reverential modesty, that, to the very close of his life, he called Petrarca his master. Immeasurable as was his own superiority, he no more thought himself the equal of Petrarca, than Dante (in whom the superiority was almost as great) thought himself Virgil's. These, I believe, are the only instances on record where poets have been very tenaciously erroneous in the estimate of their own inferiority. The same observation cannot be made so confidently on the decisions of contemporary critics. Indeed the balance in which works of the highest merit are weighed, vibrates long before it is finally adjusted. Even the most judicious men have formed injudicious opinions on the living and the recently deceased. Bacon and Hooker could not estimate Shakspeare, nor could Taylor and Barrow give Milton his just award. Cowley and Dryden were preferred to both, by a great majority of the learned. Many, although they believe they discover in a contemporary the qualities which elevate him above the rest, yet hesitate to acknowledge it; part, because they are fearful of censure for singularity, part, because they differ from him in politics or religion, and part, because they delight in hiding, like dogs and foxes, what they can at any time surreptitiously draw out for their sullen solitary repast. Such persons have little delight in the glory of our country, and would hear with disapprobation and moroseness it has produced four men so pre-eminently great, that no name, modern or ancient, can stand very near the lowest: these are, Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, and Newton. Beneath the least of these (if any one can tell which is least) are Homer and Aristoteles; who are unquestionably the next. Out of Greece and England, Dante is the only man of the first order; such he is, with all his imperfections. Less ardent and energetic, but having no less at command the depths of thought and treasures of fancy, beyond him in variety, animation, and interest, beyond him in touches of nature and truth of character, is Boccaccio. Yet he believed his genius was immeasurably inferior to Alighieri's; and it would have surprised and pained him to find himself preferred to his friend Petrarca; which indeed did not happen in his lifetime. . . . Two contemporaries so powerful in interesting our best affections, as Giovanni and Francesco, never existed before or since. Petrarca was honoured and beloved by all conditions. He collated with the student and investigator, he planted with the husbandman, he was the counsellor of kings,

kings, the reprover of pontiffs, and the pacificator of nations. Boccaccio, who never had occasion to sigh for solitude, never sighed in it: there was his station, there his studies, there his happiness. In the vivacity and versatility of imagination, in the narrative, in the descriptive, in the playful, in the pathetic, the world never saw his equal, until the sunrise of our Shakspeare. Ariosto and Spenser may stand at no great distance from him in the shadowy and unsubstantial; but multiform Man was utterly unknown to them. The human heart, through all its foldings, vibrates to Boccaccio.²

We have seen in what words Petrarch *actually* wrote to his friend about the Decameron. Mr. Landor supposes Boccaccio, during his visit at Certaldo, to have spoken with great regret of certain features in the great work, and even signified an intention of destroying the MS.; and Petrarch is made to answer thus:—

‘ Your production is somewhat too licentious; and young men, in whose nature, or rather in whose education and habits, there is usually this failing, will read you with more pleasure than is commendable or innocent. Yet the very time they occupy with you would, perhaps, be spent in the midst of those excesses or irregularities to which the moralist, in his uttermost severity, will argue that your pen directs them. Now there are many who are fond of standing on the brink of precipices, and who, nevertheless, are as cautious as any of falling in. And there are minds desirous of being warmed by description, which, without this warmth, might seek excitement among the things described. I would not tell you in health what I tell you in convalescence, nor urge you to compose what I dissuade you from cancelling. After this avowal, I do declare to you, Giovanni, that in my opinion the very idlest of your tales will do the world as much good as evil; not reckoning the pleasure of reading, nor the exercise and recreation of the mind, which in themselves are good. What I reprove you for is the indecorous and uncleanly; and these, I trust, you will abolish. Even these, however, may repel from vice the ingenuous and graceful spirit, and can never lead any such toward them. *Never have you taken an inhuman pleasure in blunting and fusing the affections at the furnace of the passions; never, in hardening by sour sagacity and ungenial strictures that delicacy which is more productive of innocence and happiness, more estranged from every track and tendency of their opposites, than what in cold crude systems hath holden the place and dignity of the highest virtue.* May you live, O my friend, in the enjoyment of health, to substitute the facetious for the licentious, the simple for the extravagant, the true and characteristic for the indefinite and diffuse.

‘ Enter into the mind and heart of your own creatures: think of them long, entirely, solely; never of style, never of self, never of critics, cracked or sound. *Like the miles of an open country, and of an ignorant population, when they are correctly measured they become smaller. In the loftiest rooms and richest entablatures are suspended the most spider-webs; and the quarry out of which palaces are erected is the nursery of nettle and bramble.*

'Admirable as you are in the jocose, you descend from your natural position when you come to the convivial and the festive. You were placed among the affections, to move and master them, and gifted with the rod that sweetens the fount of tears. My nature leads me also to the pathetic, in which, however, an imbecile writer may obtain celebrity. Even the hard-hearted are fond of such reading, when they are fond of any; and nothing is easier in the world than to find and accumulate its sufferings. Yet this very profusion and luxuriance of misery is the reason why few have excelled in describing it. The eye wanders over the mass without noticing the peculiarities. To mark them distinctly is the work of genius; a work so rarely performed, that, if time and space may be compared, specimens of it stand at wider distances than the trophies of Sesostrius.'

In a later dialogue, Boccaccio's design of writing a commentary on the '*Divina Commedia*' being under discussion, Petrarch says,

'Your main difficulty lies not in making explanations but in avoiding them. Some scholars will assert that everything I have written in my sonnets is allegory or allusion—others will deny that anything is; and similarly of Dante. It was known throughout Italy that he was the lover of *Beatrice Porticari*. He has celebrated her in many compositions; in prose and poetry, in Latin and Italian. Hence it became the safer for him afterward to introduce her as an allegorical personage, in opposition to the *Meretrice*, under which appellation he (and I subsequently) signified the papacy. If Laura and Fiametta were allegorical, they could inspire no tenderness in our readers, and little interest. But, alas! these are no longer the days to dwell on them.

'*Boccaccio*.—Ah Francesco! Francesco! well may you sigh, and I too, seeing that we can do little now but make verses and doze, and want little but medicine and masses. Do not look so grave upon me, for remembering so well another state of existence. He who forgets his love may still more easily forget his friendships. I am weak, I confess it, in yielding my thoughts to what returns no more; but you alone know my weakness.

'*Petrarca*.—We have loved; and so fondly as we believe none other ever did; and yet, although it was in youth, Giovanni, it was not in the earliest white dawn, when we almost shrink at his freshness, when everything is pure and quiet, when little of earth is seen, and much of heaven. It was not so with us: it was with Dante. The little virgin, *Beatrice Porticari*, breathed all her purity into his boyish heart, and inhaled it back again; and if war and disaster, anger and disdain, seized upon it in her absence, they never could divert its course nor impede its destination. Happy the man who carries love with him in his opening day! He never loses its freshness in the meridian of life, nor its happier influence in the later hour. If Dante enthroned his *Beatrice* in the highest heaven, it was *Beatrice* who conducted him thither. Love, preceding passion, ensures, sanctifies, and I would say, survives it, were it not rather an absorption and transfiguration into its own most perfect purity and holiness.

'*Boccaccio*.—Up! up! look into that chest of letters, out of which I
took

took several of yours, to run over, yester-morning. All those of a friend whom we have lost, to say nothing of a tenderer affection, touch us sensibly, be the subject what it may. When, in taking them out to read again, we happen to come upon him in some pleasant mood, it is then the dead man's hand is at the heart. Opening the same paper long afterward, can we wonder if a tear has raised its little island in it? Leave me the memory of all my friends, even of the ungrateful! They must remind me of some kind feeling; and perhaps of theirs; and for that very reason they deserve another. It was not my fault if they turned out less worthy than I hoped and fancied them. Yet half the world complains of ingratitude, and the remaining half of envy.'

We may take with these beautiful passages the following from another colloquy:—

'*Petrarca*.—O Giovanni! the heart that has once been bathed in love's pure fountain retains the pulse of youth for ever. Death can only take away the sorrowful from our affections: the flower expands; the colourless film that enveloped it falls off and perishes.

'*Boccaccio*.—We may well believe it; and, believing it, let us cease to be disquieted for their absence who have but retired into another chamber. We are like those who have overslept the hour: when we rejoin our friends, there is only the more joyaunce and congratulation. Would we break a precious vase, because it is as capable of containing the bitter as the sweet? No: the very things which touch us the most sensibly are those which we should be the most reluctant to forget. The noble mansion is most distinguished by the beautiful images it retains of beings past away; and so is the noble mind.

'The damps of autumn sink into the leaves and prepare them for the necessity of their fall; and thus insensibly are we, as years close round us, detached from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows.'

Mr. Landor makes Petrarch pronounce thirty lines of the episode of Ugolino ('Ed io senti,' &c.) to be 'unequalled by any other continuous thirty in the whole dominions of poetry;' but from this judgment the author of the *Decameron* dissents; and we consider the analysis thus introduced exquisitely just and delicate.

'*Boccaccio*.—Give me rather the six on Francesca; for if in the former I find the simple, vigorous, clear narration, I find also what I would not wish, the features of Ugolino reflected full in Dante. The two characters are similar in themselves; hard, cruel, inflexible, malignant, but, whenever moved, moved powerfully. In Francesca, with the faculty of divine spirits, he leaves his own nature (not, indeed, the exact representative of theirs), and converts all his strength into tenderness. The great poet, like the original man of the Platonists, is double, possessing the further advantage of being able to drop one-half at his option, and to resume it. Some of the tenderest on paper have no sympathies beyond; and some of the austere in their intercourse with their fellow-creatures have deluged the world with tears. It is not from the

rose

rose that the bee gathers her honey, but often from the most acrid and the most bitter leaves and petals.

"Quando legemmo il disiato riso
Esser baciato di cotanto amante,
Questi, che mai da me non sia diviso!
La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante...
Galeotto fù il libro, e chi lo scrisse...
Quel giorno più non vi legemmo avante."

In the midst of her punishment, Francesca, when she comes to the tenderest part of her story, tells it with complacency and delight; and, instead of naming Paolo, which indeed she never has done from the beginning, she now designates him as

"Questi che mai da me non sia diviso!"

Are we not impelled to join in her prayer, wishing them happier in their union?

'*Petrarca*.—If there be no sin in it.

'*Boccaccio*.—Ay, and even if there be... God help us! What a sweet aspiration in each cesura of the verse! three love-sighs fixt and incorporate! Then, when she hath said

"La bocca mi baciò, tutto tremante,"

she stops: she would avert the eyes of Dante from her: he looks for the sequel: she thinks he looks severely: she says,

"*Galeotto* is the name of the book,"

fancying by this timorous little flight she has drawn him far enough from the nest of her young loves. No, the eagle beak of Dante and his piercing eyes are yet over her.

"*Galeotto* is the name of the book."

"What matters that?"

"And of the writer."

"Or that either?"

'At last she disarms him; but how?—"That day we read no more."

'Such a depth of intuitive judgment, such a delicacy of perception, exists not in any other work of human genius; and from an author who, on almost all occasions, in this part of the work, betrays a deplorable want of it.

'*Petrarca*.—Perfection of poetry! The greater is my wonder at discovering nothing else of the same order or cast in this whole section of the poem. He who fainted at the recital of Francesca,

"And he who fell as a dead body falls,"

would exterminate all the inhabitants of every town in Italy! What execrations against Florence, Pistoia, Siena, Pisa, Genoa! what hatred against the whole human race! what exultation and merriment at eternal and immitigable sufferings! Seeing this, I cannot but consider the "*Inferno*" as the most immoral and impious book that ever was written. Yet, hopeless that our country shall ever see again such poetry, and certain that without it our future poets would be more feebly urged forward to excellence, I would have dissuaded Dante from cancelling it, if this had been his intention. Much, however, as I admire his vigour and severity

severity of style in the description of Ugolino, I acknowledge with you that I do not discover so much imagination, so much creative power, as in the "Francesca." I find, indeed, a minute detail of probable events: but this is not all I want in a poet; it is not even all I want most in a scene of horror. Tribunals of justice, dens of murderers, wards of hospitals, schools of anatomy, will afford us nearly the same sensations, if we hear them from an accurate observer, a clear reporter, a skilful surgeon, or an attentive nurse. There is nothing of sublimity in the horrific of Dante, which there always is in Æschylus and Homer.'

This last paragraph, too, is a masterly one; yet our readers will probably pause, like ourselves, before they adopt all its conclusions. As to the Ugolino, for example, Mr. Hallam indicates, with his usual terse brevity, one very important consideration to which our imaginary interlocutors have not adverted. Speaking of Cervantes' great tragedy, he says, 'Few, probably, would desire to read the Numancia a second time. But it ought to be remembered that the historical truth of this tragedy, though, as in the Ugolino of Dante, it augments the painfulness of the impression, is the legitimate apology of the poet. Scenes of agony and images of unspeakable sorrow, when idly accumulated by an inventor at his ease, as in many of our own older tragedies, and in much of modern fiction, give offence to a reader of just taste, from their needlessly trespassing upon his sensibility. But in that which excites unto abhorrence of cruelty and oppression, or which, as the Numancia, commemorates ancestral fortitude, there is a moral power, for the sake of which the sufferings of sympathy must not be flinched from.'—*Hist. of Literature*, vol. iv. p. 362.

It appears to us that Mr. Landor compares Homer and Dante, here and there, as if he were not fully aware of the immeasurable distance between them, or, indeed, between the former and any other poet that ever breathed, except Shakspeare. Yet there is felicity in one of his illustrations:—'I do not think Dante is any more the equal of Homer than Hercules is the equal of Apollo: though Hercules may display more muscles, yet Apollo is the powerfuller, without any display of them at all.' And we admire what we are about to quote:—

'The *Inferno*, the *Purgatorio*, the *Paradiso*, are pictures from the walls of our churches and chapels and monasteries, some painted by Giotto and Cimabue, some earlier. In several of these we detect not only the cruelty, but likewise the satire and indecency of Dante. Sometimes there is also his vigour and simplicity, but oftener his harshness and meagreness and disproportion. I am afraid the good Alighieri, like his friends the painters, was inclined to think the angels were created only to flagellate and burn us; and Paradise only for us to be driven out of it.

'In the *Odyssea* the mind is perpetually relieved by variety of scene and character. There are vices enough in it, but rising from lofty or from

from powerful passions, and under the veil of mystery and poetry : there are virtues too, enough, and human and definite and practicable. We have man, although a shade, in his own features, in his own dimensions : he appears before us neither cramped by systems nor jaundiced by schools ; no savage, no cit, no cannibal, no doctor. Vigorous and elastic, he is such as poetry saw him first ; he is such as poetry would ever see him. In Dante, the greater part of those who are not degraded are debilitated and distorted. No heart swells here, either for overpowered valour or for unrequited love. In the shades alone, but in the shades of Homer, does Ajax rise to his full loftiness : in the shades alone, but in the shades of Virgil, is Dido the arbitress of our tears.'

We shall now select for our readers' benefit a few miscellaneous specimens of the imaginary table-talk of Certaldo, giving ourselves no concern about the order in which they are presented. Not one fragment but may at least stimulate thought and reflection.

'Middling men, favoured in their lifetime by circumstances, often appear of higher stature than belongs to them ; great men always of lower. Time, the sovereign, invests with befitting raiment and distinguishes with proper ensigns the familiars he has received into his eternal habitations : in these alone are they deposited !'

'A wrong step in politics sprains a foot in poetry ; eloquence is never so unwelcome as when it issues from a familiar voice ; and praise hath no echo but from a certain distance.'

'All correct perceptions are the effect of careful practice. We little doubt that a mirror would direct us in the most familiar of our features, and that our hand would follow its guidance, until we try to cut a lock of our hair. We have no such criterion to demonstrate our liability to error in judging of poetry ; a quality so rare, that perhaps no five contemporaries ever were masters of it.'

'Cicero changed his style according to his matter and his hearers. His speeches to the people vary from his speeches to the senate. Toward the one he was impetuous and exacting ; toward the other he was usually but earnest and anxious, and sometimes but submissive and imploring, yet equally unwilling, on both occasions, to conceal the labour he had taken to captivate their attention and obtain success. At the tribunal of Cæsar the dictator he laid aside his costly armour, contracted the folds of his capacious robe, and became calm, insinuating, and adulative, showing his spirit not utterly extinguished, his dignity not utterly fallen, his consular year not utterly abolished from his memory, but Rome, and even himself, lowered in the presence of his judge.'

'The sunshine of poetry makes the colour of blood less horrible, and draws up a shadowy and a softening haziness where the scene would otherwise be too distinct. Poems, like rivers, convey to their destination what must without their appliances be left unhandled : these to ports and arsenals, this to the human heart.'

'A poet

‘A poet often does more and better than he is aware at the time, and seems at last to know as little about it as a silkworm knows about the fineness of her thread.’

‘I do not think Ovid the best poet that ever lived, but I think he wrote the most of good poetry, and, in proportion to its quantity, the least of bad or indifferent. He wants on many occasions the gravity of Virgil; he wants on all the variety of cadence; but it is a very mistaken notion that he either has heavier faults or more numerous. His natural air of levity, his unequalled and unfailing ease, have always made the contrary opinion prevalent. Errors and faults are readily supposed, in literature as in life, where there is much gaiety; and the appearance of ease, among those who never could acquire or understand it, excites a suspicion of negligence and faultiness. Of all the ancient Romans, Ovid had the finest imagination: he likewise had the truest tact in judging the poetry of his contemporaries and predecessors. Compare his estimate with Quintilian’s of the same writers, and this will strike you forcibly. He was the only one of his countrymen who could justly appreciate the labours of Lucretius.

“Carmina sublimis tunc sunt peritura Lucreti,
Exitio terras quum dabit una dies.”

And the kindness with which he rests on all the others shows a benignity of disposition which is often lamentably deficient in authors who write tenderly upon imaginary occasions.’

‘Have you never observed that persons of high rank universally treat their equals with deference; and that ill-bred ones are often smart and captious? Even their words are uttered with a brisk and rapid air, a tone higher than the natural, to sustain the factitious consequence and vapouring independence they assume. Small critics and small poets take all this courage when they licentiously shut out the master.’

‘Envy would conceal herself under the shadow and shelter of contemptuousness, but she swells too huge for the den she creeps into.’

‘There are poets among us who mistake in themselves the freckles of the hay-fever for beauty-spots.’

‘We may write little things well, and accumulate one upon another; but never will any be justly called a great poet unless he has treated a great subject worthily. He may be the poet of the lover and of the idler, he may be the poet of green fields or gay society; but whoever is this can be no more. A throne is not built of birds’-nests, nor do a thousand reeds make a trumpet.’

‘Vengeance has nothing to do with comedy, nor properly with satire. The satirist who told us that Indignation made his verses* for him,

* *Facit indignatio versum.*—*Juv.*

might have been told in return that she excluded him thereby from the first classes, and thrust him among the rhetoricians and declaimers.'

'Frequently, where there is great power in poetry, the imagination makes encroachments on the heart, and uses it as her own. I have shed tears on writings which never cost the writer a sigh, but which occasioned him to rub the palms of his hands together, until they were ready to strike fire, with satisfaction at having overcome the difficulty of being tender.'

'Crooked and cramp are truths written with chalkstones.'

'Be assured, our heavenly Father is as well pleased to see his children in the playground as in the schoolroom.'

The author, from whom such things as these drop every now and then, on whatever subject he is employed, stands at a wide distance from the fashionable purveyors of what is called light reading, to ourselves the most wearisome of all. Our readers will of course enjoy the fragments we have been detailing still more than they now do, when they come on them again in their rightful place and connexion; and, indeed, though there is hardly any story in the book, the characters of Petrarch and Boccaccio are developed, through the introduction of some humble persons and small incidents, with a skill and effect which nobody (undisturbed by chalkstones) can fail to appreciate and admire. The book has its bitternesses, its insolences, and its bad jokes;—if it wanted these, many will reply, it could be none of Mr. Landon's—but the good and gentle elements in this case very largely predominate; and we would gladly believe that a man of such masculine abilities, who has in him such wisdom and such humanity—such a fund of genuine tenderness of heart—will, as he advances in the vale of years, dismiss altogether the unhappy turbulences of temper that have hitherto, far more than any other circumstance whatever, interfered with the popular acceptance of his writings.

We said that we had recurred to the *Pentameron*, in consequence of something that struck us in the other book named at the head of this paper. This is a collection of numerous pieces, larger and smaller, original and translated, which have amused the leisure hours of an eminent lawyer, and most of which had been published previously, some a great many years ago. They are such as might be expected from an elegant scholar, condemned to pass most of his life in the practice of a laborious profession, but nevertheless clinging fondly to the classical tastes of his youth, and enjoying the literary productions of his eminent contemporaries with the keen and generous zeal of an essentially kindred spirit. Where opportunity for severe strenuous literary exertion

exertion is denied, a gracefully-cultivated taste is likely to satisfy itself with attempts obviously imitative; and Mr. Merivale not only confesses that such is the character of most of his own untranslated verses, but is wise enough to be thankful for the evidence of unflagging sympathies which the various steps of his progress afford to himself in the retrospect.

There is one portion of this gentleman's poetical writings with which most of our readers must be sufficiently familiar—we mean his charming versions of the Greek Anthology, originally put forth in conjunction with those of his early friend, Mr. Bland, and already more than once so reprinted. The edition of 1833 was treated of at considerable length in our 98th Number (see p. 349, &c.). He has now for the first time given a series of specimens after the Latin and Italian poets, which appear to us quite as excellent as any of our old acquaintances: the version of the Descent into Hell in the *Æneid*—several canzonets and sonnets from Petrarch, Boccaccio, &c., and various episodes of Dante, in particular.

Mr. Merivale modestly protests against any invidious comparison of these last with the corresponding pages in complete versions of the *Divina Commedia*; and it is true that there would be some unfairness in subjecting the authors of those laborious performances to such a scrutiny. We have here, no doubt, what of many experiments seemed to Mr. Merivale himself, after the lapse of years, most successful. He intimates, too, that he had never designed a complete translation, but only handled parts of surpassing excellence, with the view of introducing them into a projected Life of Dante. The truth is, however, that, having very lately compared the versions of Cary and Wright pretty minutely, and quoted largely from both (see *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxi.), we should not on this occasion have thought it necessary to recur to Mr. Merivale's predecessors; nor shall we now say more than that in our opinion he has, as to the ground he does traverse, excelled them both. He, like Mr. Wright, adopts the *terza rima* of the original, but he does not follow the example of avoiding its chief difficulty, and consequently, as we think, its chief beauty. In short, his tercets have, like Dante's, the interlinking rhyme.

We must give one of these exquisite episodes, and we take that of Paolo and Francesca, partly because the reader has Mr. Landor's criticism on the most touching part of it fresh in memory, and partly because the subject has lately been rendered into the language of another art, in one of the most graceful and, we are scarcely afraid to add, *the most pathetic* of relieves.*—

* We believe Mr. Westmacott's marble is now in the collection of Lord Lansdowne.

‘ And

' And now the accents of despair resound.
 Already have I journey'd on my way
 To where loud wailings rend the welkin round—
 A place unhallow'd by the voice of day.
 Bellowing as ocean's waves, by tempest curl'd,
 When warring winds dispute his tyrant sway,
 The infernal snow-drift, ever onward hurl'd,
 Hurries the miserable crowd along,
 With restless violence, through that nether world ;
 And, when they to the brink of ruin throng,
 Then are the shrieks, the groaning and lament,
 And blasphemies, that do heaven's justice wrong.
 Such, I was told, the destined punishment
 Of sinners, who, by fleshly lusts subdued,
 Have reason's law to lawless passion bent.
 And as, in winter time, the starling brood
 Wing their swift flight in many a thickening row,
 So drove that blast the imprison'd multitude
 Hither and thither urged—above, below ;
 While to their 'wilder'd spirits no solace bring
 Hopes of repose, or e'en of lessen'd woe.
 And, like as cranes their plaintive descant sing,
 While marshalling in air their long array,
 E'en so those hapless ghosts went murmuring
 Their soft complaints along the stormy way ;
 Whereat I ask, "Those crowds, so torn and tost
 By the dense air—tell, master, what are they?"
 Then answer'd he—"Of all that numerous host,
 Whose fate thou dost inquire, the First in rule
 Of many-languaged nations made her boast ;
 An adept such in luxury's shameless school,
 '*Quod libet, licet*,' was the legend old
 Wherewith she sought her burning brows to cool.
 Her name Semiramis—of whom 'tis told
 She after him who was her consort reign'd.
 Those realms she held the soldan now doth hold.
 Next, She who, for love's sake, to live disdain'd,
 And broke her promise to Sichæus' shade.
 Then Egypt's lustful queen." With her entrain'd,
 I Helen mark'd, for whose fair form was paid
 A price so high. Achilles too I spied,
 Who, to the last, with love fierce warfare made.
 Paris I saw, and Tristan ;—these beside,
 Thousands he show'd, and singled out by name,
 Whom love from worldly life did erst divide.
 When all these dames and knights of ancient fame
 My teacher, one by one, I heard rehearse,
 Compassion all my senses quite o'ercame ;
 And thus I cried—"O man of deathless verse
 Yon pair of spirits, that seem before the blast
 So lightly driven,—with them I'd fain converse." Then

Then he to me—"Watch till they shall be pass'd
More nearly towards us ; then, advancing, pray
Even by the love that guides them—and, as fast
As the wind drives, they will thy call obey."
Therewith my voice I raised ; "O souls distrest !
Come, speak with us, unless denied to stay."
They then, as doves, that to their tender nest
On firm expanded pinions through the sky
Are driven, by force of will-born passion press'd,
So, from the band where Dido haunts, they fly,
Towards us repairing through that fog malign—
Of such enforcement was my earnest cry.
"O living man ! Thou gracious and benign,
To visit Us, through this dun region sent,
Who, dying, stain'd the earth with crimson sign—
If that the Almighty ruler's ear were bent
To our petitions, we would pray for thee,
Since thou hast pity on our strange chastisement.
Whether to speak or list thy pleasure be,
To speak and listen we alike are fain,
Now, while the silent air is tempest-free.—
My place of birth is seated by the main,
On that sea-shore to which descendeth Po,
In quest of peace, with all his vassal train.
Love, whom the gentle heart soon learns to know,
Him bound a slave to that fair form, which I
Was doom'd—(ah how reluctant !)—to forego.
Love, that no loved one suffers to deny
Return, entwined us both with cords so strong,
That, as thou seest, he still is ever nigh.
Love to one fate conducted us along,
While Caina 'waits him who our lives did spill."—
Such was the burthen of that mournful song,
Which, with their tale, did so my bosom thrill,
As made me droop my head, and bend full low ;
When thus the bard : "Thy mind what evils fill ?"
Thereon I recommenced, "Alas for wo !
How many sweet thoughts, what intense desire,
Has brought them to this dolorous pass below ?"
I then turn'd back to them, and thus to inquire
Began—"Francesca ! thy sad destinies
With grief and pity at once my breast inspire.
But tell me—in the season of sweet sighs—
How, and by what degrees thy passion rose,
So as to read his love's dim phantasies ?"
Then she to me, "Among severest woes
Is to remember days of dear delight
In misery—and this thy teacher knows.

But

But if thou hast so fond an appetite
 From its first source our love's sad maze to thread,
 Though tears may flow, I will the tale recite.
 One day, for pastime, we together read
 Of Lancelot—how love his heart enchain'd.
 We were alone, and knew no cause for dread.
 But, oft as met our eyes, our cheeks were stain'd
 With blushes by the glowing tale inspired;
 Till one sole point the fatal victory gain'd.
 For when we read the smile, so long desired,
 Which to the lover's kiss her answer bore,
 He who shall ne'er from me be parted—fired
 With passion—kiss'd my lips, all trembling o'er
 Like his. The book was pandar to our thought,
 And he that wrote. That day we read no more.”
 Thus, while one spake, that other spirit was wrought
 To such a flood of tears, that with the swell
 Of pity all my sense was quite o'erfraught;
 And, as a lifeless body falls, I fell.’

Merivale, vol. ii. pp. 212-216.

We are sorry to say that we consider Mr. Merivale's version of the six inimitable lines ('Quando leggemmo,' &c.) as less fortunate than the rest. He has omitted one great beauty—the prayer 'Questi che mai da me non *sia* diviso;' and he has weakened Dante by the interpolations 'fired with passion' and 'trembling o'er like his.' Nevertheless, the episode has never before had so good an English dress.

We conclude with Mr. Merivale's still better version of the famous Canzonet which Boccaccio wrote at the prayer of poor Lisa Puccini, when, wasting for love of the King of Sicily, she could no longer suppress her passion, yet could not, or durst not, express it for herself. This lady, despatching the messenger with the immortal *billet-doux*—(Galeotto fu chi lo scrisse),—was also the subject of one of the best performances in the Royal Academy's Exhibition for 1838 :*—

'Go, herald Love, and hie thee to my lord,
 And tell him all the woes I'm doom'd to taste.
 Tell him, to death I haste,
 Hiding for shame the thoughts my mind hath stored.
 For mercy's sake, O Love! I thee implore,
 Go seek my master where he holds his dwelling.
 Say how I long, and languish, and adore,
 And with what fervid hopes my bosom's swelling—
 That by the fire that riots in my veins
 I think to die, but know not yet the hour
 When death will free me from these scorching pains,

* We do not know the fate of this fine picture by Mr. Hurlstone.

Which

Which I sustain for him—him still desiring,
 Yet still, through shame retiring.
 Oh let him know what griefs this frame devour—
 That, ever since for his dear sake I languish,
 I have not dared, through fear my will constraining,
 So much as once make him to know my anguish,
 Or let him hear the voice of my complaining.
 'Tis worse than death, unheeded thus to perish.
 Then let me fondly cherish
 The thought he yet may hear, without disdaining,
 My love's sad tale, no longer shame restraining!
 But since, O Love! it was not thy high pleasure
 That I should so my maiden pride abase
 As to my Lord reveal my thought's dear treasure,
 Yet grant me, sovereign Love! this little grace—
 Thou to him hie, and to his memory bring
 The day I saw him, arm'd with lance and shield,
 Victorious in the field,
 The best and bravest of the knightly ring.
 That hour, alas! reveal'd
 To my own thought my thought's most hidden spring.'

Vol. ii. pp. 192, 193.

In a noticeable passage of her late novel, *Deerbrook*—(being the account of the loves of two Birmingham spinsters, sisters, for the same gentleman, the apothecary of a neighbouring village)—we find Miss Martineau expressing her belief that young ladies often take the initiative, and her surprise that the practice is not still more common. The tender missive of Lisa Puccini may therefore be of use to some fair damsel heart-pierced at the tiltings of Eglintoun.

ART. VII.—*Etudes sur les Orateurs Parlementaires*. Par Timon.
 Huitième édition. 2 tomes, 12mo. Paris, 1839.

TIMON is the well-known *nom de guerre* of M. le Vicomte de Cermenin, a remarkable man in many ways—of whose career and character it is absolutely necessary to say something, if only to enable our readers to judge how far his estimates of individuals may be warped by his own personal predilections and antipathies.

M. de Cermenin is old enough to have played a part, more or less prominent, under each of the three last grand systems or *régimes*,—the Empire, the Restoration, and the Revolution of July. Under the Empire he filled the post of auditor to the council of state, and was made a baron by Napoleon, whose victories he had
 celebrated

celebrated in early youth by odes. During the *hundred days* he left Paris for the purpose of forming part of the garrison of a frontier town lying directly in the line of march by which the allied armies were expected to advance; but, finding valour unavailing, and this somewhat superfluous show of it having fortunately escaped the notice of his coteremporaries, he made up his mind to drop politics awhile, and fall back upon the study of administrative law (*droit administratif*), which he has cultivated with eminent success. His acquirements in this branch of knowledge were not withheld from the service of the public in consequence of the want of concord between the government and himself: on more than one occasion he appeared before the chambers as an advocate of the crown, and, in pleading for a grant of a milliard of livres, by way of indemnity to the emigrants, he went so far as to term the measure 'un acte populaire.' Neither did he disdain to accept a favour from a source tainted with legitimacy; for under the Villele ministry he solicited and obtained, through the keeper of the seals (Peyronnet) letters-patent for the erection of a *majorat*, with the title of Vicomte. When, therefore, on the morrow of the Revolution of July, he was heard demanding a constituent assembly and universal suffrage, many plain-speaking persons did not hesitate to denounce him as a Carlist in disguise. Very probably he was not at that time in the best possible humour with the movement-party; and, after being at the pains to procure a new title and a majorat, he might reasonably have preferred a state of things in which he could make the most of such advantages; but at all events his supposed *penchant* for royalty has not prevented him from exerting himself to the utmost to annoy and disappoint its present and (perhaps) last representative in France. Louis Philippe loves money: so does M. de Cormenin. Of all his majesty's projects, perhaps that touching the establishment of an appanage for the heir-apparent, at the expense of the nation, was the one which he had most thoroughly at heart; and the discussion regarding it was the precise description of controversy in which our 'Timon' was peculiarly qualified to shine. His Letters on the Civil List proved the death-blow of the scheme. His arguments, indeed, were answered and his figures of arithmetic upset by M. Linguaiy, in a pamphlet entitled 'La Liste Civile Dévoilée,' distributed at five sous a copy by the court; but his figures of speech told better, and he might fairly be said to have gained the victory by style.

M. de Cormenin has been many years a member of the Chamber of Deputies, but he hardly ever addresses it—a circumstance to be kept steadily in mind when we come to examine his

sketches

sketches of more venturesome cotemporaries. Once, however, when challenged by M. Montalivet on a question regarding the civil list, and all but dragged to the tribune by his friends, he extricated himself by a juxtaposition of figures expressed in a sentence, which effectually checked the laughter of the ministerialists. But he generally replies to the attacks made in the chamber through the press; and it is said that under Carrel's editorship he contributed an immense number of articles, of unequal merit, to 'The National.' He may be what Johnson called Bathurst, 'a good hater;' but physiognomy is all a lie, if, with his low brow and sharp nose, he can hate with magnanimity. On one occasion M. de Montalivet formally retracted the title of *Honourable*, which, he said, he had only given M. Cormenin by mistake in the hurry of debate. A parallel instance has occurred in our House of Lords, where Lord Brougham once drew an invidious distinction between *illustrious* by deeds and *illustrious* by courtesy. So much for the author: now turn we to the book.

The first section or Study (the preliminary matter being somewhat affectedly divided into *études*), is entitled 'Of the Causes which constitute the peculiar Kind of Deliberative Eloquence in each Country.' A few sentences will show that none but a Frenchman could have written it:—

'There are four things to be considered in parliamentary eloquence: the character of the nation, the genius of the language, the political and social wants of the epoch, and the physiognomy of the auditory.

'If the character of the nation is cold and taciturn, like that of the English and Americans, they will be excited with difficulty. Gifted with patience, they will be as little wearied with speaking as with listening. *They will set themselves at table to hear an orator during whole hours, as they would to drink or smoke.*

'If, on the contrary, the national character be irritable and *mobile*, like that of the French, it wants but a touch to make them believe themselves wounded, or a tap on the shoulder to make them turn round. Long speeches tire us, and when a Frenchman is tired, he goes away. If he cannot go away, he stays and talks: if he cannot talk, he yawns and goes to sleep.'—vol. i. p. 8.

When M. Lermnier was in England—we mean the French professor, who nearly caused a revolution a few months ago by his perseverance in lecturing his class after forfeiting their favour by accepting one from the ministry—he spent almost all his evenings in the strangers' gallery of the House of Commons, and avowed an intention of repairing to America for the express purpose of studying the proceedings of Congress, so soon as he had thoroughly familiarized himself with the proceedings of the British parliament; but whenever, emboldened by this avowal, an interlocutor ventured to speak English, it was found that the learned professor

was incapable of following a single sentence of the language in which the proceedings in question were carried on. M. Cormenin has evidently undertaken to draw parallels between three great deliberative assemblies with qualifications even inferior to M. Lermnier's: for an hour's study of the bare pantomime of debate would have induced him to doubt the justice of his remarks. Whatever may be the case with the American Congress, the English House of Commons is still one of the most critical and impatient audiences in the world, and the slightest recurrence to its recent history would have shown, that its increased and increasing capacity for endurance has no connexion whatever with *national character*—in the sense in which it is understood by M. Cormenin. In the days of Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Tierney, Grey, Plunkett, Canning, Copley and Brougham, every man who, from character or position, was entitled to address the house or had any useful information to communicate, was sure of a fair hearing; but no bores or prozers of any sort were tolerated. The reason was, that the members, besides being as a body of a more cultivated and fastidious cast, were comparatively unfettered by any direct pressing apprehension of responsibility, and free to pursue the real objects of debate. It was then reckoned rather discreditable to be eternally thinking about what your constituents might think; and we well remember the ironical cheers and laughter called forth by Lord Melbourne (then Mr. Lamb), in the parliamentary reform debate of 1826, when, in the course of a bitter and personal reply to Sir John (then Mr.) Hobhouse, he twitted his (now) right honourable colleague with speaking more for the hustings than the house. But since the measure to which Lord Melbourne during the first half-century of his existence was so vehemently and (he then said) unalterably opposed was carried by a cabinet of which he formed a part, the practice has been introduced, and bids fair to become inveterate, of speaking almost exclusively for constituents through the press. *Veniam petimusque damusque vicissim*—‘Let me prose away long enough to occupy a column or two in the newspapers, and I will let you;’ and, so long as his drafts on the patience of the house do not exceed in amount or frequency what is strictly necessary for this recognised object, almost any member may command an occasional hearing, though we should hardly venture to pledge ourselves, with M. Timon, that his fellow-members will set themselves *at table* to listen to him as complacently as they would to ‘drink or smoke.’ This senatorial virtue is only to be expected of representatives in the strict literal acceptation of the term; *i. e.*, delegates bound hand and foot, by pledges or instructions, to be as regular as schoolboys
at

at a call, and liable to be taken to account at a moment's warning for saying anything that they ought not to say, or leaving unsaid anything that they ought. Accordingly we find it in the highest degree of perfection in the Congress of the United States, where (as may be read in Captain Hall) each member has a little table to himself, on which he leans his elbows, or writes his letters, and where (as a recent traveller remarks) one-half of a speech is addressed to electors a thousand miles off, another half to the ladies in the galleries, and the remainder to the Congress itself. With regard to the French Chambers, we can well believe the difficulty of getting them to listen to anything but what tickles their vanity or excites their passions: yet, so long as written orations continue to be read from the tribune, surely the praise or dispraise of superior restlessness must be withheld. In a word, M. Cormenin's distinctions are altogether fanciful, and he might have spared us his philosophy until he had verified his facts: for to account for the assumed patience of the English by the coldness of the national character, is much the same as accounting for our assumed tendency to suicide by the same causes;—statistical writers having clearly established that three or four nations beat us hollow in this propensity, and that the Prussians undoubtedly stand first.

His next distinction is no better founded:—

‘In the second place we must pay attention to the genius of the language. If the language be hissing, hard, and *un peu dédaigneuse*, like the English, more importance will be attached to things than style. We shall not be offended by inversions or juxtapositions of words. *If the particular genius of the language permits the sense to be suspended, and the governing verb to be placed at the end of the phrase, it will be easier to keep up the attention of the audience.* Common figures, proverbial maxims, low and vulgar expressions, may be allowed, provided they be expressive. That which the discourse will lose in sobriety and conventional taste, it will gain in energy and truth. If the language be pompous and soft, like the Spanish or Italian, the speaker will aim at sonorousness of expression and the harmony of periods. Amongst the nations whose organization is musical, the ear requires to be flattered as much as the soul to be filled. *But if the language be noble, elegant, polished, correct, philosophical, like the French,* great preparation and long practice will be needed for public speaking. If the diction were too lagging, the speaker would sink into monotony; if too rapid, into hesitation. He will avoid redundant words and heavy epithets, which check the effusion of thought and embarrass the march of the discourse. He will bear in mind that the spirit of French assembly is so prompt that it seizes the sense of a phrase before it is finished, and divines the intention before it is well conceived,—so delicate that it revolts against repetitions, be the *address* of the *synonymies* what it may,—and so pure that it is wounded by the slightest neologism,

unless it be brilliantly set, or springs, by an irresistible compulsion, from the force of the situation itself.'—*Ibid.*, p. 9.

When some one was expatiating on the merits of French to Mr. Canning, he exclaimed—'Why, what on earth, Sir, can be expected of a language which has but one word for *liking* and *loving*, and puts a fine woman and a leg of mutton on a par—*J'aime Julie—J'aime un gigot?*' This was hardly fair, since no language is happier in expressing the various shades of social sentiment, or affords an apter medium of communication between people of the world; but of all the languages, ancient or modern, in which the productions of human genius have been embodied, it is certainly the least fitted for any of the highest purposes of poetry and eloquence; nor are we aware, at the present moment, of a single imaginative poet or first-rate orator, who does not in his own person form a striking illustration of the difficulty of rising unimpeded, or keeping long upon the wing, in such an atmosphere.

As to the test proposed in the above paragraph—if a language were favourable or unfavourable to rhetoric in proportion as it permitted the sense to be suspended by throwing the verb to the end of the phrase, the Germans ought to excel all modern nations; and we must do them the justice to say that wherever (as in the Baden Chamber of Representatives) a fair opportunity has been afforded them, they have shown no lack of proficiency in the art: but we doubt the alleged advantage, and whoever has been at the pains of examining the construction of Lord Brougham's periods, will agree with us, that, even in English, the sense may be suspended too long. We may instance a well-known occasion when he contrived to interpose so much matter between the nominative and the verb, that all perceptible connexion was at an end; and (the verb being unluckily *idem sonans* with another word) the sense probably remains suspended to the majority of the audience to this hour: 'My honourable friends—who did so and so—who saw so and so—who heard so and so—who said so and so, &c. &c. (each successive parenthesis forming a long sentence) know." Whether the concluding word was *know* or *no*, was the doubt.

The *epoch* is the third topic of consideration, and the student is particularly recommended to keep flights of imagination and bold apostrophes for situations which justify them and moments when the audience is warmed for their reception. (*Ibid.*, p. 10.) Plain and obvious as this precept may be thought, it is frequently neglected by first-rate orators. Mr. Grattan's *burst* of invocation: 'Spirit of Swift! spirit of Molyneux! your genius has prevailed! Ireland is now a nation!'—forms the fourth sentence of the speech,

speech, and must have been uttered before the members were well settled in their seats.

The fourth topic, the necessity of considering before whom you speak, gives occasion to M. Cormenin to declare that the first-class orators are mob-orators, and that amongst these Mr. Daniel O'Connell is *facile princeps*:—

'Eloquence has not all its influence, its strong, sympathetic, stirring influence, except on the people. Look at O'Connell, the greatest, perhaps the only orator of modern times! What a colossus! How he draws himself up to his full height! How his thundering voice sways and governs the waves of the multitude! *I am not an Irishman*—I have never seen O'Connell—I do not know his language, I should not understand were I to listen to him. Why, then, am I more moved by his discourses, badly translated, discoloured, maimed, stripped of the allurements of style, gesture, and voice, than by all those heard in my own country? It is because they bear no resemblance to our rhetoric, tormented by paraphrase; because passion, true passion, inspires him—the passion which can and does say all. It is because he tears me from the ground, rolls with me and drags me into his torrent—that he trembles and I tremble—that he kindles, and I feel myself burning—that he weeps, and tears fill my eyes—that his soul utters cries which ravish mine—that he carries me off upon his wings, and sustains me in the hallowed transports of liberty. Under the impression of his mighty eloquence, I abhor and detest with a furious hatred the tyrants of that unfortunate country, as if I were the countryman of O'Connell, and I take to loving *la verte Isle* almost as much as my own country.—*Ibid.*, p. 15.

It was by no means superfluous in the writer of this paragraph to assure us he is not an Irishman; and it will be necessary for him to assure us that he is not, and has never been, a great many other things, before we give him full credit for his enthusiasm. Yet let us be just to the member for all Ireland, the master-spirit of the Melbourne ministry, the influence behind the cabinet, greater (which is not saying much for it) than the cabinet itself. When Mr. O'Connell first appeared upon the stage, it was as the representative of a cause which, just or unjust, was well fitted to enlist the sympathies of the warm-hearted and unreflecting of all countries on his side, and there was then an earnestness, an emphasis, an energy, in his effusions, which looked and felt like truth. At that period he was sometimes compared to Mirabeau, with whom, in fact, he had little or nothing in common beyond a reckless abandonment of principle. But since he became a member of the British Parliament, he has done little more than repeat the old worn-out cuckoo song of 'justice;' and on all great occasions he is uniformly outshone, in point of elocution, by a rival (Mr. Shiel) who had no chance at all with him on their original field of action, the Corn Exchange of Dublin. Yet Mr. O'Connell had never
a larger

a larger following, though he might have had a more respectable one, than now; and may still be seen distributing the patronage of the Viceregal government with one hand, whilst with the other he retains a tottering ministry in place. How comes this? We fear the true solution of the problem is to be found in the demoralisation of Ireland, and that he is more indebted to the brutalised character of his ordinary audiences than to his eloquence. What, for example, have been his pet topics, his most effective appeals to the reason and imagination of his admiring, confiding countrymen within the year? Insinuations, preposterously unfounded, that an amiable and excellent nobleman, whose death was really owing to the prevalence of *Precursor* principles, had been murdered by his own son!—and assertions that Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington were anxious to place their own friends about the Queen for the purpose of compassing her death! In each instance the orator was vehemently applauded; and so well adapted, it seems, to popular feeling was the last topic, that it was forthwith plagiarised and worked up anew by a gentleman laudably desirous of keeping up the notoriety, if he cannot keep up the distinction, of his name. Now, is there an out-of-the-way village in England where a speaker could hazard such topics, without being denounced as a villain or laughed at as a fool? Then let us hear no more of equality in institutions till we discover some slight approximation to equality in morals, feelings, information and intellect; nor let foreigners blame us for refusing the first place amongst orators and patriots to an individual, whose best argument is a calumny, and his most effective figure of rhetoric an untruth.

‘Study the Second,’ entitled ‘Comparison of Orators and Writers,’ we reserve until we come to discuss the claims of those members of the Chambers in whom the two characters are combined.

The Third, ‘That there are many Modes of Debating,’ describes three classes of orators, or, more correctly speaking, persons anxious to be considered in that light; namely, those who improvise, those who recite what they have learned by heart, and those who read what they have written.

Rousseau’s grand maxim for the composition of a love-letter is, to begin without knowing what you are going to say, and end without knowing what you have said. According to M. Cormenin, extempore speakers are pretty generally agreed to regard this maxim as equally applicable to the composition of a speech:—‘they suffer themselves to be borne along by the current, visiting meadows, woods, cities, and mountains on their way, but they know not where to cast anchor or to land’—

‘And

‘And where the subject-theme may gang
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.’

Your reciter, on the other hand, is apt to produce an oration quite out of keeping with the time, and resorts to all sorts of tricks to make you believe he is extemporising. ‘He is never in harmony with his audience; he feels not the god within, the god of the Pythoness, who agitates and overwhelms; he has the eloquence which recalls and not the eloquence which invents; he is the man of yesterday, whilst the orator should be the man of the moment; he is the man of art, not the man of nature—a comedian, who does not wish to appear one, and who is his own prompter.’ (p. 28.) The moral (though M. Timon does not draw it) from all this is, that the most effective speaker will be he who, thoroughly meditating his matter and arranging his arguments beforehand, trusts to the excitement of the moment for the language and the tone. The precise expressions, the *ipsissima verba*, of a striking passage, indeed, may sometimes be written down and learnt by heart with advantage: for example, Lord Brougham has acknowledged that the peroration of his principal speech on the Queen’s trial was penned seven times over before he could satisfy himself; and no one who heard Mr. Canning’s opening speech on Portuguese affairs in 1826, or his defence of Mr. Huskisson’s commercial policy in the Silk Trade debate, could doubt that he was occasionally indebted to his memory. But, far from regarding this as a reflection on these two great masters, we cite it as a proof of their proficiency: the effective introduction of a got-up passage is amongst the highest triumphs of the art. For this reason we have always doubted the accuracy of Horace Walpole’s account of Single-speech Hamilton’s single speech: ‘Young Mr. Hamilton opened for the first time in behalf of the treaties, and was at once perfection. His speech was set and full of antitheses, but these antitheses were full of argument, and he broke through the regularity of his own composition, answered other people, and fell into his own track again with the greatest ease.’ Our conviction is that Hamilton had anticipated the leading objections, and that the replying parts of his speech were as much studied as the rest. We happen to know that a modern single-speech hero, who came out during the Reform Bill debates, and deceived many good judges in the same manner, gave a fair copy of his speech to the reporters,—a fact which the initiated might have inferred from the identity of the reports in the principal newspapers.

A third class, the readers (*liseurs*), are described as ‘the gentlemen who take their time, cough, spit, sneeze, lay their spectacles

cles on the marble of the tribune, and rub the glasses with the corner of their handkerchief. They also have certain tricks of trade. They write close to make you believe from the look of the paper that they will be short. The deceivers! You will find that they will not turn over the leaf for some time to come. Their copy is like the index-hand of a dial which never moves.' The obvious objection to this style of debating is well illustrated by M. Timon. 'When I see the leaders of the opposition and the ministry crossing the steps of the tribune to the right and left, with their volumes of eloquence in their hands, I seem to see two armies dragging their artillery in parallel lines along the two banks of a river, without ever being able to reach each other.'

Reading a speech is contrary to the regulations of our House of Commons: but the practice, though diminishing, still continues in the French Chambers; and for some years after the meeting of the States General (from which French popular eloquence bears date) hardly any other mode of regular discussion was understood. Even Mirabeau possessed little power as a *debater*—in the English meaning of the word: almost all the bursts with which he occasionally electrified the assembly were prepared; and whenever he had a formal statement or argument to deliver, he read from a paper like the rest. M. Dumont relates an amusing instance of the embarrassment into which he was frequently betrayed by his indolence and undue confidence in his *faiseurs*. The scene is the debate on the *veto*:—

'There had been such a number of detestable speeches, that the presence of Mirabeau rejoiced everybody; but no sooner had he commenced than I recognised phrase by phrase the doctrine and the style of Ca-seaux. The clumsiness of the construction, the singularity of the expressions, the obscurity of the reasoning, soon damped the attention of the assembly. It was soon found that he was supporting the absolute *veto*, an additional ground for murmuring. Mirabeau, who had scarcely read over this lodge-podge to himself, becoming aware of its defects, soon threw himself into all the digressions, the commonplaces against despotism, and by some brilliant sallies obtained the ordinary tribute of applause from the galleries; but, when he returned to his fatal copy, the tumult soon recommenced, and he had great difficulty in finishing, notwithstanding his courage, which never abandoned him in a critical moment. I never saw him disconcerted but this once. He confessed to us that, as he proceeded in the reading, he was covered with a cold sweat, and that he skipped a full half without being able to substitute anything for it, because, in his over-confidence, he had neglected to study the subject.'—*Souvenirs*, &c., p. 106.

All Chateaubriand's discourses were read, not spoken; which, we presume, is the reason why he has no place assigned him amongst M. Cormenin's portraits of orators.

The

The section on 'The Professions which predispose to Parliamentary Eloquence' affords a curious illustration of the varying and contrasted elements of which the French and English legislative assemblies are composed. M. Timon says that the deputies whose tongues 'vibrate with most fluidity and continuity' are the advocates, the professors, and the military. The advocates meet with no mercy at his hands. Forgetting Mauguin, Odilon-Barrot, Dupin, Berryer, &c., he can allow them no merit of any kind—'Rich in words and poor in argument, they are ever ready to talk for whom you wish, on what you wish, and as long as you wish: warm in language and cold at heart, they may be seen prostrating, beating, trampling upon a minister, and an hour after—(to the scandal of the country strangers perched on the back benches of the gallery)—they are discovered shaking hands with the individual whom they had just denounced as the greatest unhanged scoundrel upon earth.'

The professors, he complains, rule the Chamber like a class. They begin, he ironically says, by depositing *their square cap* on the tribune, and the secretaries have sometimes surprised some of them (amongst others, M. Guizot) in the act of *drawing the ferule* from under the magisterial gown. 'They are vain, subtle, dry, imperious, dogmatic. They wish not to convince but to constrain. They have the stiffness of methods, the despotism of axioms.'—(p. 33.)

The military, he proceeds, approach the tribune with boldness, impatience and fire, as if they were storming a battery; they carry their heads high; they have the gesture of command, and they look people in the face; they have full licence given them as regards both action and speech. Thus General Foy was wont to use both fist and feet, to thump the tribune, grapple with it, and demean himself like one possessed. He foamed, and his passion found vent at each corner of his mouth. But they let him go on: the wearer of a square cap would have been put down at once. 'For myself,' adds our author, 'let who will blame my taste, I prefer these rude soldiers, who unsheath their sabres and march right upon you, to your soft rhetoricians who assassinate you with pins.'—(p. 35.)

M. Timon is quite welcome to his taste, though we cannot say we agree with him; but it is unnecessary to form any opinion upon the point, as our military leave their sabres at home, and roar, when they do roar, as gently as sucking-doves. Of professors, again (unless such people as Pryme, Wakley, &c., are to be called *professors*), we have none whatever; and, considering the number of lawyers in parliament, the legal profession (with the solitary exception of Lord Brougham, who is an exception to everything)

everything) cannot fairly be accused at present of taking the lion's share in our debates.

The more immediate object of these preliminary extracts and remarks being the illustration of national differences, we refrain from dwelling on various other important considerations suggested by them, and pass on to M. Timon's 'Classification of Orators according to their Disposition and Peculiarities.' He first enumerates the imaginative, the logical, the pathetic, and the malicious, which, we presume, is the classification by disposition: then the economists, the jurists, the specialists (or practical men), the theorists, the formalists, the generalisers, the phraseologists, and the interrupters, which must be the classification by peculiarities. Corresponding, or nearly corresponding, classes might probably be discovered in all numerous assemblies;—but we have no space at present for a prolonged analysis or comparison, and will merely extract the description of the interrupters:—

'The interrupters are of two sorts: there are interrupters who speak, and others who do not. The interrupters who do not speak make much more noise than those who do, for they imitate with a felicity of resemblance and a truth of execution which leaves nothing to desire, the cries of all the tame and wild animals that the Creator has scattered over the globe. They bray, bark, mew, crow, bleat, neigh, growl exactly like them. The interrupters who speak are very effective in the use of monosyllables and the interjections *eh! oh! hi! ouf! what? how? heavens! ah!* They term this—not being able to restrain the expression of their feelings. They pretend that eloquence does not require such long speeches; that they need but a word, a single word, to convince or move. They desire the reporter to send them the proofs of the sitting to correct, and no sooner has the official journal registered their *oh!* or their *ah!* in its columns, than they write to their constituents, "You will see in the *Moniteur* of to-day that I have worthily discharged my legislative trust, and that I have not suffered the session to pass without saying something." '—vol. i., p. 48.

Our own reformed House of Commons, we need not say, can boast as many and as accomplished orators of this class as any chamber in the world. Our *crowers* and *mewers* are at least as pestilent now-a-days as the French.

To speak, however, of better days. The manner in which Mr. Pitt disconcerted Erskine belongs also to the category of what may be termed the pantomime of debate. It was well known that Erskine's vanity or sensitiveness was so morbidly acute, that the least mark of indifference put him out; and there is a traditional anecdote in Westminster Hall, that a decided advantage was obtained by an antagonist who caused an attorney, famous for yawning, to be placed between the advocate and the jury-box. On Erskine's rising to address the House, Pitt

placed himself in a listening attitude, and took up a pen as if with the intention of taking notes; but as the speech proceeded, he gradually assumed a look of the most complete indifference, and at length—at the very moment when Erskine was personally appealing to him, and their eyes met—he leant forward with a marked gesture of impatience and flung the pen contemptuously aside. Erskine was seen to falter, and huddled up the conclusion of his speech. Pitt followed, and completed his discomfiture by disposing of the entire oration in a parenthesis: ‘I rise to reply to the Right Honourable member (Mr. Fox) who opened this discussion. As to the gentleman who spoke last, he really has done no more than regularly repeat what fell from the gentleman who preceded him, and as regularly weakened what he repeated.’ Erskine was regarded as a parliamentary failure from that hour, though we quite agree with an excellent judge, Lord Brougham, that it was from no deficiency in the required talents that he failed; witness, amongst others, his famous speech on the Jesuits’ Bark Bill.

Let it here be observed, however, that interruption is a *ruse* not unattended with risk, and may chance to make the success of a speech and the reputation of an adversary. We may instance the case of Mr. Grote, who, according to his friend Mr. Sydney Smith, would be an important politician if the world were a chess-board. He was reciting a diatribe against sundry persons unknown, alleged to be guilty of corruption, when a cry arose of *name*—‘Name?’ was the retort; ‘their name is *legion*.’ Mr. Grote has ever since been regarded as a miracle of wit and readiness, though we are credibly informed that it takes him an hour to understand one of his friend’s jokes, and a month to compose one of his own speeches. Lord North, again, had little reason to congratulate himself when he ventured on an interruption with Burke. In a debate on some economical question Burke was guilty of a false quantity—‘*Magnum vectigal est parsimonia*.’ ‘Vectigal,’ said the minister in an audible undertone. ‘I thank the noble lord for his correction,’ resumed the orator, ‘since it gives me an opportunity of repeating the inestimable adage—*Magnum vectigal est parsimonia*.’

Many of Lord Chatham’s most characteristic effusions were elicited in this manner. ‘On one occasion’ (the reporter is no less a person than Grattan) he had said, “I hope some dreadful calamity will befall the country that will open the eyes of the King,” and then he introduced the allusion to the figure drawing the curtains of Priam, and gave the quotation. He was called to order: he stopped, and said, “What I have spoken I have spoken conditionally, *but I now retract the condition*. I speak it absolutely,

lutely, and I hope that some signal calamity will befall the country;" and he repeated what he had said. He then fired and oratorised, and grew extremely eloquent. Ministers, seeing what a difficult character they had to deal with, thought it best to let him proceed.* Everybody must remember Lord Brougham's exquisite adaptation of a passage from Milton, (applied with little inferior felicity by Burke)—

‘What seemed its head,
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.’

He caught it up whilst speaking, from a bystander, who chanced to whisper it to a friend.

The general tactics of ministries and oppositions, majorities and minorities, are next dwelt upon at length, with the time and manner in which the various sorts of arms (to borrow a military expression) are to be employed, from the heavy artillery of the set-speechmakers, to the sharp, rattling, irregular fire of the questioners. But as no recipe is given for converting a majority of two into twenty, or inspiring the Duke and Sir Robert with an abstract desire of place, we fear that neither the Whig-Radical nor the Conservative leaders would be much edified by the sagacious precepts of M. Timon; with perhaps the exception of the following:—

‘What is called ministerial eloquence is almost always nothing but false eloquence, commonplaces on morality and public order, phraseology, declamation, worn-out topics vamped up anew.

‘It is the vehemence of passion, inspiration, uncontrolled emotion, the spur of the occasion, that give birth to eloquence. Now what is more dangerous for the statesman than these bursts? For he ought to possess the prescience of what he is going to do; busy himself about what he ought to keep back even more than about what he ought to put forth; preserve an entire command over others’ passions and his own; be on his guard against enthusiasm; stop short, if necessary, in the very middle of his victory to make it surer, and never let fall any of those illuminated expressions that are picked up and played with by the press.’—*ib.* p. 58.

Command of temper is recommended on other grounds:—

‘Angry ministers excite the passions of the opposition as violent winds excite storms. Good-humoured ministers appease the passions, as a gentle breeze appeases the waves.’—p. 57.

Lord North acted on this maxim; and perhaps the secret of the famous coalition is to be found in the conciliating demeanour which he uniformly opposed to the intemperance of Fox. Thus when contemptuously alluded to as ‘that thing termed a minister,’ he replied, ‘The honourable gentleman calls me *a thing*, and

* ‘The Life and Times of the Right Hon. H. Grattan, by his Son, Henry Grattan, Esq., M.P.’—a very unsatisfactory book.

(patting his ample stomach) an unshapely thing I am; but when he adds *that thing termed a minister*, he calls me that which he himself is most anxious to become, and therefore I take it as a compliment.'

The most striking of the axioms addressed by M. Timon to the ministers of particular departments, is this:—

'Le Ministre de l'Instruction Publique doit savoir parler français.'
—p. 63.

And the main apophthegm in the chapter on 'Diction and De-meanour' is illustrated by General Sebastiani's yellow gloves, which are said to have occupied more of the attention of the Chamber than his dissertations. It is a coincidence worth remarking, that Grattan was guilty of the very same solecism on the occasion of his *début* in the British parliament; his strong accent, strange gestures, and yellow gloves, astonished and amused the House during the first ten minutes, at the end of which period Pitt, who had been listening with intense interest, slapped his thigh emphatically, and exclaimed 'It will do!' If gloves, however, have gone nigh to mar the fortune of some orators, others have occasionally suffered from the want of them. Lord Brougham, during his indefatigable canvass of Yorkshire, in the course of which he often addressed ten or a dozen meetings in a day, thought fit to harangue the electors of Leeds immediately on his arrival, after travelling all night and without waiting to perform his customary ablutions. 'These hands are clean,' cried he, at the conclusion of a diatribe against corruption; but they happened to be very dirty, and this practical contradiction raised a hearty laugh.

M. Cormenin objects to every sort of *coquetterie* in respect of dress, yet no *petite maitresse* preparing for a ball was more finically particular than Lord Chatham preparing for a debate. In the decline of life, or when suffering from the gout, his very flannels were so disposed as to imitate the toga in their folds. Mirabeau, again, was wont to devote a large part of the morning to his favourite valet, Teutsch. His toilette, according to Dumont, was extremely *soignée*: he wore an enormous quantity of hair, artistically arranged, which increased the volume of his head. 'When I shake my terrible locks,' he was wont to say, 'there is no one who dares interrupt me.' Once when Teutsch had incautiously shortened them too much, he sprang up exclaiming—'*Au diable, coquin, vous m'avez gâté pour une quinzaine.*'*

There is yet a chapter entitled 'Precepts of Parliamentary

* In the *Biographie des Contemporains* this anecdote is supported by Lady Holland's authority.

Eloquence ;' but it contains nothing very striking or new, and we cannot afford space at present for a comparison with the Parliamentary Logic of Hamilton. At last, therefore, we are free to proceed to the Portraits of Orators, to which all the rest of the book must be regarded as introductory. Amongst these, the orators of the Restoration come first ; and we should also be inclined to give them precedence in point of execution, for when M. Timon approaches recent times, and has to talk about his own rivals and friends, his feelings not unfrequently get the better of his judgment, his hand grows less steady, his *coup d'œil* less just, and the features transferred to his canvas bear strong evidence of the medium through which they have been viewed. In a word, those of his own party are often flattered, and those of his opponents caricatured ; but he hardly ever fails in hitting off the likeness, and this of course is what we are anxious to transfer. In dealing with the rest of the book, therefore, we shall rather abridge than copy from him ; confining ourselves almost exclusively to the parts which we have had the means of verifying, mixing them up with traits or anecdotes collected from other quarters, illustrating the descriptions by specimens.

The principal orators of the Restoration were MM. Manuel, de Serre, de Villele, Martignac, Royer-Collard, Benjamin Constant, and General Foy.

Manuel was above the middle height, with a pale, melancholy countenance, a sonorous voice, a provincial accent, and a great simplicity of manner. Like Erskine, he had served in the army and practised as an advocate. He was born in 1775, and joined the army in 1793 as a volunteer. His courage and conduct soon raised him to the rank of captain, but his health was so much impaired by the severe wounds he had received, that he quitted the military profession after the treaty of Campo-Formio, and attached himself to that of the law, which he followed in Provence with eminent success. So high was his reputation, that, when the Representative Chamber was called together during the Hundred Days, he had the choice of sitting for Aix or for Barcelonnette. Manuel remained a quiet observer until after the battle of Waterloo, when the divisions of the Assembly bade fair to leave France entirely at the mercy of the allies. He then came forward, and in a speech of extraordinary power proposed the recognition of Napoleon the Second ; exhorting the several parties to unite at all events to rescue the country from the worst extremes of despotism by exacting a constitution of some sort. This speech was hailed with shouts of applause, and a veteran of the revolution, Cambon, ran up to him, exclaiming, ' This young man begins as Barnave ended.' Thenceforward he became the guiding spirit of
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the Assembly, and under his direction a project of a constitution was prepared. He acted as reporter to the commission, and intrepidly pursued his task until the Prussians were actually entering Paris, when he ascended the tribune to render an account of his trust:—

‘What has happened was foreseen by all of you; whatever the rapidity with which events are precipitated, they have not been able to take you by surprise, and already your declaration, based on the profound sense of your duties, has taught France that you know how to fulfil and complete your task. The committee of government has found itself in a position in which it is unable to defend itself; as to us, we are bound to account to our country for all our movements, and, if necessary, for the last drops of our blood. . . . You have protested by anticipation—you protest still—against an act which will wound our liberty and the rights of our constituents. Would you have to dread these evils if king’s promises were otherwise than vain? Well, then, let us say, like that famous orator [Mirabeau] whose words rang through Europe, “*Nous sommes ici par la volonté du peuple; nous n’en sortirons que par la puissance des baïonnettes.*”’

During the next two years he kept aloof from politics, and endeavoured to resume his professional practice, but the Council of Discipline refused to enrol him amongst the advocates of the capital, and he was consequently prevented from pleading causes in the courts, though his opinions on legal questions were eagerly sought for, and very highly esteemed as authorities. So high was his personal credit—at least if we are to believe the *biographies*—that, at the meeting of plenipotentiaries for the general settlement of affairs, one of Fouché’s creatures was introduced, at that wily personage’s suggestion, as Manuel, and the trick was only discovered, long after its partial success, by an accident. In 1818, he was simultaneously chosen by La Vendée and Le Finistère. He gave the preference to La Vendée, and thus the province most attached to the old *regime* was, by an odd coincidence, represented by the most ardent defender of the new. From this period, the exertions of Manuel never relaxed a moment, and they were uniformly directed against what he deemed the undue encroachments of despotism. The friends of order certainly found their most redoubtable antagonist in him; and we believe it must be admitted that they occasionally attempted to put him down by means which it would be no easy matter to justify. He particularly excelled in stating a question or summing up an argument; and he was gifted with a prodigious memory, which enabled him to pass and repass, for the purpose of refuting or enforcing them, all the leading topics employed by both sides in a debate. Conscious of these advantages, he was wont to keep himself in reserve till towards the conclusion of the
debate,

debate, and lie in wait for the ministerial leader—much as Lord Brougham used to lie in wait for Canning, and Sheridan for Pitt. Exasperated at this system of tactics, the royalists often tried to silence him by clamour; and in forming an estimate of the ready tact and high moral courage he displayed on such emergencies, it must be borne constantly in mind that he was suffering from a painful disease, and that an English legislative assembly, in its most excited state, conveys but a faint notion of the phrenzied rage which sometimes agitates the French. Mirabeau interrupted at every sentence by an insult, with ‘slanderer,’ ‘liar,’ ‘assassin,’ ‘rascal,’ rattling round him, addresses the most furious of his assailants in the softest tone he can assume:—‘*J’attends, Messieurs, que ces aménités soient épuisées.*’ Repeatedly attacked in the same manner and with nearly the same epithets, Manuel generally crossed his arms and waited till order was restored; but once when a reproach of peculiar grossness reached his ear, he placed his glass to his eye, and deliberately examined the benches of the right: ‘I challenge the member who has just uttered this indecent exclamation to name himself; but he will not.’ A complete silence ensued, and continued during the remainder of his speech. On another occasion of the kind he paused and expressed himself as follows:—

‘Before proceeding further, I think it my duty to repeat here a declaration I have already had occasion to make from this tribune: it is, that no power on earth shall hinder me, in the position in which I find myself, from saying to the Chamber—to France—to the ministers—the truths I believe useful to the peace of my country, to the safety of the throne, to your own dignity; and I will discharge this sacred duty in despite of clamour, as I would do it in the midst of silence; and experience might by this time have taught our adversaries whether it be easy to impose such sacrifices on me.’

At length an opportunity of getting rid of him altogether presented itself, or, more properly speaking, was forced on. He was replying to Chateaubriand’s celebrated defence of the French invasion of Spain, and had already been called to order for applying the epithet *atrocious* to the government of Ferdinand VII.

‘I had reason to call that government atrocious from 1815 to 1819—what will it be, then, when it has insults to prosecute? Will it be able to guard itself from its own passions, when affairs are entrusted to men who have their exile and their disappointed ambition to revenge?’

This allusion to the emigrants was barely endured, but when he went on to ask—

‘Can you have forgotten, then, that, from the moment foreign powers invaded the French territory, revolutionary France, feeling the necessity of defending herself by new forms and new energy—’

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his speech was cut short by a sudden explosion, and nothing was heard but shouts of '*Down—Down—Turn him out. It is a justification of regicide.*' In vain did Manuel intreat to be allowed to finish his sentence; a hundred voices exclaimed, '*No, no, we will hear no more;*' and his expulsion was moved without delay. In the debates which followed he displayed his characteristic firmness:

'Sent to this tribune to defend the interests of my country, I have fulfilled this hallowed duty, and I tell you plainly that if I continue to appear in it, I shall show neither less frankness nor less devotion . . . but you wish to drive me from it; that is all you care for. Well, then, pronounce your sentence; I shall make no effort to avoid it. I know that passions must have way; your conduct is marked out for you by that of your predecessors and prototypes.* All that they have done, you will do; the same elements must produce the same results. I shall be your first victim. May I be your last! I shall carry no resentments away with me; but if I could be animated with any desire of revenge, I would confide to your phrenzy the care of avenging me. . . .

'Let others seek to debase the national representation; they have no doubt a guilty interest in doing so. As for myself, urged by a far different sentiment, I will do all that in me lies to preserve its lustre.

'I declare, then, that I acknowledge in no one here the right to accuse or sentence me—I look for judges elsewhere, and I find nothing but accusers in this place. I expect not an act of justice; it is to an act of vengeance that I resign myself.† I profess respect for the authorities, but I respect still more the law which has established them, and I no longer recognise their power from the moment that, in contempt of this law, they usurp rights that it has not bestowed upon them. In such a state of things, I know not if submission be an act of prudence, but I know that when resistance is a right, it becomes a duty.

Entering this Chamber by the will of those who had the right to send me here, I ought not to leave it but through the violence of those who arrogate the right to exclude me from it; and if this resolution on my part is destined to bring down yet greater perils on my head, I bethink me that the field of liberty has been sometimes fertilised by generous blood.'

He kept his word and refused to quit the Chamber until a gendarme was advancing to collar him, when, conceiving that he had done enough to show that he only yielded to violence, he rose and walked out. He was followed by all the members of his party, exclaiming, 'Take us along with him; we are all Manuel.' The people received him with acclamations, and addresses poured in from all quarters; but their enthusiasm was

* Alluding to the expulsion of M. Grégoire in 1820.

† 'It is with perfect truth I once more repeat that I have no reason to expect indulgence, nor do I know that I shall meet with bare justice in this house.'—*For on the Westminster Scrutiny.*

not shared by any of the electoral bodies, and his expulsion proved permanent. He suffered with dignity, but he suffered much. 'You are a man of letters'—was his remark to Benjamin Constant—'you have your pen; but what remains to me?' There remained to him, says M. Timon, a funeral procession and the Pantheon! His last words were addressed to the poet Beranger, who had hardly quitted his bedside for several days: 'Beranger, think of your health; I insist on your going to bed; do not refuse me this last mark of friendship; your refusal would pain me too much.' A few minutes afterwards he expired, August 20, 1827.

M. de Serre (the second on our list) was born in 1777, emigrated early, and served as a common soldier in the army of Condé. On his return to France in 1802, he studied the law, and after gaining considerable reputation as an advocate, was appointed to several high judicial situations by Napoleon. He was chosen deputy for the department of the Upper Rhine in 1815, and joined the constitutionalist or moderate party, which allowed of his occasionally coming to the protection of the ministry:

'People complain that the ministry do not advance. For my part, I am astonished that they can move a single step; every one is paralysed, every one hesitates, when every step may bring an accusation after it; the practice of informing (horrible scourge!) is beginning to infest France: it is time that an office should cease to be a crime, and the confidence of the king a ground of suspicion.'

In the sessions of 1816 and 1817 he was elected President of the Chamber, and in 1818 he was made Keeper of the Seals in the ministry of M. Decazes, whom he refused to abandon at a period (November, 1819) when three of his colleagues seceded on the ground of a proposed law of elections which they conceived unfavourable to liberty. It is on account of his conduct at this crisis and the three subsequent years that the liberal party have thought fit to denounce him as a renegade.

M. de Serre is evidently a great favourite with *M. Timon*, though we are far from saying that his merits are exaggerated. His greatest is indisputable—that, count, emigrant, royalist, aristocrat as he was, he bravely battled for popular rights against the throne, when the friends of the newly restored dynasty were pushing their advantages too far; and that, when the tables were turned and the liberals were strong enough to act on the offensive, he transferred his banner and stood forth the uncompromising defender of the monarchy. *M. de Serre* was tall and thin, with a high forehead, straight hair, quick eye, dropping mouth, and the restless physiognomy of a man of hasty passions. Like most excitable speakers, says *M. Timon*, he hesitated when he began
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to speak, and you might see from the contraction of his brow, that his ideas were brought together slowly and elaborated with some effort in his brain: but little by little they marshalled themselves, took their bent, and came forth in close order and with wonderful regularity; he bent and panted beneath their weight, and flung them about in magnificent images and picturesque expressions,—

‘A mesure que le peuple désapprend à obéir, le ministère désapprend à gouverner.

‘Une société bien ordonnée est le plus beau temple qu’on puisse élever à l’Eternal.

‘Nous avons vu ce grand peuple chanceler et les convulsions de l’anarchie le saisir.

‘Si, dépouillée de la mousse du temps, la racine de tous les droits pouvait se découvrir à nos yeux, apparaîtraient-ils purs de toute usurpation, de toute souillure ?

‘Si la liberté est pour les Français une corde détendue, l’égalité est une corde toujours frémissante.’

‘La démocratie coule à pleins fonds.’

‘Les tribunaux extraordinaires prennent mal en France.’

‘La loi est le rapport des êtres entre eux. Le droit est l’expression de ces rapports.’

Should these examples disappoint expectation, let it be remembered that no sentences torn from the context can tell with full effect. His exposition of a subject was exceedingly fine, and the following is given as a fair example of his style. His object is to show the inapplicability of the English and American laws of the press to France :—

‘Suppose a population naturally calm and cold, spread over a vast territory, circled by the ocean and the desert, absorbed in the labours of agriculture and trade, as yet independent of the wants of the intellect and the torments of ambition. Divide this population into little states more or less democratic, feebly constituted, without distinction or rank, and you will comprehend how the license of newspapers is tolerable amongst them; that it is even a useful spring of democracy, a stimulant which tears the isolated citizens from their domestic concerns to summon them to the discussion of great public interests.

‘Suppose, again, a kingdom where time has accumulated on a proud aristocracy an influence, dignities, riches, and possessions only less than royal. Here, there wants a bridle to the pride of the great; it is necessary to remind them of what they owe to the throne and the people, to impress on them daily that their influence can only be preserved, as it has been acquired, by science and courage, by patriotism and services. The newspapers, and even their license, are admirable for that: but if you add that this high aristocracy is not insulated in the state, that, below it, successive degrees descend and spread; that these degrees are strongly chained together, indissolubly soldered into a single hierarchy; that all is set in motion by it—government, civil and criminal

minal justice, administration, police—then let no one be astonished that a society thus organised resists the agitations of the periodical press.'

In moral courage, and the art of giving force to simple, unpremeditated sentences by dint of it, M. de Serre was not inferior to Manuel. 'I was present,' says M. Timon, 'and I think I see him still, when turning towards the Opposition and looking them fixedly in the face, he said, "I have watched you, I have seen through you, I have unmasked you." The Opposition sat quivering with rage. He once told the deputies of the extreme left, "Whatever you may have done for the new interests, you have not done more than I have;" and they remained silent from a conviction that he spoke truth.'

The Court party proved ungrateful, or M. de Serre proved unmanageable, and in 1822 he was condemned to the brilliant exile of an embassy; but, like Manuel, he tried in vain to wean his thoughts from the theatre of his glory, and fairly pined away the remainder of his life. It is said that he had become quite crazy some time before he died at Naples in 1827.

'S'il m'était permis de tenir mon pinceau levé, et d'oublier que je ne trace ice qu'un portrait oratoire, je dirais que M. de Serre était homme de bien, courageux, sincère, intègre, orné de vertus domestiques, trop sensible peut-être! La tribune use rapidement ces organisations nerveuses. Le Général Foy était malade du cœur, C. Périer du foie, et de Serre du cerveau. Les surexcitations de la sensibilité perfectionnent l'orateur, mais tuent l'homme.

'M. de Serre conçut un violent chagrin de sa répudiation électorale. Sa tête se troubla, et, les yeux tournés vers cette tribune de France encore retentissante des échos de son éloquence et tant regrettée, il mourut.

'Vanité des réputations! Qui se souvient aujourd'hui de M. de Serre? Vanité de son peintre! Qui saurait sans moi, si je n'avais reproduit ses traits, sa physionomie, sa forte et mâle éloquence, si je ne l'avais jeté sur la toile et rendu à la lumière, qui saurait, dans notre âge oublieux, que M. de Serre a vécu, qu'il a comprimé la guerre civile, qu'il a sauvé la monarchie, qu'il a été grand orateur, si grand que, parmi les princes de la tribune moderne, on ne pourrait le comparer qu'à Berryer, si Berryer était comparable à quelque autre!'—vol. i. pp. 118-119.

M. de Villele's place is rather amongst statesmen than orators, and were we to pair and compare the public men of France and England in the manner of Plutarch, we should select M. de Villele and Sir Robert Walpole for a parallel, distinguished as they were by the same aptitude for financial matters, the same tact in conciliating the support of a party or the favour of a king, the same practical good sense, the same absence of enthusiasm, the same disregard for the high sounding names of national honour and patriotism, the same dislike to war, the same fondness for expedients, and pretty nearly the same unscrupulous dexterity

dexterity in the choice of them. Each, again, left the kingdom committed to his charge in apparent prosperity, and each is accused of scattering the seeds of evil for succeeding ministers to reap. But here ends the similarity. Walpole belonged to an ancient family, and was a fine, handsome, portly-looking man.* M. de Villele had, perhaps, none of these advantages. He was a little man, with plain, though not inexpressive features;† and the commencement of his fortunes was his marriage with the daughter of a sugar-planter in the Isle of Bourbon, whose estates he was employed to superintend. Prior to this event, however, he had served in the navy, and as he was driven to take refuge in the colonies by the consequences of the revolution, we must not be too hasty in drawing conclusions as to his original position from the circumstance. After distinguishing himself in the colonial assembly, he came (in 1807) to settle in Toulouse, for which place he was chosen deputy in 1815, being then about fifty years of age. On his entrance into the Chamber he immediately took part with the royalists, and even attacked that article of the charter by which the validity of engagements made by the revolutionary government was recognised:

‘ Did these concessions hinder the 20th of March? did they render the revolutionists more submissive or more faithful? If there is no answer to this question, I must say, Gentlemen, let us construct a wall of brass between the past and the future; but let us get out of the rut of the revolution never to re-enter it.’

He became President of the Council in 1821, and managed to retain his office nearly seven years, a very long time for a French ministry to last. The most remarkable event during his government was the occupation of Spain, to which he was personally opposed. The most remarkable of his own measures were the reduction of the funds, and the grant of an indemnity to the emigrants. His defence of the last affords a characteristic example of his system of parliamentary tactics, which consisted rather in evading than repelling an attack:—

‘ A thousand millions!’—exclaimed General Foy—‘ A thousand millions, gentlemen! Why, it is twenty times the amount of the deficit of 1789, which caused the breaking out of the revolution: it is a third more than the ransom to which we were condemned in 1815 by the victory of the foreigner! It is more than would be required to restore all our roads, finish all our canals, reconstruct all our prisons, and raise all the fortresses wanted for the defence of our territories! And those

* He was considered the best-looking of the Knights of the Garter, when they walked in procession, with the exception of Lord Townshend, the handsomest man of his day.

† ‘ C’était un homme d’un port assez vulgaire, grêle, de petite stature, avec des yeux perçants, une voix nasillarde mais accentuée,’ &c.—*Timon*, vol. i. p. 120.

who would swallow up this thousand million are already far the richest and the best rewarded!—and it is not only the resident cultivators of your soil who will parcel out this prodigal donation amongst themselves: it will be men, once French, whom the chances of emigration have fixed and naturalised in a foreign land: it will be Austrian and Russian generals who have already had their full share of the booty levied in France.'

M. de Villele ascends the tribune with a downcast and melancholy look:

"If the august monarch, founder of the charter, if the king who at present reigns over us had not emigrated"—Here he paused, leaving the fate which would have awaited the two brothers of Louis XVI. to the imagination, whilst the Right responded with a groan—"But we, ourselves, what would have become of us but for the emigration of our princes? Without the emigration of our kings, what should we have had in 1814, and after the hundred days, to oppose to the armies of Europe established in our capital? Our deliverance from a foreign yoke, our public freedom, the prosperity and happiness we enjoy, we owe them all to the emigration which has preserved our princes to us. Let there be an end, then, of the attempt to make a crime of the devotedness and fidelity of those who lost their all to follow them."

This argument necessarily proved unanswerable in an assembly where royalty and loyalty were then in high fashion. It might not, however, have passed so well under other circumstances. We do not wish to enter here into the general merits of the old *émigration*, but we may be allowed to express our regret at the style in which the example has been imitated of late, and our apprehension of the results. It is well known that the *élite* of the French nobility have refused to take any part in politics since the revolution of the Barricades, and make it their point of honour and their boast to live secluded in their faubourg of St. Germain.*

This minister was succeeded by M. Martignac, who insisted on elevating him and some others of his predecessors to the peerage, by way of rendering harmless the opposition which he apprehended from them. M. de Villele's character may be summed up in the words of Timon:

'He had no flowers in his style, nor pomp in his images, nor vehemence in his declamation, nor clenching power in his logic: but he was clear, full, firm, and reasonable. There never escaped from him in the ardour of debate any of those perilous expressions which the commentator lays hold of, and which afford subjects for the ridicule of the press. If Nature had denied him the gifts, more brilliant than solid, of

* The novels of Count Horace de Viel Castel are directed against this peculiar folly of the French exclusives, and contain some curious information regarding them. It seems that no one is considered *par* who visits out of the faubourg, or takes any part in the active concerns of life,

imagination

imagination and eloquence, she had given him, in a very high degree, that prompt *coup d'œil* of the statesman who sees quick and sees true. No, he was no common man,—who struggled so long without disadvantage during his long ministry, against Manuel, Foy, Lafitte, Dupont de l'Eure, Chauvelin, Bignon, and Benjamin Constant, and (an equally trying contest) against the demands of the court and those of his own friends.'—*Ib.* p. 121.

General Foy was the representative of the anti-monarchical, anti-aristocratical, anti-legitimist tendencies of France; and his success in the tribune is justly attributed in part to the same popular feeling which distinguished Beranger amongst poets and Paul Louis Courier amongst pamphleteers. The military character was also an advantage to him, as it enlisted all the warlike sympathies of his countrymen in his favour. Foy was born in 1775, and entered the army as soon as he was able to bear arms. He served by turns under almost all the republican generals who have earned a place in history, and succeeded in attracting the attention of most of them by feats of daring and a knowledge of the art of war far exceeding what is expected from a subaltern. In the campaign of 1799, as Massena was passing the bridge across the Rhine, his face wore an expression of anxiety. 'What is the matter, General?' said Foy, then a colonel—'all succeeds to a miracle; the enemy is not aware of our passage.' 'I see Suwarrow, who is turning me.' 'You will have beaten Korsakoff before Suwarrow can *débouche* upon you,' replied Foy; and the prediction was verified. His generosity and frankness were equally remarkable. When requested to procure the signatures of his corps to an address of congratulation to Buonaparte, he replied, 'I will congratulate the First Consul as much as he likes on having escaped a conspiracy against his life, but I will never sign, I will never make my officers sign, an address which designates such or such individuals as authors or chiefs of this conspiracy, because I am a soldier, and I am not a judge.' When a man with this sort of reputation begins his oratorical career by exclaiming, 'There is an echo in France when we pronounce the names of honour and country,' he will seldom lack auditors; and there is a force, independent of the rhetoric, in such appeals as the following:—

'Nineteen-twentieths of those who drew the sword during the hundred days in defence of their country had in no respect contributed to the success of the 20th of March: they marched, as their fathers had marched twenty-three years before, at the cry of Europe combined against France. Would you have liked it better if, for the first time, we had halted in front of our enemies and demanded how many of them there were? We ran to Waterloo, like the Greeks to Thermopylæ; *all without fear, and almost all without hope.* It was the accomplishment

complishment of a magnanimous sacrifice ; and that is the reason why this recollection, painful as it may be, has remained as precious to us as the most glorious of the rest.'

At the same time, if tradition and M. Timon are to be credited, there is no necessity for examining the secondary causes of General Foy's success. He had the exterior, the bearing and the gestures of an orator, a vast memory, a powerful voice, eyes sparkling with intelligence, and a chivalrous *tournure* about the head. His swelling forehead kindled with enthusiasm or contracted with anger. 'Then (says M. Timon) he struck the marble of the tribune, and there was in him a little of the sibyl on her tripod. Often was he seen to spring impulsively from his seat and scale the tribune, as if he was advancing to victory. When there, he flung forth his words with a haughty air, like Condé flinging his baton of command over the redoubts of the enemy.' (p. 129.) In the succeeding passage great injustice is done to General Foy. He is described as not improvising his speeches ; and the proof is, that he carefully meditated them, and distributed the parts ; that he did in short what, as already intimated, all first-rate orators must do. He is said, moreover, to have paved the way for a dramatic effect, a catching figure, a happy expression, with remarkable adroitness—another proof of his proficiency in the most difficult branches of the art. At all events, most of his recorded sayings have all the appearance of impromptus. When told to carry his foreign news to the Bourse, he retorted—

'I know nothing of the gambling of the Bourse : for my part, I speculate in nothing but the *rise* of the national honour.'

On its being stated that the commissioners of the censorship had been put on half-pay—

'If that be true, I hope they will be treated as half-pay officers have been for the last two years—I hope they will never be called into active service again.'

When asked what he meant by aristocracy—

'L'aristocratie ? je vais vous le dire : l'aristocratie, c'est la ligue, la coalition de ceux qui veulent consommer sans produire, vivre sans travailler, occuper toutes les places sans être en état de les remplir, envahir tous les honneurs sans les avoir mérités—voilà l'aristocratie !'

In reply to a defence of pensions and sinecures :

'Faites-nous donc connaître vos diplomates qui n'ont servi ni avant, ni après, ni pendant notre héroïque révolution ; vos pensions accordées à celui-ci pour qu'il fasse un livre, à celui-là pour qu'il n'en fasse pas ; vos médecins, qui n'ont jamais de malades à soigner ; vos historio-graphes, qui n'ont pas d'histoire à écrire ; vos paysagistes, qui n'ont pas d'autre paysage à peindre que le jardin de l'hôtel de Wagram.'

An

An apostrophe addressed to M. de Serre has great merit :

‘ As my sole revenge, as your sole punishment, I simply condemn you to turn your eyes, as you leave this place, on the statues of L’Hôpital and Daguesseau.’

His industry was indefatigable, and there was hardly any subject of public interest which he had not mastered down to its minutest details. When warned of the necessity of repose by his physicians, he exclaimed, ‘ Cease to work ?—it would be my death.’ He died in 1825,—in M. Timon’s opinion most opportunely for his fame.

‘ Combien de fois Napoléon n’a-t-il pas regretté d’avoir vécu trop d’un jour ? oh, comme il enviait, sur le rocher de Sainte-Hélène, le destin du soldat qui fut tué par le premier boulet de Waterloo ? La fortune, au contraire, en l’ensevelissant dans le sein de ses triomphes oratoires, n’a pas voulu que le Général Foy perdît rien de sa noble et pure renommée. S’il eût vécu, il eût été courtisan de Louis-Philippe, Ministre de la guerre, Maréchal de France, Connétable peut-être. Il a mieux fait de mourir.’—vol. i. pp. 142-143.

M. de Martignac was born in 1770, of an ancient family, at Bourdeaux. At an early age he distinguished himself at the bar, and wrote some successful pieces for the theatre. It has been asserted that he was secretary to Sièyes during his Berlin embassy in 1798, and that in 1811 he published an ode on the birth of the King of Rome. Be this as it may, he was certainly amongst the warmest supporters of the Bourbons at the Restoration, and when elected a member of the Chamber (in 1821) he distinguished himself no less by his constitutional opinions than by his eloquence. After filling some other posts with credit, he was made Premier on the breaking up of the Villele cabinet, but proving too liberal, or rather too little of a bigot, for Charles X., he was dismissed in 1829, and succeeded by the far-famed authors of the Ordinances. He died in 1832.

M. de Martignac is one of the few royalist, rational, constitutional statesmen whom it is the fashion for the Movement party to praise. He owes this distinction partly to what he did towards the emancipation of the press, partly to the graceful insinuating address by which he managed to flatter the self-love and conciliate the good-will of all parties. His voice is described as that of a syren, his elocution as combining the softness and harmony of the lyre ; the cultivation of letters had refined his style, and the habits of society had given the last air of polish to his gestures and his mien. Yet thus accomplished, he seduced rather than commanded the attention ; and whilst his discourses are models of elegance, ingenuity, dexterous management, and apt exposition, they are ever and anon open to the reproach of feebleness, and there

there is scarcely one vehement apostrophe or condensed piece of logic to be found in them. The finest act of M. de Martignac's life was the closing one—his volunteer defence of M. de Polignac. The following passages from the peroration of his speech are exactly calculated to give a true notion of his style in his loftier moods:—

‘Peers of the realm, the act you are about to do is the one to which the determination of the character of the revolution of 1830, and the decision of its fate, is reserved. The judgment that France awaits from you has, then, for her all the interest of a prediction, all the power of a destiny.

‘Is it by the death of disarmed adversaries that the revolution of 1830 would consummate its work? Will it diverge, at this point, from the career it has nobly struck out for itself, and arrive, by so different a road, at the abyss in which our first revolution was lost? I cannot fear it, my lords, since it is from you that it is about to receive direction and example. Our manners are growing milder; philanthropy is making daily advances towards new conquests; a legislation is preparing which will conciliate, so far as our age permits, the interest of the common safety with the aspirations of humanity. Already for many months our public places have not been saddened by the spectacle of a scaffold. What ought not to be the pressing interest, the real want, the possible advantage to our country, which, in a political prosecution unexpectedly occurring after so many vicissitudes endured in so small a number of years, should be of power sufficient to determine you to put this suspended axe in motion again? *Is not all complete? Has not the dynasty gone down with the throne? Do not vast seas separate you from it, and events more vast than they?* What need has France of the death of a man who places himself in your hands,—*the broken instrument of a power that is no more?* To prove her strength? Who contests it, who can bring it into doubt, and what sort of proof of it would it be to strike a victim who has no means of defence but one feeble voice? To satisfy her vengeance? Ah, my lords, this prostrate throne, these three crowns broken in as many days, *this flay of eight centuries rent to pieces in an hour*, is not all this the vengeance of a victorious people? *This* was conquered in the midst of peril, illustrated by the end, and ennobled by bravery: *that* would be but barbarous, for it is no longer contested or necessary. Is it to ensure the triumph of the victorious people and consolidate their work that the execution of an individual could be required? Ah! that which force has conquered or regained is not to be preserved by cruelty or violence; it is the firm but temperate use of the power which has changed hands, the feeling of security to which this moderation gives rise, the prosperity it fosters, the protection which the new order of things promises to those who submit or attach themselves to it,—these are the true elements of conservation—the others are but fatal illusions, destructive to those who embrace them. You are laying the foundations of a new throne—do not give it for its base a soil soaked with blood and tears.’

These

These passages are finely conceived, but the execution falls short of the design; the thought is spread over too large a surface; the sentences (with a few exceptions) are diffuse and languid; the condensing power of genius is altogether wanting, and we long in vain for point, force, directness, or simplicity. Altogether the peroration reminds us of those written by Dumont for Mirabeau, before the master's hand had been at work infusing that force and energy, that '*quelque chose de vif et tranchant*,' by which the productions of others became essentially his own.

M. Royer-Collard's reputation is rather personal, literary, moral and political, than oratorical; he very seldom extemporises; it is consequently as a thinker, not as a speaker, that he influences, and his actions have been as expressive as his words. In the published accounts of him, therefore, we find nothing about his person, his manner, or his voice: the whole turns on the depth of his thoughts, the comprehensiveness of his views, the upright tenor of his life, and the undeviating consistency of his principles.

'M. Royer-Collard (says M. Timon, and the passage need neither be amplified nor abridged) is the patriarch of the constitutional royalists of the Restoration. He was the most eloquent of our parliamentary writers. He had a vast and magnificent kind of style. A word, a single axiom fructified by the meditation of this strong brain, swelled, thickened, grew up like an acorn that becomes an oak, all whose ramifications spring from the same trunk, and which, animated by the same life, nourished with the same sap, forms but one whole, despite the variety of its foliage and the endless multiplicity of its boughs. Such were the discourses of M. Royer-Collard, admirable for the unity of their principle, the vigorous shoots of their style, and the beauty of their form. It was philosophy applied to politics, with its abstract and somewhat obscure formulæ. More profound than vehement, more original in the expression than capable of carrying you away by the movement, M. Royer-Collard was (if the expression be forgiven me) a digger of ideas: he was a speaking thought.'—vol. i. p. 150.

He was born in 1763 of an honourable family, and at the breaking out of the revolution was a member of the metropolitan bar. He joined the royalist party, and played an active part in politics for a time, when, becoming an object of suspicion to the dominant faction, he found it necessary to withdraw into retirement for a season.* In 1811 his rising reputation as a writer and metaphysician attracted the attention of Napoleon, who appointed him Dean of the Faculty of Letters and Professor of the History

* He was one of the chosen few who kept up a correspondence with the Bourbons, and was charged with the care of their interests when the revolutionary government was in full force and activity,

of Modern Philosophy. After the second Restoration, he was named president of the committee of public instruction, and in 1815 he was elected a member of the Chamber, where he has uniformly pursued a *juste milieu* line of politics. His reputation reached the highest pitch in 1827, when he was simultaneously chosen by seven constituencies, named President of the Chamber, and elected a member of the Academy. His advanced age has gradually diminished the number of his public appearances for some years past, and a story was current at Paris a few months ago amusingly illustrative of the present character of his pursuits and interests. When Victor Hugo was an aspirant for the honours of the Academy, and called on M. Royer-Collard to ask his vote, the sturdy veteran professed an entire ignorance of his name. 'I am the author of *Notre Dame de Paris*, *Les Derniers Jours d'un Condamné*, *Bug-Jargal*, *Marion Delorme*, &c.' 'I never heard of any of them.' 'Will you do me the honour of accepting a copy of my works?' 'I never read new books.' *Exit Hugo!*

The name of *Benjamin Constant* has become familiar in this country through his connexion with Madame de Staël, some passages of which he is said to have depicted in a novel;* but he has higher and better claims to our sympathy, since his grand aim through life was to make English institutions understood and appreciated in France. France was only his country by adoption. He was born (1767) at Lausanne, and had studied both at Edinburgh and Göttingen. He came to Paris in 1795, and speedily attracted attention by a series of pamphlets, which he threw off with wonderful facility at that as at every other period of his life. But the chief theatre of his early honours was the Tribunat, where he exasperated Napoleon to the highest pitch by opposing the most cherished of his schemes: 'There are below there, in that Tribunat,' said the First Consul, 'a dozen or fifteen metaphysicians fit to be thrown into the water. They are a vermin which keep sticking to my clothes; but I will shake them off.' Shortly afterwards he executed this threat by turning out Constant, Chenier, Guingènè, and others. 'Nous vous avons *epurés*,' was the apology to the remaining members. 'Say *écrémés*,' was the sharp retort of Madame de Staël. From this period Constant and Madame de Staël appear to have vowed a common hatred to Napoleon, as well as a mutual affection for one another; but at the commencement of the Hundred Days a single inter-

* Talleyrand used to say that it was not very difficult to win women, but that the grand problem was how to get rid of them afterwards. This is the immoral moral of *Adolphe*,—the story of a man pursued by a woman (Ellenore) ten years older than himself, of whom he has become thoroughly tired. It was generally understood that Madame de Staël was the heroine, and Constant (whose name ill accorded with his name) the hero of the tale.

view sufficed to effect a signal change in the opinions of the gentleman. M. Constant came forth from his first private interview a complete convert—and counsellor of state. This is the dark spot in his life. He has thus attempted to wipe it off:—

‘It is true I had written all that; under the empire of a generous hatred, I had uttered these maledictions against a despot; but when I saw France menaced by the foreigners, when I saw the Prussians, the English, the Austrians, the Russians, crossing our frontiers a second time, I thought it right—yielding to a juster and more generous sentiment—to forget—to fly to the support of the man who, in this extremity, could still save the country.’

His oratorical career did not recommence until 1819, when he was elected by the department of La Sarthe, and his speeches betoken no falling away from the principles he originally professed. ‘We are a generation of passage,’ was his cry; ‘we fight that others may triumph;’ and on every occasion that presented itself he was found calling to the government for the time being to move on. His characteristic qualities, both as a writer and a speaker, were spirit, ingenuity, and fertility. His foot was ever in the stirrup, his fancy was ever on the wing—to-day an article, to-morrow a pamphlet, the next day a speech. He had such a command of language, that when he chanced to displease his audience by an expression, he would go on substituting synonyms till he had suited them. For example: ‘I am anxious to spare the Crown’—a murmur—‘the Monarch’—the murmurs continue—‘the Constitutional King’—the murmurs are hushed. His impromptu replies often betoken not merely readiness but wit. Of the deputies who had made a verbose defence of sinecures, he said: ‘They economise neither money nor words.’ When the ministerial party complained that, if such attacks continued, it would be impossible to find functionaries, ‘Don’t be afraid of discouraging aspirants to office, their courage is inexhaustible. When a prefecture is vacant, do people run away for fear of being condemned to it?’ Speaking of the ministry—‘It is as impossible, in all that regards arbitrary power, to calumniate as to soften them.’

He composed on cards tied together with a string, each containing a paragraph. Probably this habit influenced his style, which was deficient in continuity. The following has been extolled as a good example of the suddenness of his transitions, and the vividness of his apostrophes:—

‘I have always regarded as worthy of envy the fate of those friends of freedom who, at the commencement of the revolutionary phrenzy, were struck down the first. This destiny has saved them from being the witnesses of another phrenzy still more frightful. The fate of those
who

who may be the first victims of the counter-revolution, if it comes to pass, would appear to me equally deserving of envy: they will not see this counter-revolution in all its horrors. Gentlemen, two roads have been open to you for two years past: even when the ministry lost their way, the representatives of the people chose the constitutional path. Do you wish to pass again under laws of exception? The Convention, the Directory, Buonaparte, have governed by exceptional laws. Where is the Convention? Where is the Directory? Where is Buonaparte?*

But the press was his favourite topic: 'The press is the tribune enlarged; speech is the vehicle of intelligence, and intelligence is the mistress of the world.' On this subject he has written and spoken volumes; and whoever has occasion to write or speak upon it, may confidently repair to his writings and speeches as to an armoury where every sort of weapon may be procured. Benjamin Constant was rather above the middle height, of a weak frame of body, with thin legs, long arms, and an habitual stoop. His hair (originally fair, but when we saw him grey) was worn very long, and fell down upon his shoulders, after the fashion of a German student. When a young man, he had been reckoned very handsome. His mode of reciting was monotonous, and something like a stammer was occasionally observable in his delivery. He commonly leant both hands on the tribune when he was extemporising, and used little action of any kind. His personal courage was displayed in a remarkable manner in his duel with M. des Issarts. Both being equally incapacitated from fighting upon their legs, they were placed in chairs at the proper distance, and exchanged two shots a-piece—luckily without effect. Benjamin Constant died in 1830.

With Constant concludes the catalogue of orators of the Restoration. The portraits of living speakers are so numerous, that we must proceed much in the same manner as in a picture-gallery,—walk round and look at all, but confine our critical examination to a few.

M. Berryer, the leader of the legitimist party, is, by common consent of all parties, the first of living orators in France. Towards the end of his first session (1830), one of his colleagues exclaimed to Royer-Collard, '*Voilà un beau talent!*' '*Dites donc une puissance,*' was the reply.

For much of his acknowledged pre-eminence he is undoubtedly indebted to physical advantages: to his face, his figure, and (above all) his voice, an *organ* of extraordinary power and compass, which he manages with unrivalled ease and propriety. But,

* What stuff! as if they fell by the *laws of exception*! Yet the fact is very near, though Constant would not see it. They all fell because the revolutionary spirit—which necessitated laws of exception—was too strong for them, because their government had no *solid base*. The laws of exception were one of the *symptoms*, and in no degree a *cause*.

as M. Timon bears willing testimony, he is also a master in rhetoric; and nothing can well be finer than the mode in which he marshals his arguments, manages his transitions, lays the train for an effect, or works his way towards his main object from afar—except perhaps the parenthetical allusions by which he revives the flagging attention of the Chamber, or the vivid bursts and apostrophes by which he rouses the dormant enthusiasm of the royalists. It seems a matter of perfect indifference to him whether he has to speak a prepared speech or an extempore one; for he can invest the latter with all the charms of order, and give the full force of suddenness, vivacity, and felicitous adaptation to the first. In the power of stripping off the husk of a question and going at once to the pith, he nearly resembles Lord Lyndhurst: in his mode of dealing with facts, dates, and passages of by-gone debates, Sir Robert Peel. Lord Stanley may serve to convey some notion of him in the act of repelling an attack or following up an advantage; and Sir William Follett presents an improved example of the kind of logic he employs in his argumentative displays. In looking through the pages of the ‘Moniteur’ (the least imperfect record of the parliamentary eloquence of France) for illustrations of Berryer, we are forcibly reminded of a passage in Erskine’s letter to the editor of Fox’s speeches, prefixed to the complete octavo edition:—

‘Eloquence which consists more in the dexterous structure of periods, and in the powers and harmony of delivery, than in the extraordinary vigour of the understanding, may be compared to a human body, not so much surpassing the dimensions of ordinary nature, as remarkable for the symmetry and beauty of its parts:—if the short-hand writer, like the statuary or painter, has made no memorial of *such* an orator, little is left to distinguish him; but, in the most imperfect relics of Fox’s speeches, *the bones of a giant are to be discovered.*’

The bones of a giant are likewise to be discovered in the most imperfect reliques of Berryer’s, but so cracked and broken, so mixed up and encrusted with adventitious matter, that an art resembling that of the restorer of ancient statues would be required to render them presentable as specimens. We shall therefore content ourselves with one—the concluding passage of his masterly but not quite honest attack on the French ministry in January last. We say not quite honest, for though sheltering himself all the while under the doctrine that a government should be faithful to its principle however false, he, the legitimist leader, was hardly justified in assailing them for not taking part against legitimacy in every quarter of the globe:—

‘I go round the map of France, and I demand at all points where we touch, what are their feelings towards us. I see, in the south, Spain torn

torn by two parties, who both, on the day of their reconciliation, will be your enemies; in the north, Belgium, that you have not supported, that you have betrayed, in its movement of July—Belgium, which we are unable to support in its generous sentiments. Switzerland!—you have repelled her. Italy!—if there yet remain in her bosom any friends of your system, of your principles, of your policy, do you believe that they will stir themselves for you? No, you are abandoned on all sides, you are isolated, and to this (turning to the ministry) have you reduced France. *My hand shall wither before it casts into that urn a ball to say that such a policy is conservative of our alliances, that such a ministry is jealous of our dignity—never, never.*

Bearing in mind that this is the close of a comprehensive view of the foreign relations of the country—we should be inclined to give it a place not much below Lord Chatham's somewhat similar burst—'Were I an American, as I am an Englishman, whilst a foreign troop was quartered on my country, I would never lay down my arms—never, never.' An ironical remark of the Minister to the effect that this declaration would create no disappointment, as they had never reckoned on his vote, called up Berryer again:—

'If you return to power, whatever be the distance that ought naturally to subsist between us, only do for France something useful, honourable, great, and I will applaud you—because, after all, I was born in France, and I wish to die a Frenchman.'

Berryer is the son of the celebrated advocate of the same name, the author of an interesting work recently published entitled *Souvenirs de M. Berryer, Doyen des Avocats de Paris, de 1774 à 1838*. He himself has conducted some important causes with high credit, and, had he not been turned aside from his professional career by politics, nothing could well have prevented him from now enjoying a large and lucrative practice at the bar. His sacrifices in this respect are justly appreciated amongst his friends; and it being understood, not long since, that his circumstances were embarrassed, a tribute of gratitude, similar to that conferred on Grattan by the Irish parliament, was paid him by the legitimist party. They made him a present of a sum of money sufficient to enable him to buy in his château of Augerville, which he had been compelled to advertise for sale, though constituting the bulk of his qualification as deputy. He is about fifty years of age.

M. Dupin (hardly second to Berryer in parliamentary celebrity) is the Erskine of France, and something more; for he has not only defended Ney and Sir Robert Wilson, but held the fate of ministries between his hands. Beranger said of him—'*Il monte quelquefois aux cieux, mais toujours bien crotté.*' He said of himself—'*Je ne saurois jamais entrer dans le cabinet d'un roi avec*

avec mes souliers de paysan. These sayings correctly indicate the style of the orator and the character of the man, though the figure of the countryman's shoes is a bold one, M. Dupin being, in fact, the descendant of an old legal family. He is rough, bold, impulsive, irregular, fanciful, figurative, anecdotal, sarcastic, allusive, and imaginative. The highest compliment is that paid him with apparent unconsciousness by M. Timon—that he is best in the best causes. Let a trait of nobleness or an attempt at oppression come across him in his most uncongenial moods, and a responsive chord will assuredly be struck. Thus, in his defence of Sir Robert Wilson, Mr. Bruce, and Mr. Hutchinson for aiding Lavalette to escape:—

‘Unhappy fruit of our dissensions! Evil is become so common, and good actions are so rare, that people are no longer willing to believe in virtue, nor can persuade themselves that three men are to be found, generous enough to save another, simply from a sentiment of humanity! How manners change with times! At Athens—the people of which are cited for their levity, but the Areopagus was celebrated for its justice—a young man was condemned to death for having killed a dove, which, pursued by a sparrowhawk, flew to take refuge in his bosom. They thought that he who was without pity would never prove a good citizen. And amongst us, in the nineteenth century, men are to be condemned for having saved the life of another man who placed his fate in their hands!’

Or in his reply to the Procureur-General, who, on Ney's trial, had proposed to exclude all reference to antecedent events:—

‘You wish to place his head under the thunderbolt; we wish to show how the tempest has been brewed.’

It is in the act of uttering this apostrophe that Horace Vernet has painted him. The picture would form a capital match for the well-known one of Lord Brougham, exclaiming with uplifted hands ‘Am I in a court of justice?’

The following extract from his defence of Beranger appears to us to afford a fairer specimen of his manner than any of his political speeches. We are sorry that we cannot quote it without expressing the strongest disapprobation of much of its tone as regards the most grave of subjects:—

‘I arrive at the last song, to which the Advocate-General has attached more weight than to all the rest. It is that entitled *Le Bon Dieu*, the burden of which is,—

‘Si c'est par moi qu'ils règnent de la sorte,
Je veux que le Diable m'emporte.’

Here, gentlemen of the jury, it was deemed a duty to introduce a pompous eulogy on religion, and vaunt its happy influence on the lot of states. I own that, if the question to be resolved were such, I should not be opposed to the public prosecutor. Religion is the want of all: the wretched feel the necessity for it, still more than others; and those

who are out of place, pray to God with as much fervour as those who are in. If religion were outraged, I should say, woe, woe to those who outrage it! But I say at the same time, woe to those who pervert it! Woe to those who would fain make of it only an object of lucre, and only speak of it upon speculation; who put personal revenge in the place of charity, and treat with inexorable rigour what God himself would treat with benignity. Certainly, I will own it, the burden is a little light; but can it be said that it was composed with the intention of apostrophising God himself and outraging him?

'We must not lose sight of the licence of poetry, nor contest the use it has been able to make of a fact which we find in the Scriptures. Anything may happen when God wills or permits it! *Iterum assumptis Jesum Diabolus in montem excelsum valdè, et ostendit ei omnia regna mundi, et gloriam eorum, et dixit ei: Hæc omnia tibi dabo si cadens adoraveris me.*

'So far Sacred History—what has poetry made of it? Milton, that sombre and sublime genius, has devoted the strains of his *Paradise Lost* to describing the impious war of Satan against the Divinity. He makes us be present at the councils of the angel of darkness. We hear the harangues of demons; the strife is prolonged; he long balances the force and the resistance! Did any one ever dream of taxing Milton with impiety, because he had put the infernal spirit *aux prises* with the Divinity?

'The same poet, in his *Paradise Regained*, represents to us the devil taking Jesus Christ, one while to the pinnacle of the temple, and one while to a high mountain, from whence they behold all the people of the earth. Satan shows him the Britons half subjugated, and preserving only the shadow of their ancient liberty; Gaul disarmed; Germany in darkness; Italy still smoking with the blood of its citizens, shed by the emperors with the aid of civil discords; Greece struggling with her chains, impatiently enduring the yoke of conquest; the Parthians make an effort on the side of Asia; the Scythians are already assembling their numerous battalions, and threatening to invade the banks of the Bosphorus! and in his own country, the proconsuls of Rome!—Herod, who to reach a single child, has devoted all to death; and Pilate, pusillanimous functionary, who, ere long, will suffer innocent blood to be poured out, and who will bathe his hands in it!

'Assuredly, at seeing the world thus governed, Jesus might well have exclaimed, that it was not by Him, nor by his Father, that nations were governed *de la sorte*!'

The reporter of this speech (who had probably never heard of the *Paradise Regained* before) tells us, with inimitable calmness, that nothing of the sort is to be found in Milton, and eulogises Dupin for his readiness in inventing such a scene—the allusions and the real *drift* of which he does not seem to have in the slightest degree apprehended.*

* See some remarks on this speech in an article on Beranger's *Chansons*, *Quarterly Review*, vol. xlv. p. 465, &c.

Dupin's own notions of the advantages and disadvantages of improvisation will not be considered out of place in this article. The passage (which would lose greatly in translation) is taken from his Inaugural Discourse on being chosen a member of the French Academy in August, 1834:—

‘Invoquons de grands souvenirs et de grands exemples! Nos orateurs politiques les plus renommés, Mirabeau, Barnave, de Serre, le général Foy, n'ont-ils pas prouvé que celui qui s'abandonne au milieu de ces circonstances ardentes à tous les hasards de l'improvisation, trouve quelquefois, dans l'embarras même de sa situation, des secours inespérés?’

‘Quoique non préparé sur les mots, s'il connaît bien les choses, s'il sent vivement, s'il est soutenu par la conscience du bien, au milieu même de tant d'isolement—dans ce trouble incessamment apporté au développement de sa pensée par les interruptions les plus vives et les clameurs parfois les plus insensées—dans ce tourment de toutes ses facultés, il lui arrivera de rencontrer des tours, des expressions, des hardiesses qui ne viendraient pas trouver une homme moins fortement excité.’

‘Ce que perdront le style et la belle ordonnance, l'orateur le regagnera du côté de l'action, de cette action oratoire à laquelle les anciens accordaient les trois premiers rangs. *Sa main ne tiendra pas un cahier; son œil ne sera pas fixé sur son écriture*, il retrouvera l'arme du regard; son esprit ne sera pas livré aux incertitudes de la mémoire; libre dans son allure comme ces cavaliers Numides qui montaient à crû et sans frein, il luttera corps à corps avec son auditoire; maître de retenir ou de laisser aller son discours, de glisser sur ce qui commencerait à déplaire comme d'insister sur ce qui aura fait sensation; et, s'il est bien inspiré, son succès dépassera l'effet des discours les plus étudiés! Alors éclateront ces vives sympathies, ces retours électriques de l'assemblée sur l'orateur, qui l'avertiront qu'il a conquis les votes, et que la majorité vient à lui!’

We were present at the delivery of this discourse. When Dupin entered the hall, buttoned up in the unbecoming uniform of the Academy, he looked anything but at his ease, nor was the principal task imposed upon him—that of reading a written eulogium on Cuvier—of a character to restore him to himself. It was therefore a tame affair till he arrived at the above passage; when a sudden change came over him, his eye began to kindle, his features were lighted up, his whole form appeared dilating, and as *Sa main ne tiendra pas un cahier* rang sonorously through the hall we began to think that the action would accompany the words, and that he was going to dash his own manuscript in the rosy face of the President (M. Jouy). The effect was electrical: it was the triumph of nature over art, or, more correctly speaking, the triumph of that perfect art which produces all its greatest effects by concealing itself: the coldest, for the

moment, abandoned their assumed postures of apathy, and plaudits, loud and long, burst forth at the conclusion of the paragraph. M. Dupin must be heard again and again to be appreciated.

His political career commenced in the Chamber of Representatives in 1815, where he boldly defended the right of the nation to choose its constitution and its rulers. He was not elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies till 1828, since which time he has played a prominent part on the stage of public life, which no man can well do in France without exposing himself to a tolerable share of calumny and misrepresentation; particularly when he professes a moderate line of politics, and occasionally lashes back the more forward and violent of all parties. Dupin has even repudiated those who might be anxious to adopt him as their chief. When called the general of the *tiers-parti*, he said, 'You would render me a service if you would have the goodness to give me a list of the members who compose the *tiers-parti*; I know them not.' The imputations most vehemently reiterated are an alleged secret understanding with the Jesuits, and a want of firmness during the Revolution of July. Nothing can be conceived more futile than these imputations. It seems that M. Dupin had taken a warm part against the Jesuits. Two of his hits have grown into axioms: '*C'est une épée dont la poignée est à Rome, et la pointe partout*;' and '*Protée n'est qu'une fable, le Jesuitisme est la réalité*.' It is not asserted that he has actually done or said anything as a public man at variance with these opinions, but during the period of his avowed hostility he was guilty of the indiscretion of paying a visit to the Jesuit institution at St. Acheul, from motives thus illustrated by himself—'If I had lived at the time when Æneas descended into the infernal regions, I should have wished to descend along with him, and be present at one of Minos' sittings.' From the bare fact of this visit, it is inferred that he must have had an unworthy object in view. The other charge is equally groundless. On the first appearance of the ordinances, the journalists came in a body to consult M. Dupin as to their legality, Odilon-Barrot, Barthe, and Merilhou, being present at the consultation. Their joint opinion was delivered by Dupin, who added, that in his opinion no journal which submitted to the prescribed terms would deserve to retain a single subscriber. The journalists then proposed to come to some resolution as to the precise line of conduct to be pursued, to which Dupin objected. 'But,' said one of them, 'we understood we came here to hold a political meeting.' 'In that case,' said Dupin, 'you are deceived: here, I am no longer a deputy, I am an advocate; you have desired a consultation, you have got one, and you may now do what you like with it.'

Can

Can anything be more reasonable than this distinction, or is a barrister to be accused of cowardice because he does not choose to put his life and honour in the hands of an heterogeneous body of newspaper writers? In moments of real danger, M. Dupin was never wanting to himself. During the riots of June, M. Mauguin came to him one morning, and said, 'I know from good authority that you are to be attacked to-day: it will be prudent to keep away, and not expose yourself.' The reply was in these words: 'I have some pressing matters to despatch: at twelve o'clock I shall go to the Council of Ministers; at two, I shall go to the Chamber; at five, I shall return to my own house, and I shall then expect these gentlemen.' M. Dupin is a homely-looking man, neither tall nor short, of plain manners, *brusque* address, and approaching sixty years of age. The Baron Charles Dupin, the celebrated statistical writer, and M. Philippe Dupin, an advocate of high reputation, are his brothers. Mirabeau's brother, the *Vicomte*, used to say of himself that he would be reckoned a rake and a wit in any family but theirs. The remark is partially applicable to the Dupins;* but the Baron Charles is treated with peculiar freedom, it must be owned, by M. Timon:—

'La manufacture de Saint-Gobain vient de couler une glace monstre d'un seul morceau, ayant 195 pouces de hauteur sur 138 pouces de large. Il ne faudrait pas à M. Charles Dupin une feuille de papier de dimension moindre pour écrire, d'une écriture fine et serrée, sans blanc ni marge, chacun de ses rapports.

'On dit que c'est lui qui a fourni le modèle des plumes de Perry, qui sont d'un acier fin et bien trempé, qu'on ne taille jamais, et avec lesquelles il peut écrire depuis l'aube du jour jusqu'au coucher du soleil, sans perdre une minute.

'On assure également que la presse à bras ne marchant pas assez vite pour le suivre, on a été obligé d'inventer la presse à la vapeur. Grâce soient rendues à M. Charles Dupin d'avoir été l'heureuse occasion de cette découverte! Aussi, la presse à la vapeur n'a-t-elle pas été ingrate, et depuis ce temps-là ne fonctionne-t-elle presque que pour lui.

'M. Charles Dupin cumule les mots, ce qui est stérile pour nous, et les emplois, ce qui est productif pour lui. Il est, en France, à-peu-près tout ce qu'on peut y être. Il y a l'emploi d'ingénieur, l'emploi de membre de l'amirauté, l'emploi d'académicien, celui-ci double, l'emploi de professeur au conservatoire, l'emploi de conseiller d'état, l'emploi de pair de France, l'emploi de rapporteur inamovible du budget de la marine, l'emploi d'attacher à sa boutonnière des brochettes de croix, et l'emploi de baron, de haut baron. Il est, aux Colonies, délégué sans travail mais non sans appointements. Il est, en Suède, chevalier des ordres de royaume, et les voyageurs qui viennent d'Italie disent que le

* The inscription on their mother's tomb runs thus:—*La Mère des trois Dupins.*³

pape lui réserve in petto le chapeau de cardinal, à cause, vous savez, de ce fameux sermon sur les évêques, qu'il a si bien prêché !

' Je ne désespère pas même qu'on ne le mette un jour au rang des saints, afin qu'il puisse cumuler les joies du Paradis avec les joies de notre vallée de larmes.

' Outre ce bagage de croix, de dignités, de chaires, d'emplois, de diplômes, de manteaux, de rubans, d'épées, de plumes de Perry, de galons, d'habits, de billets de banque, de sacs d'argent et d'oripeaux de toute espèce dont M. Charles Dupin marche affublé, décoré, chargé, accablé, empaletouqué, et qui pendillent et traînent de toutes parts, il a ses livres, ses manuels, ses cartes, ses plans, ses manuscrits, ses projets d'amener la mer à Paris, ni plus ni moins qu'on peut la voir au Havre, et ses études sur Démosthènes, qui n'était pas cependant le plus bavard des orateurs.

' Je ne voudrais pas cependant dire trop de mal de M. Dupin le savant, d'abord parce que j'aurais mauvaise grâce à me moquer des savants, ne l'étant moi-même en aucune façon, ensuite parce qu'après tout, les hommes du mérite de M. Dupin sont rares dans tous les pays. Je ne serais pas même fâché, entre nous, de cumuler, non pas autant d'emplois mais autant de science, et je changerais volontiers d'être Timon pour être Charles Dupin. Mais j'aimerais encore mieux être monsieur son frère.'—pp. 188-91.

M. Thiers is undoubtedly the cleverest man in Europe, if one half of what is confidently stated of him by M. Timon and the periodical press of Paris be true: for they assure us that he is wholly destitute of the qualities by which parliamentary or political consideration is ordinarily acquired—that he has neither birth, fortune, connexion, face, figure, character, principles, nor voice; and yet, somehow or other, there he stood of late for more than three months—as he certainly will stand again—the maker and unmaker of ministries, as fully to all intents and purposes as Warwick was ever the maker and unmaker of kings—the pivot on which turned the destinies of the French nation, and, through her, of most other nations in the world. Mark the tone in which he justifies his claim to the office of his choice:—

' It is not a puerile vanity; it is not a personal taste; I should not dare, in the face of my country, allege as reasons my vanity or my taste. It has been said—and I demand permission to explain myself with all possible freedom in this respect—it has been said that foreign diplomacy repudiated me. I do not believe it. I believe that they respect our government too much to express either preferences or repugnances: I believe our government respects itself too much to listen to them. But for the very reason that the objection had been raised, I regarded it as a patriotic duty on my part to give it a marked contradiction, by accepting no other portfolio than that of foreign affairs.'

M. Thiers was born in 1798. The early part of his biography would serve equally well for that of Mignet. They were the children

children of poor parents at Aix; they were bred up together; they studied law together; they graduated as advocates about the same time; they arrived at Paris to seek their fortune in company; both have written histories of the Revolution, which, it is said, they showed to one another, page by page, as they proceeded; and it was not until M. Thiers was elected a member of the Chamber that their careers became essentially distinct. Amongst the advantages which they enjoyed in common was that of an introduction to Manuel, who, like them, was a native of Provence. Manuel introduced them to Lafitte, at whose house all the leading members and writers of the *left* were wont to meet. 'Here,' says an acute but caustic observer, 'the littleness of his figure—the ordinary expression of his features, half hidden under a vast pair of spectacles—the singular cadence of his accents, which made a sort of psalmody of his conversation—the continual fidgetty motion in which he indulged—a total want of the habits of society, remarkable even in the mixed cohort which encumbered the salons of M. Lafitte, all contributed to make of Thiers a being apart, who attracted attention from the first. Once granted, M. Thiers knew well how to keep it: nothing appeared new to him, neither finance, nor war, nor administration; and he discussed all these matters in a manner sufficiently specious to seduce the bankers, the ancient functionaries of the empire, and the generals, all of whom he addressed without ceremony.* Accordingly, soon after his arrival at Paris, M. Thiers had become the constant guest of M. Lafitte and Baron Louis, and was a regular contributor to the *Constitutionnel*, which he subsequently gave up, as his convictions deepened, for the *National*. It is beside our purpose to trace the steps by which M. Thiers gradually ascended towards the top of the ladder of political importance. His History of the Revolution opportunely gave breadth and stability to his fame;† but at the same time it gave a more definite and fixed form to his principles than at sundry periods of his subsequent career he could have wished. He was chosen a deputy by his native town Aix soon after the Barricades,—an event to which he owes one of his many decorations, though his maligners assert that he remained invisible till the fighting part of the affair was at an end. He seems to have lost no time in mounting the tribune, but his effective *débüt* dates from a speech on the question whether the peerage should be hereditary.

The scene is graphically described in the French journal quoted above:—'M. Thiers' speech had been announced eight days beforehand. He arrived at an early hour, contrary to his wont, which

* *Revue des Deux Mondes*. *Anc. Series*. Vol. iv.

† He has recently been offered 500,000 francs (20,000*l.*) for a continuation.

led to an expectation that his speech would be long. His *toilette* was *recherchée*, and he wore gloves. He ascended the steps of the tribune with an air of affected carelessness, as if about to do the easiest thing in the world, and remained silent for a time, as if to impose silence by his attitude; but this was only obtained by the interposition of his friends. At length he began, and it was seen at once that he was attempting a new description of oratory, for instead of the classical and formal style in which he had failed to attract attention, he was now all nature, ease, pertness, frankness, familiarity, colloquialism. By way of conciliating the favour of the Chamber towards the experiment, he took occasion at the outset to remark, that, in the case of the assembly he was addressing, the forum of the ancients had been changed into a room of honest men; and he endeavoured to keep up their attention during a four hours' display by the introduction of anecdotes." Thus, to illustrate the hereditary quality of greatness, he told a story of the younger Pitt's being placed on a table, when only six years old, to recite speeches; but, according to the malicious narrator, he himself, with his little figure and thin voice, so strongly recalled the image of the youthful statesman, that the effect fast bordered on the ludicrous. The speech, however, made a sensation, and M. Thiers was now frequently employed to make speeches for the ministry, though a lack of discretion, which will always prevent him from making a safe spokesman for any party, prevented them from ever recognising him as such; and when Mauguin alluded to him as the organ of the government, Casimir Perier contemptuously exclaimed: '*Ca un organe du gouvernement! M. Mauguin se moque de vous.*' The kind of speaking which thus made the fortune of M. Thiers is described by M. Timon:—

'It is not oratory, it is talk, but talk lively, brilliant, light, animated, mingled with historical traits, anecdotes, and refined reflections; and all this is said, broken off, cut short, tied, untied, sewn together again, with a dexterity of language absolutely incomparable. Thought springs up so quick in that head of his, so quick, that one would say it was born before it had been conceived. The vast lungs of a giant would not suffice to expectorate the words of that *spirituel* dwarf. Nature, ever watchful and considerate in her compensations, seems to have aimed at concentrating in him all the powers of virility in the frail organs of the larynx.'

Mr. Shiel's admirers are fond of comparing him to M. Thiers—but the resemblance is, we think, superficial. The summary of M. Thiers' alleged tergiversations is in M. Timon's best manner:—

'M. Thiers, on entering the world, was not cradled in the lap of a duchess. Born poor, he lacked fortune; born in obscurity, he lacked a name.

a name. Failing as an advocate, he became a man of letters, and threw himself headlong into the liberal party, more from necessity than conviction. He then set himself to admire Danton and the men of the Mountain, and he carried to exaltation the calculated fanaticism of his hyperboles. Eaten up by desires, like all men of lively imagination, he owed the commencement of his wealth to M. Lafitte, and his reputation to his own talent. However, were it not for the revolution of 1830, M. Thiers would be at the present day neither elector, nor eligible, nor deputy, nor minister, nor even academician; he would have grown old in the literary esteem of a coterie. Since then, M. Thiers has changed his party; he has become monarchist, aristocrat, maintainer of privileges, giver and executer of pitiless commands; he has attached his name to the *etat de siege* of Paris, to the *mitrillades* of Lyons, to the magnificent achievements of the Rue Transnonain, to the deportations of Mont St. Michel, to the laws regarding combinations, public criers, the courts of assize, and the newspapers, to all that has fettered liberty, to all that has degraded the press, to all that has corrupted the jury, to all that has decimated the patriots, to all that has dissolved the national guards, to all that has demoralised the nation, to all that has dragged the noble and *pure* (!!) Revolution of July through the mud.

‘When, under a monarchy, a man without character and without virtue has received an education more literary than moral, and borne in the arms of fortune, he mounts the steps of power, his elevation turns his head. As he finds himself isolated on the heights he has reached, and knows not on what to lean, having neither individual consideration nor followers, belonging and wishing to belong no longer to the people, and unable, do what he will, to become one of the noble and the great, he lays himself down at the feet of his king, he kisses them, he licks them, and he is at a loss by what contortions of servility, by what caresses of supplication, by what pretences of devotedness, by what genuflexions, by what toe-kissings, to prove his humility and the down-to-the-ground character of his adoration. Persons of this species are like those predestined victims of Gehenna who have made a compact with the devil. They are marked with his nails, and if they attempt to turn their heads—break a link of their chain—move a step—their infernal master, to whom their body has been delivered, to whom their soul has been sold, calls to them, *Thou art mine.*’—vol. ii. p. 21.

In this shrewd passage there are two or three palpable misstatements. It is untrue to say that M. Thiers failed as an advocate, for he was never tried. It is unfair to say that a man of his abilities could have been nothing, or next to nothing, without the Revolution of July. And then the purity of that same Revolution! with a royal Duke conniving in a plot for the downfall of his own family—a plot organised by his own banker (Lafitte), to whom the King of the French is really indebted for his throne; and a band of patriots lying *perdus* until the evening of the third day, and then emerging from their cellars to scramble for the spoil! The last paragraph

paragraph involves a melancholy truth; but how is it applicable to Thiers, who is fighting on his own account against the crown,—on whose banner is or lately was inscribed: *Le roi règne et ne gouverne pas*. As to the measures by which, as minister, he enforced order—if on such grounds we are to impute knavery, M. Thiers will not stand quite alone. The truth is, that no man of understanding, who has had the misfortune to begin life as a liberal enthusiast, ever attained to power without finding that the doctrines of his youth were utterly incompatible—not merely with good government but—with the very existence of society.

We have before us two portraits of M. Guizot, which it is amusing to compare:

‘M. Guizot,’ says M. Timon, ‘is short and slender, but he has an expressive face, a fine eye, and a remarkable degree of fire in his glance. There is something hard and pedantic in his look and manner, like all professors, particularly those of the doctrinaire sect, the sect of pride. His voice is full, sonorous, affirmative: it does not lend itself to the flexible emotions of the soul, but it is rarely muffled and dead. His exterior is studiously austere, and all about him is grave, even to his smile.’—vol. ii. p. 1.

The other forms the commencement of a sketch in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It also contains a fact regarding a distinguished English statesman which is new to us:—

‘If you have any day a fancy to quit the Parliament and come and attend a sitting of our Chamber of Deputies, you might still see on the Ministerial bench (provided you make haste) a man with pale and furrowed cheeks, whose eyes, sunk in their orbit, resemble fires hidden in the depths of a cavern. One of his hands is habitually concealed under his waistcoat, and from his convulsive movements, you would call him a gambler secretly tearing his breast when the chances of the game are against him. Lord John Russell, so little, so pale, and so feeble, that it was necessary to stretch him on a sofa in the lobby after his speech on Parliamentary Reform, may give you an idea of this person; but he of whom I speak does not, like Lord John, suffer his half-pronounced periods to expire in empty air. His lagging and incisive phrase is an instrument which cuts and tears at once; his deep and almost funereal voice adds to the lugubrious expression of his physiognomy, and when he employs the form of sarcasm—which happens rarely, it is true—this forced mockery has always something terrifying.’

Both agree in one thing: that, when he ascends the tribune, he irresistibly suggests the image of a Calvinist minister mounting the pulpit, and that his speeches often resemble sermons both in composition and delivery. The sole foundation for this analogy seems to be a certain austerity of look and manner, and a habit of indulging in topics such as occasionally converted Burke and Mackintosh into bores—much more, by the way, to the discredit of the audience than of the orators.

M. Timon’s

M. Timon's sweeping abuse of the Guizot school of thought and diction will at least divert our readers. The closing aphorism is good and true.

‘Depuis vingt ans, cette malheureuse, cette fatale école de l'éclectisme gouverne la jeunesse, dont elle abuse les généreux instincts, dont elle embrouille la vive et pure intelligence. Elle n'a engendré que des esprits faux, que des cœurs sans foi, sans flamme, et sans amour de la patrie, des cœurs que les grands sentiments n'ont jamais remués, que la soif des plaisirs égoïstes et brutaux dévore, que le *spleen* du doute tue, des cœurs éteints et mourants !

‘Oui, les pères de l'école moderne, avec leurs importations nébuleuses de Genève, de Berlin et d'Ecosse, ont gâté la philosophie, la jeunesse et la langue. Si cette belle langue française passe un jour à l'état de langue morte, nous avertissons la postérité que MM. Guizot, Royer-Collard et Cousin, ces trois chefs de l'instruction, ces trois professeurs de métaphysique quintessenciée, seront pour elle trois auteurs intraduisibles, puisque nous, leur contemporains, nous ne les comprenons pas.

‘M. Guizot, pour exprimer des idées qui ne sont pas des idées, s'est fait une langue que n'est pas une langue ; langue toute boursoufflée de propositions fausses, toute hérissée de termes inféconds qui ne peuvent pas aboutir ; langue creuse sans être profonde, affirmative sans certitude, raisonneuse sans logique, dogmatique sans conclusion et sans preuves, lente à se mouvoir, épaisse de salive, et qui mouille à peine des lèvres arides et desséchées.

‘Les laborieux commentateurs de M. Guizot se travaillent et s'épuisent à le deviner. Ils le pénètrent à-peu-près aussi bien que nous pénétrons l'apocalypse.

‘Le génie, c'est la lumière ; ce qui n'est pas clair n'est pas français.’
—pp. 6, 7.

M. Guizot's theories of government and legislation are known to all Europe : it is therefore unnecessary to point out in what particular he has made himself distasteful to the party to which M. Timon now professes to belong. Yet M. Timon frankly acknowledges that, when M. Guizot quits his philosophical speculations and condescends to business, he can go as straight as any body to the point, say nothing but what is required to be said, and say it well. His diction, also, is admitted to be purer and more correct than that of any other extempore speaker in either Chamber. His favourite mode of reasoning is that already mentioned as pursued by his friend and (in one sense) master, Royer-Collard. He selects some one idea or prominent point of view, and makes that the staple of his speech. ‘His oration is but the development of a theme. If the idea is true, all the discourse is true : if the idea is false, all the discourse is false.’ He never gives way to sudden emotions of any kind, and rarely indulges in personality.—

‘M. Guizot

'M. Guizot passes for cruel amongst the Opposition. His glistening eyes, his pale face, his contracted lips, give him the appearance of a proscriber. They attribute to him the famous phrase, *soyez impitoyables*—horrid phrase, if it ever was pronounced. It is true that he has been dangerously affected of late by an ardent and gloomy fanaticism: *but this was owing to the warm weather*, which always influences certain brains; and there is a wide interval between the theory of terror he has preached, fine as it may be, and the practice.

'Why should I not say, so great is my desire to be impartial, that M. Guizot has strict and pure morals, and that he is worthy, by the high morality of his life and his sentiments, of the esteem of good men? I have witnessed his paternal sorrow, and I have admired the severity of his stoicism. There is great firmness in that soul of his.'

There is a well-known anecdote of his early life which it would be difficult to reconcile with the notion of his being other than amiable and kind-hearted. Pauline de Meulan was a woman of considerable literary acquirements, who supported herself by writing articles for a paper called the '*Publiciste*:' she fell ill, and was unable to continue her contributions without serious injury to her health, but persevered under great suffering and privation, until one day a packet was brought to her containing a well-written article for her paper, and a note from the writer, in which he expressed a wish to continue *incognito*, but promised to write all the required articles for her till she got well. He kept his word, and it was not until she was completely recovered, that a pale, silent young man, whom she had been in the habit of seeing at M. Suard's, requested an interview, and avowed himself as her benefactor. It was M. Guizot; and in due course of time Pauline de Meulan became his wife.

What was said of Flood, the rival of Grattan, and of Dundas, the friend of Pitt, may be said of *M. Mauguin*. He must be estimated, not by set speeches or insulated displays, but by his willingness to put out in all weathers, his gallantry in facing all difficulties, his persevering opposition to all lines of policy revolting to his conceptions of patriotism. When we glance over M. Mauguin's speeches, we find little that seems striking or complete enough to quote, for the simple reason that nothing has been elaborated with that intent; but we are forcibly impressed with the nerve, manliness, readiness, clearness, and fluency of the speaker, and fully appreciate the strength such a man must add to the party which possesses him. When Sir Edward Sugden was last returned to parliament, the attorney-general is said to have confessed that he would willingly give a thousand pounds to keep him out. We have no doubt that any of the French governments for the last ten years would give ten times as much to get rid of Mauguin; but it would be useless
for

for them to bid, since, independently of his known probity, he has lately succeeded to a fortune of some three or four millions of francs. M. Mauguin has a commanding person (somewhat resembling O'Connell's in massiveness), an open, expressive face, a fine voice with an attractive touch of melancholy in its tones, a gentlemanly address, agreeable manners, and great powers of conversation. He particularly excels in an ironical allusion or a retort. M. Timon, who does not like him though he says he does, quizzes him most unmercifully for his speeches on foreign affairs, in which, it must be owned, he shows somewhat too decided a *penchant* for war. For example, in 1831 :—

‘In this position it is not for you to say if you will avoid war. War with you is a question of epoch; will you have it now? will you have it in six months? will you have it when all foreign powers have secured all their advantages? I do not call on you to decide; but in this situation, if Belgium offered herself, could you refuse an increase of four millions of men and so many strong places, which for us are a powerful barrier against the foreigner? No, no. If, then, it is necessary—I say it with regret—if Belgium offered herself with this condition, I would say war, war! It might be destruction—death; I know it; but for France it would be glory and triumph too.

‘What people in Europe would dare to attack you now?—Russia? Austria? England? Why does not England oppose the fresh invasion of Poland? If I am well informed, the answer given by her ministers is, the fear of giving a bad example to Ireland. Well, then, tell England we will be frank, loyal, sincere friends; we will be formidable enemies. The point is not, if there is war between us, to cover all the seas of the globe with privateers; *a few steamboats would suffice to carry arms and a few regiments to Ireland.* I speak of a state of war where everything is allowable; and England must not forget that, only a few years since, one of her ministers threatened all the kings of Europe. *Tell her, then, that Ireland may see a French general once more.*

‘However—I know it well—this voice, which announces danger, wearies you. When in the heights of the mountains a traveller is seized by the cold, his eyelids grow weary, he sinks. His companion calls to him to wake. “No, I must sleep.” “But this slumber is death.” “No, it is happiness, it is life.” The unhappy man falls and dies. Nations as well as individuals may indulge in treacherous slumbers, and foreign invasion and partition are their death.’

We quote this passage as a specimen of opinions still prevalent amongst French statesmen, and as illustrative of the degree of information they possess regarding the condition of these realms. In addition to his parliamentary eminence, M. Mauguin has attained high distinction at the bar. He was born in 1785—M. Guizot in 1787.

Perhaps *M. Odilon-Barrot* exercises at the present moment .
more

more individual influence than any other speaker we have named; and it has been fairly earned by a long career of political prudence and probity. There is also an air of reflection about his speeches, with a vein of sound morality underlying most of them, particularly calculated to impress; and he speaks much less frequently than Mauguin, which makes many prefer him as a leader, it being a prevalent belief that a man who discusses all questions must inevitably commit himself on some. But though M. Odilon-Barrot is a discreet and dignified speaker, he is far from being a cold and formal one: on the contrary, he warms and grows animated as he proceeds, and occasionally gives vent to ebullitions of feeling well described by M. Timon as the eloquence of the heart. The more eager of his party are wont to bring against him the same charge which has frequently been brought of late against the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel: they say that he does not risk enough:—

‘Master of his passions and his words, he calms in him and around him the anger of the centres and the stormy ebullitions of the left. He prepares and covers the retreat, in places of difficulty, with the skill of a consummate master of strategy: he is the Fabius Cunctator of the Opposition. Unhappily, these temporising tactics, when too often repeated, cool down the parliamentary courage, which is not over-daring as it is. The part of the Opposition is not to hide itself behind the baggage, but to bear itself bravely in the front of battle. When the people do not see the soldiers of liberty mount the breach and fire, they grow weary, yawn, turn away, and repair to other spectacles.’—vol. ii. p. 139.

There may be some truth in this remark, but we believe Odilon-Barrot sees (what M. Timon does not care to see, or, seeing, is not anxious to shun) the abyss into which one incautious step might precipitate the monarchy; and the key to his conduct may be found in an exclamation that lately burst from him in debate, ‘Oh! perish twenty ministers, rather than the moral power of parliament, for that is our salvation.’ M. Odilon-Barrot is one of the most eminent members of the French bar; and he occasionally contributes to the leading law-reviews of the continent. His age must be something between forty-five and fifty: he is about the middle height and size, with a good voice, and a remarkably fine forehead.

We have reserved the chapter entitled ‘Comparison of Orators and Writers’ until we arrived at *M. Lamartine*, because he is more peculiarly the representative of literature than any other of the distinguished writers that have been named. MM. Thiers and Guizot, for example, are even better known by their career as politicians than by their works: but *M. Lamartine’s* reputation, let

let him speak as he will, will rest perforce upon his poetry; and the same dire necessity would have befallen Byron had his early hopes of parliamentary success been realised. Yet surely a man has no great right to be angry when he contends against, and is eventually baffled by—himself.

The chief question raised in this chapter is, why France, which boasts so many parliamentary orators, boasts so few political writers, though so many preliminary conditions (to be eligible and to be elected, for example) are required to become an orator, and any man may turn writer when he will. M. Timon solves this question by saying that it is more difficult to write well than to speak well; but before reasoning on the proposition, we should wish to understand exactly what it means, for it strikes us that he is unconsciously comparing two widely different degrees of superiority—that when he speaks of political writers, he has such writers as Paul Louis Courier, La Mennais, or Chateaubriand in his mind, whilst, under the term ‘parliamentary orators,’ he includes all who can command a hearing in the Chamber or get reported in the *Moniteur*. In no other sense is it true that good writers are rarer than good speakers. At the same time we quite agree with M. Timon, that a well-arranged, well-reasoned, well-written essay argues a higher description of talent than the common run of extempore speeches, in which the arrangement (such as it is) and probably the leading topics are suggested by the debate; and that it is far easier for a member of parliament to get a hearing than for a private individual to get read. But the more important question remains: how far literary men are likely to succeed in parliament? This, again, is best answered by analyzing it: for literature includes all sorts of composition, some analogous, some not analogous, some diametrically opposed to oratory. For example, when we read Addison, we feel at once, despite of his idiomatic felicities, that he must make an ineffective member; but when we read Bolingbroke, we fancy him declaiming in his place, and though we believe it was no less a person than Fox, who, when people were naming what lost productions they should most wish to restore, named one of Bolingbroke’s speeches, it always struck us that the ‘Patriot King’ and the ‘Letter to Windham’ had rendered all the wish superfluous. Show us any given writer’s writings, then, let us have a look at him and (if possible) hear him talk on any subject of interest, and we will endeavour to tell his parliamentary fortune; but to lay down general rules on such a subject with the view of deciding individual cases by them, would be to act like the Laputans when they measured gentlemen for clothes.

Lord Brougham, in his inaugural discourse at Glasgow, recommends

commends the diligent practice of composition; and it may be urged that a man who has been accustomed to express himself on paper, must have a decided advantage over one who has never expressed himself at all: to which the answer would be, that, unless the student practised himself exclusively in writing speeches, he would probably contract a style ill-fitted for debate, and the objector might cite the well-known remark of Fox—‘Did it read well? Then, depend upon it, it was not a good speech.’ In the case of young writers, therefore, we should say that literary habits would be rather an advantage, but in the case of writers of long-established reputation, the answer (as already intimated) must principally depend upon the style.

M. Lamartine, according to M. Timon, is an apt illustration of our theory, his speeches being precisely such as his poems would lead one to anticipate. But M. Timon has not formed a very high estimate of the poems, and has most assuredly under-estimated Lamartine’s merits as an orator. It is frankly admitted that he has a fine figure, regular features, a firm and noble bearing, goodness of heart, elevation of sentiment, and unimpeachable integrity: that he has great command of language, and replies with brilliant facility; but it is contended that there is nothing passionate or inspired in his look, his gesture, or his voice—that he shines and does not warm—that he is religious, and has no faith—and that the same want of logical coherence which mars the effect of his verse, is still more fatal to his parliamentary displays. The laudatory part of this description we are in a condition to confirm by our own testimony; and as to the rest, the truth is, Lamartine generally shows less fire than might be expected from a poet—perhaps for the very reason that it is expected—and treats his subject rather languidly and diffusely, and with too much attention to style and manner, till he warms—but always speaks like one speaking from conviction; and in moments of high excitement is one of the most animated and impassioned speakers in the Chamber. His speech in defence of the press, when some stricter laws were proposed (August 22, 1835), exemplifies both the merits and demerits of his style. We wish we could quote more than the conclusion:—

‘Believe me once again, your laws run counter to your end. If we were your enemies, as you say we are, we should hasten to vote them out of hate to you, and as a treacherous and deadly boon. The event which agitates us all is stronger than your laws. What law more efficacious or more speaking than that king and his sons under a storm of bullets? that illustrious marshal covering them with his blood? those thirty-two dead bodies strewing the pavement? those fourteen biers traversing your terror-stricken capital? These are spectacles which repel from crime by horror, as a licentious press repels from anarchy by disgust.

disgust. These are laws as God has made them; all visible, all palpitating—all powerful with emotion—with instruction—addressed to the imagination and the instinct of the mass. Leave them to act by themselves, those grand and terrible lessons: they are more impressive than our vain discussions, more durable than your laws of a day.'

Innumerable passages of little inferior merit might be selected, and we should be inclined to quote the commencement and conclusion of his speech on the conversion of the funds (Feb. 5, 1836) as amongst the very best examples of the exordium or the peroration that we know.

Considering the attention we have paid to Literature, Science might have some reason to complain were we to pass her by without a word,—particularly when she boasts such a representative as *M. Arago*, who stands in the very first rank of European celebrities. To attempt any account, however slight, of the pursuits and discoveries by which his reputation has been attained, would be beside the purpose of this article, and *M. Timon* has compressed all that can well be said of his oratorical character in a paragraph:

'When *M. Arago* ascends the tribune, the deputies, curious and attentive, lean on their elbows and keep still. The spectators press forward to look at him. His stature is tall, his hair is clustered and flowing, and his fine southern head commands the assembly. In the muscular contraction of his temples there is a power of volition and meditation which reveals a superior spirit. Unlike those orators who speak on every subject and know nothing of what they are talking about three times out of four, *M. Arago* speaks only on questions that he has studied, questions which unite the interest of circumstances to the attraction of science. His discourses have thus both generality and actuality, and address themselves at the same time to the intelligence and the passions of his audience. For this reason he is not slow in subduing them. No sooner has he entered upon the matter in hand than he concentrates all looks upon himself. You see him holding, as it were, science between his hands. He clears it of its asperities and technicalities, and renders it so precise and so perceptible, that the most ignorant are astonished to see and comprehend it. His animated and expressive pantomime adds to the effect of the oratorical illusion. There is something luminous in his demonstrations, and streams of light seem to issue from his eyes, his fingers, and his mouth. He intersects his speeches with biting allusions, which defy reply, or piquant anecdotes which harmonise with his subject and adorn without surcharging it. When he confines himself to the narration of facts, his eloquence has merely the natural graces of simplicity: but when, face to face with Science, he contemplates her with earnestness to discover her secrets and reproduce their wonders—then his admiration begins to employ a magnificent language, his voice swells, his style grows richer and richer, and his eloquence is as grand as his subject.'—vol. ii. p. 184.

After this, the highest service we can do M. Arago is to leave him where he stands. Here, however, it might fairly be asked why we do not enumerate the literary and scientific members of the British parliament, by way of laying the foundation of a parallel: but far from offering or provoking any challenge of the sort, it is one we should most anxiously decline, and our only hope is that M. Timon will not insist on drawing any sweeping conclusions of an invidious nature from our avowed inferiority in this respect. He is quite welcome, if it so pleases him, to censure our government for not promoting men of intellectual eminence, or our constituent bodies for not electing them. Up to this point we shall probably go along with him; but before judging of English science and literature by their parliamentary representatives, let him, in common fairness, make due allowance for the facts—let him, in common charity, bear constantly in mind—that neither Wordsworth, nor Herschel, nor Hallam wear coronets; that no mitre has fallen either on Sydney Smith or Sedgwick, Milman or Whewell, Keble or Buckland; that Babbage is the rejected, not the elected, of Finsbury; that a round dozen of fashionable novelists or melo-dramatists would be a poor set-off for Lamartine, Guizot, or Chateaubriand; that Messrs. Longman have not quite made up their minds to offer Lord John Russell twenty thousand pounds for a continuation of his History, with the view of putting him on a par with M. Thiers; and that Leeds (instead of having to contend for Sir William Molesworth with six rivals, as Marne contended for Royer-Collard) is probably the sole place in the empire which would have afforded a temporary refuge to the editor of Hobbes—the only metaphysician in the House,—unless, indeed, we adopt the definition of Voltaire, which would make as good a one of Mr. Joseph Hume: ‘*Quand celui qui ecoute n’entend rien, et celui qui parle n’entend plus, c’est metaphysique.*’

ART. VIII.—1. *Review of the Session. Speech of the Right Hon. Lord Lyndhurst, delivered in the House of Lords on Friday, August 23rd, 1839.* pp. 23. London.

2. *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates for the Session 1839.*

3. *Parliamentary Papers for the Session 1839.*

4. *Despatches of the Right Hon. Lord Glenelg.* 8vo. pp. 193. Ridgway, London.

THE late session of the imperial parliament ended so unsatisfactorily—so much had been expected from it, and so little obtained—so much had been promised, and so little performed—so much had required protection, and yet in every department

partment so much had been lost, that throughout the country there has naturally prevailed a murmuring demand,—firstly, for an explanation of the mismanagement by which the nation is still suffering; and, secondly, for some plain wholesome remedy, by which the disorder may be cured.

Impressed with the delicacy, as well as with the difficulty which attend the consideration of these two problems, we would gladly abstain from attempting their solution: yet when we reflect upon the vital importance of the questions, we feel it to be our duty to take our share before the country in that inquiry in which the minds of our readers, we are perfectly confident, have been painfully engaged. As Sterne, however, in order to elucidate the misery of slavery, quietly introduced his readers into the cell of ‘a single captive,’ so it will be necessary for us, instead of examining our late policy in *every* department of the state, to select *some one* for dissection.

The home department naturally first suggested itself; but we soon found it to be entangled with so many private jealousies, and with so much public animosity, that we shrunk from the attempt. Our foreign policy next presented itself; but finding that it also had been mixed up with much rancour, and that it extended over too large a portion of the globe to be conveniently comprehended within our limits, we fixed our choice upon our colonial legislation, which, although of vital importance to the empire, has lately given rise to no angry feelings, no unworthy desires, no jealousies, no animosities, public or private.

We shall divide our subject into the five following inquiries:—

I. Let us calmly consider whether her Majesty’s government or the Imperial Parliament have duly resented the insults publicly offered to themselves, as well as the crown, by Lord Durham?

In investigating this important question we summon his Lordship before our readers only as a witness in a case, the facts of which appear from his own documents to be, shortly, as follows:

The law-officers of the crown in England having reported that a certain ordinance, issued at Quebec by Lord Durham, was illegal—an opinion which has been confirmed by the highest legal authorities in the realm—her Majesty, the House of Lords, and the House of Commons, deemed it necessary, by an act of parliament, to screen or shelter the Lord High Commissioner from the consequences of his illegal proceeding. Not only, however, did their act of indemnity carefully abstain from passing the slightest censure upon his Lordship, but her Majesty’s ministers, in a despatch dated 15th August, 1838, generously, and, we think, very properly, transmitted the said act to his Lordship, with the following febrifuge:—

‘ I cannot conclude this despatch without expressing the deep regret which her Majesty’s government have felt at the embarrassment to which you will have been subjected by the recent proceedings in parliament, regarding the difficult and delicate question of the disposal of the persons charged with treason in Lower Canada. On a deliberate review of the whole case, her Majesty’s government are enabled distinctly to repeat their approbation of the spirit in which those measures were conceived, and to state their conviction that those measures have been dictated by a judicious and enlightened humanity, and were calculated, under your authority, to satisfy the ends of justice, although in some respects they involve a departure from its ordinary forms. The government are also persuaded that your Lordship will be equally anxious with themselves to avoid, as far as possible, giving even a plausible ground of cavil or objection to hostile criticism.

‘ It only remains for me to assure you of the undiminished confidence which her Majesty’s government repose in you ; and of their earnest desire to afford you the utmost support in the discharge of the arduous duties with which you are entrusted. I have, &c.

‘ GLENELG.’

On the receipt of the foregoing communication, it must, of course, have been evident to Lord Durham that if the ordinance, which, on such high authority, had been declared to be illegal was legal, the act of indemnity became null and void, its effect inoperative, its protection worthless, and its provisions discreditable to the parliament from which it had proceeded ; and as proverbially there is no finer sight than that of a just man struggling with adversity, so there never was offered to any individual, conspicuously holding an arduous and important station, a nobler opportunity of dutifully submitting to an authority which he was bound to obey those arguments by which truth and justice in every region of the globe invincibly support a man labouring in an honest cause. Had the Lord High Commissioner adopted this course—however omnipotently, and however obstinately, parliament might have adhered to its decision—the voice of the country would loudly have reversed it by a verdict of acquittal.

But Lord Durham was pleased to adopt an opposite course. Instead of appealing to the justice of his Sovereign, to the wisdom and liberality of parliament, or to the consideration of her Majesty’s government, his Lordship determined, without authority, and in defiance of authority, to abandon his post, although, in his own opinion, and in the opinion of parliament, the safety and security of the Canadas rested upon his protection.

At a moment when the lower province was in wicked rebellion against its Sovereign, and when it required the presence of a powerful army to suppress the conspiracy which existed not only in the Canadas, but in the United States, to subvert the authority
of

of the British crown, his Lordship was pleased, not intemperately and abruptly to throw down his powers, but, with wilful mischief and with malice prepense, deliberately to exercise them, by issuing, under the Queen's great seal, a proclamation, in which, as her Majesty's accredited representative in the North American colonies, he directly appealed, not *unto* Cæsar, but *against* Cæsar —TO THE PEOPLE!

In this rebellious document, as well as in others of a similar tendency, which we shall quote, Lord Durham strongly contrasts a solemn act of the Queen and of both houses of the imperial parliament, which he reviles, with his own conduct, upon which he passes the most fulsome encomiums.



‘ A PROCLAMATION.

‘ In conformity with one of its provisions, I have this day proclaimed the act 1 and 2 Victoria, chap. 112.

‘ I have also to notify the disallowance by her Majesty of the ordinance 2nd Victoria, chap. 1, entitled “ An Ordinance to provide for the security of the Province of Lower Canada.”

‘ I cannot perform these official duties without at the same time informing *you, the people of British America*, of the course which the measures of the imperial government and legislature make it incumbent on me to pursue.’

After detailing in glowing terms the benefits he had intended to perfect, his Lordship proceeds to address the inhabitants of the British American colonies as follows :—

‘ In these just expectations I have been painfully disappointed. From the very commencement of my task, the minutest details of my administration have been exposed to incessant criticism, in a spirit which has evinced an entire ignorance of the state of this country, and of the only mode in which the supremacy of the British crown can here be upheld and exercised. I also did believe,’ adds his Lordship, ‘ that, even if I had not the precedents of these acts of parliament, a government *and a legislature* anxious for the peace of this unhappy country and for the integrity of the British empire, would not *sacrifice to a petty technicality* the vast benefits which my entire policy promised.’

Instead of obeying the explicit recommendations of her Majesty's government, by concurring with the special council in an ordinance to prevent the persons whom he had illegally banished to Bermuda from returning to the province without the royal permission, Lord Durham thus deliberately, under the great seal, officially sanctions their return :—

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‘ Her Majesty having been advised to refuse her assent to the exceptions, the amnesty exists without qualification. *No impediment therefore exists* to the return of the persons who had made the most distinct admission of guilt, or who had been excluded by me from the province on account of the danger to which its tranquillity would be exposed by their presence.

‘ If the peace of Lower Canada is to be again menaced, it is necessary that its government should be able to reckon on a more cordial and vigorous support at home than has been accorded to me.’

Not satisfied with this insolent appeal to the people of the British North American colonies in general against the solemn act of the British legislature, and against the deliberate instructions of her Majesty’s government, Lord Durham, as the representative of his Sovereign, addressed to the deputies of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward’s Island, a written communication, of which the following is an extract :—

‘ I assumed the government of the North American provinces, with the pre-determination to provide for the future welfare and prosperity of them all. In this I trust useful course, I have been suddenly arrested by the *interference* of the British Legislature, in which the responsible advisers of the Crown have deemed it their duty to acquiesce.’

As the representative of his Sovereign, his Lordship next addressed to the inhabitants of the capital of Lower Canada a written communication, of which the following is an extract :—

‘ I do not return to England, from any feelings of *disgust* at the treatment I have personally experienced in the House of Lords. If I could have been influenced by any such motives, I must have re-embarked in the very ship which brought me out; for that system of *parliamentary persecution*, to which I allude, commenced from the moment I left the shores of England.

‘ I return for these reasons, and these alone—the proceedings in the House of Lords, acquiesced in by the Ministry, have deprived the Government in this province of all moral power and consideration. They have reduced it to a state of executive nullity, and rendered it dependent on one branch of the Imperial Legislature for the immediate sanction of each separate measure. In truth and in effect, the Government here is now administered by *two or three peers, from their places in parliament.*’

In re-publishing the above sentiments, the Toronto ‘Patriot’ thus informs its readers of the effect they had produced at Quebec :—

‘ Various placards have been posted in different parts of the town, expressive of the feelings of *disgust* entertained by the loyal portion of the inhabitants at the conduct of the Lords who have assailed Lord Durham, and interfered in his administration of the government of this country.

country. As a specimen of the spirit in which they are conceived, we select the following :—

‘ “*The Earl of Durham proceeds to England to defend his conduct from unjust and cowardly aggression. The British and Irish population, confident in the justice of their cause, have all to hope, from his talents, his integrity, and his firmness, when he shall have met HIS FOES within the walls of parliament.*” ’

As her Majesty’s representative, Lord Durham next addressed to the inhabitants of the capital of Upper Canada a written communication, of which the following are extracts :—

‘ Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen,—For the reasons which have induced me to return to England, I must refer you to my proclamation of this day’s date, in which they are fully set forth, and the state and condition of the Canadas amply adverted to.

‘ It is at the same time a great consolation to me to reflect, that, notwithstanding my having been so abruptly arrested *by the proceedings in the House of Peers*, in the arduous task of restoring peace, and providing for your future prosperity, I have yet done much to justify your confidence and gain your approbation. What was the state of the Canadas when I assumed the government? Rebellion had been but recently quelled—martial law had been proclaimed, and the Habeas Corpus suspended. The gaols were filled with prisoners, and distrust and apprehension pervaded the minds of all classes—along the whole line of frontier, from Lake Champlain to Lake St. Clair, the most active hostility against the British Government prevailed, in which Canadian refugees and American borderers equally participated.

‘ *In three months what was the change?* Martial law was superseded, the Habeas Corpus restored, not a political criminal remained in confinement in the Lower Province, nor was there any symptom of the existence of any seditious or treasonable movements until the arrival of the intelligence of *the interference of the House of Lords.*’

As the Queen’s representative, Lord Durham addressed to her Majesty’s Secretary of State a despatch, dated 25th September, 1838, of which the following are extracts :—

‘ The proceedings in the House of Lords, from the moment of my leaving the shores of England, showed but too distinctly that the support so essential to my success was not extended to me. I allude in particular to the speech of the Duke of Wellington on the 4th July, and to the expressive silence of the Prime Minister on that occasion. In forty-eight hours after the speech attributed to the Duke of Wellington had been published here, the tone of that part of the press which represents *the disaffected* exhibited a remarkable change; giving evidence, no longer of submission, however unwilling, to extraordinary powers unhesitatingly exercised, but of discontent, irritation, and *seditious hopes*. . . . You will easily understand, therefore, that no sufficient allowance was made here for the nature of those *party motives* which had dictated the proceedings of *the opposition and the government* in respect to my mission.’ This

This *series* of documents proves that Lord Durham did not apoplectically fall from his post in a fit of passion: for it is undeniable that his Lordship could not have penned the elaborate documents we have quoted, without having had ample time to reflect upon their consequences as to his own character, as well as the colonies, to which they were to be addressed.

Lord Durham's proclamation and mischievous appeals not only to '*the People*,' but to the officers of the Queen's Guards, having been promulgated, the seeds of sedition having been sown and harrowed in, his Lordship became of opinion that the hour for the abandonment of his post had at last arrived, and accordingly, having by an act of political arson set fire with his own hands to his own authority, he took unauthorised possession of one of her Majesty's ships of war, and then retiring from the flames of a rebellion which naturally enough burst out only four days after his departure, as a private gentleman *functus officio*, he sailed in the *Inconstant* from Quebec, and after a blustering passage arrived off Plymouth, accompanied by a storm singularly emblematic of the political state of the provinces he had abandoned, and of the rough reception in the House of Lords which he was fairly entitled to expect.

Although in sight of an English harbour, the elements for several days still claimed him as their own. The thunder rolled around him; the lightning flashed upon his brow; the winds, as if proud of their victim, refused to surrender him; and certainly if the Demon of Discord himself had majestically visited our shores, he could not have come attended by more terrific honours: but the gale at last subsided, the tempest at last relented, and accordingly, after having been grievously shaken both in body and soul, his Lordship safely landed on British soil.

As Lord Durham's authority over the North American colonies, having devolved upon Sir John Colborne, could not occupy two places at the same time, his Lordship in England was no longer answerable as the representative of his Sovereign for any opinions he might publicly promulgate, and being therefore undeniably as much at liberty as any other nobleman or gentleman in the country to utter whatever political sentiments he chose, it is irrelevant to our present inquiry to consider what he may have thought proper to say after, having railed the seal from his commission, he had returned to and mingled with the community in 'plain clothes': still, however, a few short extracts from his *written* replies to addresses he received may be adduced as being singularly characteristic, not of the Lord High Commissioner, but of the unquenchable vanity of '*the man*.'

To

To an address from the borough of Plymouth his Lordship read a reply, of which the following is an extract:—

‘Gentlemen,—If I have received, *as I have*, more numerous testimonies of regard from all classes in the North American provinces than ever before were presented to any of their rulers, it has been owing to my determination to recognise no party distinctions, to act with justice and impartiality to all, and to lay the foundation of those wise and safe ameliorations in the institutions of the colonies which were so imperatively required.

‘I have the happiness to know that in *effacing the remains* of a disastrous rebellion, and administering justice, I have not found it necessary to shed one drop of blood, or confiscate the property of a single individual.

‘I had *conciliated the esteem* of a great and powerful nation, in which were to be found all the elements of danger or security to our North American possessions—I had seen commerce and enterprise reviving, public confidence restored, &c. &c.

‘In this career of, I humbly but fearlessly venture to assert, *complete success*, I have been suddenly arrested.’

To the people of Devonport his Lordship read a communication, of which the following is an extract:—

‘Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen,—You will *never* have reason to repent the confidence you have placed in me, or the declaration which you have this day made, of your approbation of my government in British North America. Upon that subject I shall, when parliament meets, be prepared to make a representation of *facts wholly unknown here*, and disclosures of which the parliament and people of this country have no conception; *I shall then fearlessly demand from the assembled legislature* that justice which neither they nor the people of England will ever deny to a public servant who has faithfully and honestly discharged the duties assigned to him.’

But before Lord Durham, the trumpet-major of his own procession, could pompously reach Exeter, intelligence had arrived from Quebec by a fast-sailing vessel (propelled by the very gale which had prevented his landing at Plymouth), detailing a general outbreak in Lower Canada, and an invasion by the Americans, which made it necessary for his Lordship immediately to change his tone—not at all as regarded self-adulation, but—with respect to the assertions he had made at Plymouth, that ‘he had effaced the remains of a disastrous rebellion—that he had conciliated the esteem of a great and powerful nation—that he had seen commerce and enterprise reviving, and public confidence restored.’ Accordingly, in his written reply to the corporation of Exeter (of which the following are extracts), it will appear that—while he still most affectionately lauded himself, while he still reiterated the circumstances ‘deeply to be deplored’ which had caused his return—yet his Lordship felt it prudent no longer to conceal

the

the awkward truth, that it was from the field of battle, and not from the bosom of peace, that he had so suddenly decamped !

‘I am proud,’ says his Lordship, ‘to say that my administration of affairs in British America, which you are pleased to praise, *has won me the regard and confidence* of all the loyal, well-affected, and enlightened classes in that vast country.

‘You know, and have adverted to, the circumstances which compelled me to terminate this course of action. They are, indeed, deeply to be deplored. And the late intelligence from Canada shows how injuriously the best interests of the empire are affected by proceedings founded on party feeling and political animosity.

‘That the lamentable events in Canada would inevitably take place *was foreseen by me* ; and every preparation was made, consistently with the means at my disposal, for *meeting* them vigorously and efficiently.’

In Honiton, Totness, Ashburton, and elsewhere, his Lordship managed to address as many of a certain class of her Majesty’s subjects as could be induced to assemble ; but his march of glory came to an end, and his Lordship at last found himself once again in Cleveland Row—‘the monarch of all he surveyed.’

On his arrival at this residence, his Lordship haughtily forbore personal communication with her Majesty’s ministers—his noble consort resigned her appointment in the Queen’s household—and these notes of war having been sounded, his Lordship appeared to expect that parliament would immediately be convened to receive him. Many concurred in this opinion : indeed, such was the excitement in the mother country, as well as in the colonies, that the Queen’s proclamation, appointing the meeting of parliament at the usual period, was treated by the newspapers as an affected calmness on the part of the Cabinet, strangely contrasted with the fearful tempest which raged within it.

Now, if at this awful moment any man had dared to prophesy that on the meeting of parliament a single day would be permitted to elapse without her Majesty’s ministers arraigning Lord Durham for the serious consequences of the insults which from the Castle of Quebec he had, under her Majesty’s Great Seal, offered to the Queen’s authority, to the authority of parliament, and to themselves, would even their enemies have credited so extraordinary a prediction ? Would any one but a maniac have ventured to foretell that parliament, taking its regular holidays at Easter and Whitsuntide, would remain in session *seven months*, without a single member demanding of Lord Durham by what authority he had re-appeared among them, by what authority he had abandoned his post in the hour of danger, and in virtue of what clause of his commission he had presumed to appeal to ‘the people’ of the Canadas against a solemn act of the imperial parliament ?

When

When Lord Durham, on the very first day of the session, with unexampled recklessness obtruding himself upon notice, interrupted the grave consideration of the Queen's address by claiming the previous attention of the House to his own personal case; when on following nights his Lordship again and again reiterated the same demand for precedence, with what breathless attention would the House of Peers have listened, with what feelings would Lord Durham have shrunk for ever into retirement, had the veteran leader of the House—that soldier of our empire who has ever yet faced with triumph the enemies of his Sovereign—risen from his seat but calmly to exclaim—

‘Quousque tandem abutère, Catilina, patientia nostra?’

But neither by her Majesty's ministers, nor by their opponents, nor by either house of the imperial parliament, was Lord Durham thus arraigned or conjured: on the contrary, in the face of all parties, and in flagrant violation of public pride and public principle, a deed was imagined and perpetrated by her Majesty's ministers, which we venture to assert stands unparalleled in the history of the world.

Of all the weaknesses which characterise human nature, there is no one more common than that of lingering over by-gone subjects which once strongly attracted the attention. When a man has suddenly been divested of authority, his mind almost invariably flies back to the unwholesome food from which it has been weaned; and, accordingly, it is proverbial, that, of all the button-hanging bores who pester society, an ex-governor of a colony is the most annoying: for until he has cleansed his mind by the publication of some heavy book, or of a series of pamphlets which, like a string of boils, eventually restore him to health, it is in the nature of the animal unceasingly to rave about his own abolished consequence—about what he might, could, should, or would have done had he continued in power, and about some political nostrum which is only to be obtained from the laboratory of his own pocket.

This being the case (and that it is the case, our readers' experience as well as the records of the Colonial Office will abundantly testify), it was reasonably to be expected, that, inasmuch as Lord Durham's most unusual powers had suddenly expired, a literary phoenix of extraordinary magnitude would ere long be seen to arise out of the pale ashes of his extinguished authority.

Accordingly, his Lordship employed the interval between his arrival in England and the meeting of parliament, in collecting from the strangers who had accompanied him, as also from individuals residing in the Canadas, motley opinions on various subjects. On the meeting of parliament a portion only of these data had arrived—

arrived—several were supposed to be on their passage—several actually had not left Quebec; however, his Lordship, determining that reasons could not be demanded from him before they had arrived, framed his report without its foundation, and having transmitted this *omnium-gatherum* to the colonial department, of which he well knew it might justly be said,—

‘Ante fores atri fœcunda papavera florent,’

and printed copies of it having been simultaneously transmitted to Lower Canada, he next day stood up in the House of Lords, and before even the amiable Secretary of State had read the report, he expressed his impatience that it should be immediately considered by parliament.

Now, without taking into consideration Lord Durham’s repeated acts of insubordination, we beg leave to observe that very grave, and, we must add, insuperable *primâ facie* objections existed against even her Majesty’s government receiving, as an official report from the ex-Lord High Commissioner of the Canadas (the government of which had, by his own act and deed, devolved upon Sir John Colborne), a pamphlet edited, rather than written, by Lord Durham—after he had been succeeded in his office, and of which the appendix actually had not arrived from Quebec.

If Lord Durham had been relieved from his station with the most honourable encomiums that ever were heaped by a British government upon a retiring viceroy, yet it would have established a bad precedent to have continued to treat him as the governor of the colony after his authority had been extinguished: for, setting all personalities aside, every man who has wielded even petty authority must surely know, that unless a public servant be heavily laden with the responsibility of his station, he can never safely declare what measures he would really recommend; for, relieved from this ballast, the mind is too apt to sport in shallow water, and is consequently liable to be driven on rocks, or be suddenly overset by the first unexpected squall.

If an ex-governor can, as from his grave, continue officially to report after his authority is defunct, there seems to be no reason why parliament should not consider as secretary of the colonies, not the individual virtually responsible for the department, but him out of all preceding secretaries—pensioned or unpensioned—who may be deemed to be gifted with the highest talent. But as regards my Lord Durham and his pamphlet, the case was altogether different: for, instead of having been regularly relieved from a post of high confidence, his Lordship had culpably abandoned it—instead of having received encomiums from his Sovereign and from parliament, his Lordship had unconstitutionally appealed to ‘the people’

against

against the solemn act of both. His very appearance in his place in the House of Lords was an act of insubordination, as well as a contempt of Sovereign authority; and, therefore, whatever might be the intrinsic value of his unread pamphlet, even to *receive* it as an official document, after he had suicidally annulled his own commissison, was, on the part of the Queen's government, to ratify desertion and sanction mutiny. But however degraded her Majesty's present ministers may stand in the estimation of honest men, could any one have believed that besides receiving among themselves this pamphlet as a 'Report,' they would have been so wanting in respect to the crown, as to advise a youthful, inexperienced, and confiding Queen not only to accept it—not only to pass unnoticed Lord Durham's proclamation against her in Canada—but, as if in approbation of his Lordship's unauthorised return to England, herself to transmit his opinions to both houses of parliament, as official instruction to the very legislature whose character and motives he had branded with insolent reproach—whose solemn act he had publicly reviled?

What were our colonies to think of such a recommendation from the British crown? What were the courts of Europe to think of it? What was the civilized world to think of it? Could five months' experience possibly enable Lord Durham to offer to parliament anything that could compensate for this irreparable violation of just pride and principle? Would any mercantile body of Directors, who had been openly denounced to their shareholders by their agent, before as well as after he had abandoned their service, deign to transmit to them his advice? Would any private gentleman in England, who upon his own estate had been publicly insulted by his factor, transmit to the consideration of his tenants any opinion, however valuable, written and addressed to him by the said agent *after he had contemptuously thrown up his trust?*

As there is no limit to the mercy of the British Sovereign, so Lord Durham's offences, whatever they might have been, might, in her Majesty's wisdom, have been graciously overlooked—forgiveness would perhaps have been the most appropriate punishment that could have been inflicted; but for the Queen to force his Lordship upon both houses of parliament as their legal and political adviser ought surely, as the act of ministers, to have been made (especially by the peers) the subject of immediate, respectful, but unflinching remonstrance.

Will posterity believe that in neither house of parliament did there rise up a single member boldly to say to the ministers of the crown—Why do you insult us by requiring of us to participate in our own dishonour? What reason have you to urge for forcing upon our consideration this posthumous Report, until at least we shall

shall have received from its author some atonement for the indignity he has publicly offered to the Sovereign, to us, and to the public service? If Pope's maxim, '*How can we reason but from what we know,*' be correct, upon what is Lord Durham's claim upon our attention based? Is it upon the legal ignorance he has shown in framing ordinances which have been annulled, and which made it necessary for parliament to grant to him an act of indemnity? Is it upon the unconciliatory disposition he has evinced in removing twenty special councillors appointed by his predecessor as possessing the highest character, greatest experience, and largest stake in the country, and replacing them by five of his own household or personal staff, of whom, to say the least, it was perfectly impossible that the people of the provinces could feel the slightest assurance that they either knew or cared for their wants or interests? Is it upon the utter disregard he has shown for the welfare of the British North American colonies by deserting them at a moment pregnant, as he himself has avowed, with difficulties and dangers? Is it upon the want of deference he has shown to the advice and injunctions of the sovereign and of the ministers from whom he received his authority? What public principle has Lord Durham observed in his ephemeral government of the Canadas, but an utter disregard of the control of his superiors, an entire want of consideration of any authority but his own? Ought we, with the eyes of the world upon us, even to listen to the advice of a public servant to whom her Majesty's ministers have declared in a despatch (which they themselves have published), that the terms of his Lordship's proclamation to the inhabitants of our colonies have '*appeared to her Majesty's ministers calculated to impugn the reverence due to the royal authority—to derogate from the character of the imperial legislature—to excite among the disaffected hopes of impunity, and to enhance the difficulties with which his Lordship's successor would have to contend?*'

It is with the deepest regret we record that no such questions were asked—no such objections raised. Lord Melbourne has since unblushingly declared, (at a moment when the houses of respectable inhabitants of Birmingham had been gutted and their chattels fired by the Chartists,) '*that in his opinion a man's being a member of a political union ought not to operate as a disqualification for subsequent employment as a magistrate in the public service!*' On precisely the same principle her Majesty's ministers advised their sovereign to transmit Lord Durham's London Report to both houses of parliament.

'Fas est ab hoste doceri.'

II. Let us consider whether her Majesty's government and the Imperial

Imperial Parliament have duly considered the allegations contained in Lord Durham's Report?

When an individual or a legislature departs from the direct road of honour and principle, the angle of aberration is often so acute, that a considerable time elapses before the error is detected. One petty offence insensibly leads to the commission of another, and thus it every year happens, that it is not until the criminal has received the awful sentence of death, that, of his own accord, he attributes his miserable fate to an early desecration of the sabbath, to an unfortunate introduction to a vicious companion, or to some evil propensity the consequences of which he had neglected to anticipate. It might, therefore, have happened that the objectionable presentation by her Majesty's ministers to parliament of the pamphlet of a nobleman who had insulted the authority of the legislature and of the crown might for a considerable time have been productive of no serious inconvenience, and that those who had weakly argued '*What harm will it do?*' might with equal fallacy for a considerable time, have demanded, with apparent triumph, '*What harm has it done?*' Such, however, has not been the case, for the fatal effects of this misconduct have already become apparent—the punishment has already followed the offence—the cause and effect are visibly in juxtaposition; indeed, the thunder of heaven does not more quickly follow the momentary flash in the firmament, than the loud murmuring of despair is now throughout our North American colonies following that fatal, ill-advised message of her Majesty, which transmitted to parliament Lord Durham's posthumous Report.

What in theory might have been expected from the counsel of a proud radical nobleman who had contumaciously fled from difficulties he had neither time nor temper to investigate, is an idle speculation, which it is not now necessary to pursue, because the actual result is before us to speak for itself.

We will not offer to our readers anything so little worthy of their attention as our opinions of this extraordinary document, of which we will merely say, that it accurately fulfils what might have been expected from its parentage; but will rather consider what have been the official opinions of the most competent authorities on the subject.

As regards Lord Durham's observations on *Lower Canada*, it seems to be generally admitted that his Lordship is as accurate in his declaration, as voluminous in his proofs, that the rebellion in that province '*is a war between races.*' Considering, however, that long before Lord Durham left England for Quebec, the British population and the British troops on one side were ranged together, in open day and in open conflict, against Monsieur Papineau

Papineau and his deluded French adherents on the other, it must be observed that it did not require a magician, or even a politician, to make this sagacious discovery. As regards his Lordship's report on *Upper Canada*—(that keystone of our North American colonies which Lord Durham has so wilfully assailed and displaced in order to make it the foundation of his remedial recommendations)—we must observe, that his Lordship's allegations against the Lieutenant Governor, Executive Council, Legislative Council, Commons House of Assembly, and people, have been unreservedly, indignantly, and, in most instances, officially, denied, repudiated, and disproved, by the following competent witnesses, whom we will name in the order in which they have expressed themselves :

1. Sir F. Head, the late Lieut.-Governor of Upper Canada.
2. The North American Colonial Association.
3. Sir John Colborne, Governor-General of the Canadas.
4. Sir George Arthur, Lieut.-Governor of Upper Canada.
5. The Executive Council of Upper Canada.
6. The Legislative Council of Upper Canada.
7. The Commons House of Assembly of Upper Canada.
8. Her Majesty's Attorney and Solicitor General.
9. The Grand Jury of the Newcastle District.
10. Lieutenant-General Sir Peregrine Maitland, who was ten years Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada.

Neither our limits nor our inclination permit us to detail the overwhelming evidence of the foregoing witnesses, who, though widely separated from each other, appear before the country singularly united together by a testimony not only damnatory of Lord Durham's recommendations, but which convicts his Lordship of the grossest misstatements—intentional or unintentional, it matters to the public not one straw. The following extracts will, we believe, sufficiently show the nature of the evidence to which we have referred.

1. Sir Francis Head, in his Narrative, has thus replied to Lord Durham's allegations :—

'With respect to Lord Durham's report to the Queen, that my Executive Council "seem to have taken office almost *on the express condition of being mere ciphers*," I beg leave most solemnly to declare that such a condition was neither expressed nor understood.

'With respect to the allegation affecting my own character, namely, that "the elections were carried by the unscrupulous exercise of the influence of the government," I beg leave calmly, but unequivocally, to *deny it*.

'It would not be difficult to proceed with the whole of Lord Durham's report on Upper Canada as I have commenced, but as I have no desire unnecessarily

unnecessarily to hurt his Lordship, I have sufficiently shown its inaccuracy, to vindicate my own character from its attacks,' &c. &c.

2. The North American Colonial Association, composed of most respectable merchants in the City of London, declared in a series of formal resolutions that Lord Durham's—

'statements and opinions relative to the condition of parties in Upper Canada and the other North American colonies appear calculated to encourage that portion of the population who are said by his Lordship "to desire the adoption of a republican constitution, or even an incorporation with the American union," to shock and irritate the great body of loyal inhabitants, and to induce a belief in the people of this country that the disloyal class is numerous and respectable, instead of being, as it really is, a comparatively small and contemptible minority.'

3. The present Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, Sir George Arthur, in a despatch, dated Toronto, 17th April, 1839, says, with reference to Lord Durham's Report,—

'The members of both Houses, I find, generally consider parts of the Report which refer to Upper Canada to be in many particulars incorrect; and a committee of the House of Assembly has been consequently appointed to draw up a report upon the subject.

'They regard the Earl of Durham's scheme for the future government of Canada as essentially the same as that which was advocated by Mr. Bidwell, Doctor Rolph, and Mackenzie, and to which the great majority of the people of this province expressed their unequivocal dissent.'

4. A Report from the Legislative Council of Upper Canada states,—

'After an attentive and disinterested consideration of this subject, your committee are led to the conclusion, that the adoption of the plan proposed by the Earl of Durham must lead to the overthrow of the great colonial empire of England.

'Your committee regret that his Lordship should have confided the task of collecting information to a person, who, be he whom he may, has evidently entered on his task with the desire to exalt the opponents of the colonial government in the estimation of the High Commissioner, and to throw discredit on the statements of the supporters of British influence and British connexion.'

5. The reason which has been urged by her Majesty's ministers for the imperial parliament not taking into consideration the recommendation from the throne for a legislative union of the Canadas, was that the Commons House of Assembly had expressed an opinion against the measure. As therefore it has been deemed advisable that such deference should be paid to their recommendations, let us consider what are the opinions which this self-same Assembly have addressed to her Majesty (respecting Lord Durham's Report) in an address to the Queen,

dated 11th of May, 1839, and by her Majesty's command laid before both houses of the imperial parliament :—

‘ Since the commencement of the present session of the provincial parliament, the final Report of your Majesty's High Commissioner on the affairs of British North America has been received in this country. In this Report your Majesty's faithful subjects find many statements deeply affecting the social and political relations and condition of Upper and Lower Canada, and the recommendations of several important changes in the form and practice of the constitution. It is with much concern that your Majesty's faithful subjects find that your Majesty's High Commissioner has strongly urged the adoption of these changes by your Majesty and the imperial parliament, without waiting for the opinion that may be formed of them by the people who are to be most deeply and immediately affected by them. Under these circumstances, we have caused a Report to be drawn up by a select committee of the House of Assembly, which contains matter referring to this subject, which we respectfully submit for your Majesty's consideration.’

The Report above alluded to, submitted to the Queen by the House of Assembly, has been highly admired by the loyal population. We submit to our readers the following extracts :—

‘ A document, purporting to be the Report of her Majesty's late High Commissioner, the Earl of Durham, addressed to her Majesty, on the affairs of British North America, contains matter so deeply affecting the social as well as political relations of all the provinces, especially of Upper Canada, that it would ill become your committee to pass it over in silence. At this late period of the session, it is impossible to give the statements and opinions advanced by his Lordship the extensive investigation their importance demands ; but your committee will apply themselves with calmness to vindicate the people of Upper Canada, their government and legislature, from charges that imply a want of patriotism and integrity, which they know to be *unjust*, which they did not expect, and which they grieve to find advanced by a nobleman who had been sent to these provinces to heal rather than foment dissensions, and who certainly should have carefully guarded against giving currency to *unfounded, mischievous, and illiberal rumours, for the truth of which he admits he is unable to vouch.*’

The Committee conclude their Report with the following observations :—

‘ Your Committee will here close their remarks on the various allegations in the Report of the High Commissioner that appeared to them to require particular animadversion. If, in the course of their remarks, they have been betrayed into too strong an expression of reproach or indignant refutation, they trust that it will not be ascribed to a wanton indifference to that courtesy and respectful deference that should mark the proceedings of a public body towards those of high rank and station ; and, on the other hand, they trust that they will not be denied the credit of having forborne to apply animadversions of far greater severity than they have used to many parts of a Report which they can truly affirm, and which they believe they have clearly proved

to be, most unjust and unfounded, and which are calculated to have a most mischievous influence on the future destinies of these colonies.

‘ Lord Durham professes to submit to her Majesty and the British nation a true and faithful account of the state and condition of this, as well as of the other British North American provinces, and there is no doubt that it will be promulgated throughout the country by those who are gratified at finding their political principles and theories advocated and sustained by his Lordship, that there is nothing in his Report that admits of contradiction, and that whatever discredit may be attempted to be cast upon it must proceed from disappointment or vindictive feelings.

‘ Your Committee, however, are not willing to believe that the great nation to which these provinces belong, and which has hitherto extended to them its powerful, its parental protection, will hastily, and without the most full and ample information, adopt the opinions and act upon the recommendations of any individual, however high his rank, or great his talents, that involve the future destinies of her Majesty’s faithful subjects in these provinces.’

After having laid before our readers the foregoing official refutation by the Commons House of Assembly of Upper Canada of Lord Durham’s calumnies, we feel that we might close the case by requesting our readers at once to declare their verdict on the miserable document before them. The subject, however, is of such vital importance, that we will proceed with the evidence to which we have referred.

6. The grand jury of the Newcastle district (which contains two counties, forming one of the most valuable sections of Upper Canada) *unanimously* adopted a presentment, of which the following is an extract:—

‘ *District of Newcastle,* } The Jurors of our Lady the Queen upon their
to wit : } oaths present, that a printed book or pamphlet,
entitled, “ Report on the Affairs of British North America, from the
Earl of Durham, her Majesty’s High Commissioner, &c. &c. &c.,”
has been brought under their notice; and the jurors aforesaid,
upon their oaths aforesaid, further present, that they have care-
fully examined the said book or pamphlet; and the jurors aforesaid,
upon their oaths aforesaid, further present, *that the said book or
pamphlet is calculated to excite public contempt and odium against
the government and magistracy of this province*; and the jurors aforesaid,
upon their oaths aforesaid, further present, that the said book or
pamphlet is also calculated *most injuriously to mislead the members
of the imperial parliament and the British public*, by creating in their
minds erroneous and false opinions relative to the state and condition
of this province, and with respect to the wants, feelings, sentiments, and
wishes of a very large majority of the inhabitants thereof; *to disseminate
and perpetuate, in this province, principles of democracy wholly
incompatible with monarchical institutions*; to loosen the bonds of
affection which unite us to our gracious sovereign, to the British
empire,

empire, and to the venerated constitution of our ancestors ; to resuscitate and foment that factious discontent and disorder which produced such deplorable and disastrous consequences, but which, though not extinguished, had in a great measure subsided ; and, generally, *to endanger the peace, happiness, and prosperity of this province, against the peace of our said Sovereign Lady the Queen, her crown and dignity.*

‘ Grand Jury Room, May 15th, 1839. ’

7. Lieutenant-General Sir Peregrine Maitland during ten years was Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, besides being afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia : he has lately returned from an important government in India.

‘ What,’ it will be asked, ‘ is the opinion of this experienced and high-minded officer on the subject of Lord Durham’s Report ? ’ Why, in a reply addressed by him to the late Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada it appears that he has avowed *‘ his decided condemnation, with full liberty to disclose his sentiments, of Lord Durham’s Report ; his opinion that it gives an inaccurate and unfair description of the province and people of Upper Canada ; and that it censures, ignorantly and unjustly, those who have administered the government of that province. ’*

Now with this overwhelming mass of evidence (almost the whole of which has been printed and presented to parliament) before them, we calmly ask—Were not her Majesty’s ministers and the imperial parliament bound by honour and common justice to repair the deadly error that had been committed in the promulgation throughout the empire and civilised world of a wicked libel, by comparing its allegations with the evidence by which they had been repudiated : for why were these latter documents gravely submitted to their attention, but for the investigation of their contents ?

If the meanest of her Majesty’s subjects, having been libelled before parliament by the most powerful peer in the realm, had submitted, in vindication of his innocence, one-twentieth part of as unanswerable evidence as that which has been just adduced in defence of the legislature and people of Upper Canada, would the imperial parliament with apathy have observed the accused during the whole session, writhing under injustice, and would it have left him, at the prorogation, without relief—without the acquittal to which it knew him to be entitled ? Would any court of justice—would any jury in the country, with such a glaring case before them, have withheld from a man, falsely accused, their verdict ?—And if a solitary individual would have received this common act of justice from those before whom he had been arraigned, how infinitely more entitled to acquittal were a brave
and

and loyal people, who, under cruel sufferings, and by the most determined bravery, had repelled her Majesty's enemies in all directions—and who, through the severity of two Canadian winters, had maintained for the British crown its noblest dependencies!—The evidence of their late conduct ought alone to have been sufficient to have annihilated the fabric of their virulent accuser; and when the whole history of their loyalty, when the mass of corroborative evidence which we have just adduced is weighed against the assertions of an individual who had insubordinately fled from his post—and who had brought away from it nothing but the records of five months' blundering legislation, which it had required the interference of parliament not only to correct but to palliate—it seems incredible that the legislative authorities of Upper Canada should, in the name of the people of that province, have demanded in vain that this painted butterfly should publicly be broken by parliament on the wheel upon which of his own accord he had alighted! And yet how have her Majesty's ministers and the imperial parliament dealt with this ignoble fugitive? Why the former have not only presumed publicly to compliment him on 'his industry and assiduity,' but in the House of Commons they even had the temerity to declare 'that the embarrassment of the Canadas proceeded from the *factious* objections which had been raised against the illegality of Lord Durham's ordinances, for that, had his Lordship continued at Quebec, he would no doubt successfully have overcome all his difficulties'—in short, they arithmetically argued by the rule of three:—if in *five months* he had effected so much, what would he not have done had he but continued at his post for *five years*! The latter have treated him with forbearance equally incomprehensible; and surely it will appear incredible to posterity that the imperial parliament not only neglected to resent the insults offered to them by this public servant—that they not only failed to arraign him for the desertion of his post, and for his seditious appeal to 'the people' against the sovereign authority; but although, during the whole session, there were repeatedly recommended to their consideration remedial measures based on his Lordship's Report, they averted their minds from the mass of evidence by which it had been contradicted, and actually allowed a bill to be proposed, argued, and passed for the government of Lower Canada—they even allowed Lord Durham himself to stand up before them in his place, and publicly address them on the subject—without one member rising to offer a single objection to his conduct, or a solitary observation on the calumnies he had unofficially submitted to them!

Among those who listened to him with mysterious silence,
there

there were many who could have chilled him by their frown, and who could have annihilated him by their reply; but his triumph was inexplicable, and, as if gifted with the power of repressing the noble elements that surrounded him, the imperious dictator passed through the ordeal of the session unharmed, unanswered, and unpunished!

Without pausing to reflect upon the consequences of such silence at home, what, we ask, were our North American colonies to think of this denial of justice? What other moral could they possibly draw from it than that, in return for their loyalty—in return for the sacrifices they had made in defence of their glorious institutions—the imperial parliament had condemned them to be democrats, and, consequently, that it was useless, as it was hopeless, for them to avert the decree?

And now let us consider what *has been* the fatal result. The loyal population of the Canadas,—long disturbed by a despicable minority of their own people acting under English influence, which, we regret to add, has been openly encouraged by her Majesty's ministers,—were after they themselves had quelled the rebellion, barbarously invaded by a republican population of thirteen millions, bound by no law but the rapacious will of the multitude.

Under this accumulation of misfortunes, it must be evident that nothing but supernatural exertions could have enabled men to stand against this unequal contest; but they had scarcely triumphed—they had scarcely repelled from their frontier the unprincipled attacks of their neighbours—when all of a sudden the baleful Report of her Majesty's late Lord High Commissioner is cast into the scale to sicken their hearts, unnerve their arms, and paralyze their exertions; and when, overpowered by such afflictions, they look, as their last hope, to Providence and to the imperial parliament for assistance, the latter ratifies by its silence the libel that has assailed them, and leaves them to desperation and despair—and well may every loyal Canadian subject, grey in the service of his country, exclaim with Wolsey,

‘Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies!’

Under these appalling circumstances, who can wonder that the loyal population of the Canadas now feel it is necessary to secure their lives, their families, and their farms, by bending to the storm which they have not power to resist? Accordingly, men who have hitherto been distinguished both in the field and in the senate for their loyalty and devotional attachment to British institutions are now, we have too much reason to *know*,
prudently

prudently yielding to circumstances, and are adapting their political professions to those democratic principles of government which her Majesty's ministers seem determined to establish. The accounts which by every packet arrive from Canada attest the fatal influence of Lord Durham's uncontradicted Report.

Besides the testimony of the provincial press, we have before us many letters from persons in Canada, some connected with the government and legislature, others not so circumstanced, but feeling and possessing a deep interest in the colony, stating in the strongest language the incalculable injury which Lord Durham's Report is doing in the hands of the more notorious enemies of the crown.

One gentleman (a Canadian) says—

'Lord Durham's name is used as a cloak for *the most treasonable designs*: indeed, anything may now be attempted under the pretext of sustaining the plans proposed in the "Report." The progress of the party who rally under *the Durham flag* is becoming alarming, and unless the British government screws up its courage to the point of immediately, firmly, and broadly *denouncing the mischievous doctrines of the Report*, you may rely on it that, ere long, we shall become, as a colony, ungovernable. There is much that tickles the fancy of ambitious men in the idea of introducing the English plan of a government by the majority of the popular branch of the legislature. It has been well explained in the April "Quarterly" how irreconcilable this principle is with a state of colonial subordination, and you may rely on it that if the British government should give way in the least to this notion, and admit of any experiments of this novel and hazardous character, the charm of British connexion will be done away in the eyes of that great loyal body which, through evil report and good report, has hitherto sustained the royal cause in Canada. I can assure you that among that class I have found it discussed, and not many minutes since it was a subject of conversation with *me*, whether the time might not be near when the men of property in this country should have to decide between a hopeless and destructive struggle *for a government by which they would not be supported*, and a proposition of terms with the republican nation at our doors. They seem to think it would be more prudent to take the lead in what may be an inevitable change, than to immolate themselves and families in the cause of *a government which may secretly wish to get rid of them*, and, under any circumstances, they feel that they could have no prospect of quiet under the *Durham* system of colonial government. A very intelligent and loyal individual (a Canadian), whose faith in England has hitherto resisted every shock, has told me that he now feels our situation to be one of great peril, and that if her Majesty does not at once reject Lord Durham's principles, *we shall be lost as a British colony*. The fact is, as he says, that the friends of the monarchy cannot contend against the revolutionists while the latter can assert that the Queen's High Commissioner is with them, for the inference cannot

cannot be resisted that the Queen sides with the Commissioner. The subtle poison administered under the Durham label is working in every part of our system, and must be fatal, *unless the Queen herself applies, and that instantly, the proper antidote.*"

Another letter from a Canadian of great talent, probity, and influence, states—

' Lord Durham's Report is working its sure and certain mischief : it has revived the schemes and spirits of the revolutionary party. "DURHAM AND REFORM," "DURHAM AND LIBERTY," are now inscribed on flags, and paraded about by those, and those *only*, who are known to be disloyal, and who aim at separation from the mother country. Whatever may be said to the contrary by a venal press, there is not an honest or loyal man in Upper Canada that does not execrate Lord Durham as the greatest curse that has ever yet been inflicted on these provinces. . . . Every day convinces me more and more that the continuance of the connexion of these provinces with the mother country, even for a short period of time, entirely depends on the course the imperial government will now take with respect to them ; and unless Lord Durham's pernicious theories be *plainly and unequivocally denounced and declared wholly inadmissible by the British government and parliament*, it will be in vain for those who sincerely desire to preserve the union to prevent its dissolution.'

Another letter from one of the very highest official authorities in the Canadas, whose name, if we could but mention it, would be deemed conclusive, states,—

' The "Report" has set all the reformers and republicans in motion again, and whilst they were cautious under Mackenzie's banner, they are exceedingly *bold* under the Earl of Durham's colours. A *spark* was enough to set this community in flames, but the High Commissioner has by his "responsible government" scheme, thrown a *firebrand* amongst the people. The situation of the country is lamentable, and I much fear the worst *is to come* !'

What an affecting and melancholy picture do the foregoing letters pourtray ! What a fearful moral do they offer to the mother country itself, which is seen hourly sinking under the malignant encouragement her Majesty's ministers are affording at home to the selfsame principles which, under the flag of ' Durham and Reform,' are now sickening loyalty and strengthening rebellion in the Canadas !

It is now too late even for the imperial legislature to cure the malady we have created. The Durham dose, forcibly administered, has culpably been left to operate ; and though the countenance of our noble North American colonies may for a short time appear, to a superficial observer, to preserve a healthy aspect, no cosmetic that parliament next year may deem it proper to apply—no outward ointment which it may prescribe—no cooling mixture that in February, 1840, it may determine to administer, can
possibly

possibly neutralise that arsenical document which the imperial parliament should have immediately caused to be ejected, and which, we humbly repeat, ought never, by her Majesty's government, to have been administered either to the parliament or to the empire, but which should have been left to moulder in one of the pigeon-holes of the Colonial Office, out of sight, out of reach, and labelled 'POISON.'

Our argument ends in a circle at the point from which it started. *Why, we ask, was Lord Durham allowed to act officially as Lord High Commissioner of the Canadas AFTER HE HAD DESERTED FROM HIS POST?*

III. Let us consider whether her Majesty's Government and the Imperial Legislature have duly weighed the evidence contained in Sir Francis Head's despatches, which early in the session were printed and laid before both Houses of Parliament?

Shortly after the Duke of Wellington had forced Lord Melbourne (notwithstanding his Lordship's prophecy that it would prove 'exceedingly inconvenient') to produce these despatches, the ex-governor, finding himself attacked by Lord Durham's Report, published, in self-defence, his own *Narrative*, of which, as it has already been reviewed by us, we will here only say, that in the history of parliament there never has appeared a document which a government were more bound in honour to repel: for Sir Francis Head, in his showing of the case, not only accused, and, we must add, apparently, *convicted* her Majesty's ministers of having been accomplices in the infamous conspiracy against the crown, which, by the loyalty of the militia of Upper Canada, and by the bravery of the troops in the lower province, had been suppressed—but, in his concluding despatch from Toronto, the Lieutenant-Governor most solemnly and emphatically transmitted through the government to his Sovereign the following astounding accusation:—

'MY LORD,—It has long been notorious to every British subject in the Canadas, that your lordship's under-secretary, the author of our colonial despatches, is a rank republican. His sentiments, his conduct, and his political character, are here alike detested, and I enclose to your lordship Mr. M'Kenzie's last newspaper, which, traitorous as it is, contains nothing more conducive to treason than the extracts which, as its text, it exultingly quotes from the published opinions of her Majesty's under-secretary of state for the colonies!

'As I entertain no sentiments of animosity against Mr. Stephen, it has been with very great reluctance that I have mentioned his name; but, being deeply sensible that this province has been signally protected by an Omnipotent Providence during the late unnatural rebellion, I feel it my duty, in retiring from this continent, to divulge, through your lordship,

lordship, to my Sovereign, my opinion of the latent cause of our unfortunate misgovernment of the Canadas.

‘ I have the honour to be, my Lord, &c. &c.

(Signed)

‘ F. B. HEAD.’

We are as willing as her Majesty’s ministers, or as even Mr. Stephen himself can be, to consider as innocent all those who have not been proved to be guilty, and to receive with extreme caution official *ex parte* accusations, however strongly they may seem to be supported: at the same time it is undeniable that when the Lieutenant-Governor of a British colony gravely accuses her Majesty’s ministers in general, and an under-secretary of state in particular, of a course of conduct amounting as nearly as possible to treason, guilt must rest either upon the accuser or upon the accused. Even if the Lieutenant-Governor had offered his accusations after he had retired from his post, they would surely have been as worthy of attention as the allegations which are contained in Lord Durham’s posthumous ‘*Report*’; but the serious accusations to which we allude were transmitted to the Queen’s ministers by Sir Francis Head while he was yet her Majesty’s representative in the colony, and at a moment when he was supported not only by the people and by the legislature of Upper Canada—which, during the insurrection in the lower province, he was governing without troops—but by public addresses from the legislatures of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and from the British inhabitants of Lower Canada. Assailed from such a public position, surely her Majesty’s ministers were bound in honour not to shrink from repelling charges which had been so directly and openly brought against them!

When Mr. Hume and his associate Dr. Duncombe (who had travelled from Upper Canada to England under a false name, and for whose apprehension as *a traitor* a reward of 500*l.* has been since offered) appeared in Downing Street as the accusers of Sir Francis Head, surely they (we mean Hume and Duncombe) were not more worthy of belief—their allegations were not more entitled to investigation than those which have been adduced against the system and the ‘latent’ guide of the Colonial Office by Sir Francis Head: yet it will appear from the following extract of a despatch, dated 7th October, 1836, and laid before parliament, that her Majesty’s ministers determined, by arguments which now recoil upon themselves, to arrest Sir Francis Head’s promotion until he could repel—as the published report of the commons’ house of assembly of Upper Canada triumphantly did repel for him—the accusations of two men so lean in reputation as Hume and Duncombe:—

‘ On the day before the prorogation of parliament, a petition from Mr. Duncombe was presented to the House of Commons, in which that gentleman, claiming for himself the credit due to him as a member of

of the assembly of Upper Canada, and pledging his personal honour to the truth of his statements, made various allegations, impugning your character and conduct in respect to the recent elections. A charge, *vague and general in its nature, or proceeding from an anonymous or unworthy antagonist*, might have been passed over without notice; but this is an accusation, specific as well as grave, and preferred before the House of Commons by a gentleman who has himself the honour of a seat in the provincial assembly. *Such imputations, advanced on such authority, in such a place, are entitled at least to that degree of respect which shall secure for them an attentive hearing and a patient inquiry.*

‘It remains, therefore, that you should furnish me with your answer to Mr. Duncombe’s petition.’

The accusations made by Sir Francis Head against her Majesty’s ministers, and against one of their under-secretaries, were ‘not vague nor general in their nature, or proceeding from an anonymous or unworthy antagonist;’ on the contrary, they were transmitted to the Queen by her Majesty’s representative, who, in support of his allegations, furnished the government and the country with a list of witnesses (at present in England)—such as Sir Peregrine Maitland, Sir Archibald Campbell, Chief Justice Robinson, and others of equally irreproachable character.

What, therefore, but an inward conviction of guilt could have prevented her Majesty’s ministers from practising as they had preached? And when it was observed that they flinched from their guns, why, we cannot refrain from asking, did no one of their political opponents in either house of parliament pass the word, ‘*Clear for action!*’ and force them before the country, either to defend themselves, or surrender? But casting party tactics aside, we beg to ask whether it was not the *duty* of the imperial parliament, by whom the despatches of Sir Francis Head had been demanded, and before whom they had been laid, gravely to investigate their contents? Otherwise, for what object were they required? Whatever might have been the reasons, good, bad, or indifferent, which induced her Majesty’s ministers to agree among themselves to stand before the country in disgraceful silence, under a charge of conspiracy against the throne,—yet surely *parliament* ought to have felt that the dignity of the crown, and the character of the country in foreign courts, rendered it absolutely necessary that Sir Francis Head should not be permitted with impunity to disgrace her Majesty’s government! However incredible his allegations might appear, and whatever might be the prejudice of individuals against him, yet the perseverance with which during the whole session he maintained his assertions, contrasted with the abject silence of the accused, was a circumstance, to say the least, of a most suspicious appearance. The session, however, was allowed to close without this extraordinary case being *even mentioned!*

We will not now inquire where the guilt lies : whether on Sir Francis Head, on her Majesty's ministers, or on the imperial parliament. It matters nothing to us whether or not Sir Francis Head is justified in complaining that, after having grappled single-handed with so formidable a conspiracy, he has been ungenerously deserted by parliament. We cannot, however, but observe that whatever may be the cause of the mysterious silence respecting these allegations, no other inference can be drawn from it by the British nation than that, in the opinion of parliament, it is a matter of indifference that the authority of the Queen has been shown to have been employed for a series of years in depressing, harassing, and insulting the loyal, in exalting to stations of trust and confidence the bitterest enemies of the state, and in planting in the very department in Downing Street from which he should have been particularly excluded, an individual, who, to say the least of him, has betrayed no very strong antipathy to the 'rankes' of republican institutions.

The effect of this most natural inference upon our North American colonies, which, as we have shown, are already sinking under Lord Durham's Report, it is lamentable to contemplate. 'What encouragement,' they already say, 'have we any longer to risk our lives and properties in defence of the institutions of the British empire, when we find not only that the whole influence of the home government is against us, but that, while one under-secretary for the colonies is publicly declared by our Lieutenant-Governor to be "a rank republican," his colleague, the other under-secretary, no sooner quits the department on promotion, than he avows republican sentiments, of the most ultra description, by publicly voting for the ballot ! Deserted by the imperial parliament, betrayed by the colonial-office, and overpowered by our enemies, our hopes are extinct !'

IV. Let us now consider whether her Majesty's government and the Imperial Parliament have duly noticed the unexampled loyalty of the British North American colonies ?

When the province of Upper Canada, in the absence of the Queen's troops, was observed effectually to crush in three days a rebellion engendered and nurtured by the malign influence of Downing Street—when 20,000 Canadian yeomen and backwoodsmen, Churchmen, Romanists, and Dissenters, were seen in the depth of winter to leave their families and farms to defend the glorious institutions of the British empire—when by night as well as by day, without great coats, gloves, or blankets, they were seen cheerfully performing this noble duty—when it was observed that wherever they were invaded by large bodies of American citizens, they triumphantly repelled them from

from British soil—and when it became known that out of all the prisoners who fell into their hands not one (for more than a year) was sacrificed to popular fury, but that, under a small escort, they were severally conducted unharmed to the calm judgment of the law—when these things were done, the North American colonies felt it to be their duty as British subjects to applaud the militia of Upper Canada, to sympathise in their sufferings, to cheer them in their exertions, and to offer them most cordially their support.

From New Brunswick the following communication was accordingly addressed by its Lieutenant-Governor, Major-General Sir John Harvey, to his Excellency Sir John Colborne :—

‘ *Government House, Fredericton, Jan. 28th, 1839.*

‘ SIR,—In compliance with the desire of the general assembly of this province, I have great pleasure in transmitting to your Excellency the sum of 1000*l.*, voted by the House of Assembly, and warmly concurred in by the legislative council, for the purpose of being applied, under your Excellency’s directions, to the relief of the immediate necessities of such of their loyal fellow-subjects in the Canadas and their families as have been sufferers from the recent inroads of brigands from the United States. I cannot refrain from acquainting your Excellency that this, the first vote “in supply” of the present session, by the representatives of the people of this loyal province, was passed by them, not only without a single dissenting voice, but *literally by acclamation*, the whole house rising (as would have done the whole people), and *cheering* upon the occasion.

‘ I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

‘ J. HARVEY.’

‘ P.S.—Private subscriptions in aid of the same object are in progress in several parts of this province, which I shall be happy in making myself the medium of forwarding to your Excellency, or to any committee which may be appointed to receive them.’

The House of Assembly of Nova Scotia, animated with the same determination to repel the faithless invasion of the Americans, *unanimously* passed resolutions for embodying volunteers and draft companies of militia, amounting to 8000 men. Moreover, they most nobly ‘authorised the expenditure of *one hundred thousand pounds*, if it should be required, to repel the aggressions on the sister province.’ Not satisfied with passing this vote unanimously, the house actually rose and gave three cheers for the province which had been invaded, and three cheers for her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

Besides this general assistance, the principal inhabitants of Halifax transmitted through their Lieutenant-Governor, Lieutenant-General Sir Colin Campbell, to Sir John Colborne, the sum of 492*l.* 13*s.* 8*d.* raised by subscription ‘for the relief of those who had suffered by the late outrageous attempt on the Canadas,’

Sir

Sir John Colborne being requested to make known to these brave men 'the estimation in which their meritorious conduct and loyal feelings will ever be held by their brethren in Nova Scotia.' When the 23rd Regiment was ordered from Nova Scotia to assist the adjoining province,—

'We learn from the Halifax papers, that during the whole of the route in Nova Scotia, the farmers and other inhabitants hurried in all directions with their teams, carriages, and waggons, to meet the soldiers, and convey them and their wives and children from place to place gratuitously.'

The legislature of Bermuda, in alluding to the base invasion of the British North American colonies by the citizens of the adjoining republic, enthusiastically responded 'to the sentiment which had been so forcibly expressed by the council and assembly of the neighbouring province of Nova Scotia.'

By the Commons House of Assembly of Upper Canada the following address was unanimously passed :—

'To His Excellency Sir George Arthur, K.C.H., &c. &c.'

'May it please your Excellency,—We, her Majesty's, &c., beg leave humbly to represent to your Excellency, that this house has learned with feelings of painful anxiety and regret, the proceedings of the people of "Maine," with respect to the jurisdiction over the "disputed territory," which has so long and unfortunately tended to excite and promote discord between Great Britain and the United States; that this house would be alike wanting in gratitude and patriotism were we to hesitate to assure the gallant New Brunswickers that however we should regret a war with the United States, and would deprecate any display of improper feeling toward that country, we nevertheless pledge ourselves, should such a result proceed from the conduct of "Maine" on this occasion, that *we will support, maintain, and defend the rights of Great Britain, the honour of the crown, and the unity of the empire, with our energies and our lives.* And we request that your Excellency will without loss of time inform his Excellency Sir John Harvey of the feelings and views entertained by the people of this province, as expressed in this house.

'ALLAN M'NAB, Speaker. ,

'Commons House of Assembly, March 22nd, 1839.'

Besides these formal resolutions from the legislatures of our American colonies, innumerable addresses, of which the following is a sample, were transmitted to the representative of their Sovereign from various towns and townships in the provinces :—

'To His Excellency Sir George Arthur, &c., &c.'

'May it please your Excellency,—We, her Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the magistrates, freeholders, and inhabitants of the town and township of Brantford, approach your Excellency with sentiments of high respect for the representative of our most gracious Queen.

'Impressed every day more and more with a due sense of the blessings

ings enjoyed by a people living under mild and equitable laws, faithfully administered, we are proud of our connexion with the most powerful and enlightened empire in the world ; and view with corresponding abhorrence and indignation the attempts recently made by wicked and turbulent men to subvert the constitution given to this and the adjoining province of Lower Canada by the mother country.

‘ We desire it to be generally known, and distinctly understood, that the inhabitants of Upper Canada, in common with the other subjects of Great Britain, enjoy liberty and rational freedom, in the true sense and meaning of those terms, in a higher degree than any nation on the face of the globe, and to the utmost extent compatible with the protection of person and property, and the due order and regulation of society.

‘ We would therefore tell the traitors who have sought to overturn our revered and hallowed institutions, and the lawless banditti by whom our shores have been menaced, that “*we want no change, and least of all such change as they would bring us.*”

‘ We shall be found ever ready to support your Excellency in the constitutional exercise of the high powers with which you have been invested, and will at any moment come forth, heart and hand, to defend our country and its laws against the attacks of all assailants, domestic or foreign.’

[Signed by all the resident magistrates and 363 freeholders and inhabitants.]

Now, considering that her Majesty’s ministers had deemed it their duty to advise the Queen to transmit to both houses of parliament Lord Durham’s black-jaundiced picture of the discontentment of the British colonies, and of their rational admiration of the republican institutions of the United States, surely, on the common principle of ‘*audi alteram partem*,’ it was also their duty at least to have brought before the same tribunal the foregoing refutations of the libel.

Considering the enormous expense of defending our colonies for any length of time, by troops alone, surely it would have been politic as well as just to have encouraged the spirit of self-defence which these addresses so luxuriantly evinced ! It did not, however, suit the dark policy of her Majesty’s ministers to unveil to the public eye either the virtuous attachment of our colonies to British institutions, or their deliberate detestation of mob government. ‘*The great difficulty we have to contend with,*’ one of Lord Durham’s attendants is reported to have unblushingly observed in Upper Canada, ‘*is YOUR LOYALTY !*’ It was a stumbling block to Lord Durham wherever he went, just as the loyalty of the North American colonies had been to her Majesty’s ministers a hydra-headed enemy, which, in spite of all their endeavours, they had for a long time been totally unable to put to death.

But although a treacherous government could not afford to notice the noble unanimity of our colonies ; although it could not fairly

fairly be expected of such ministers that, by the breath of applause, *they* should fan the embers of loyalty into a flame which would inevitably consume *them*—yet was there no one in either house of parliament competent to do so? When the subject of Canada, over and over again, was brought before parliament—when remedial measures were, in the most formal manner, proposed, rejected, or deferred—where, we ask, were those statesmen, who, with overwhelming arguments, might have called upon the legislature, by a short vote or resolution, at least to inform the North American colonies, who were fighting in defence of British institutions and of British territory, that the imperial parliament sympathised with their sufferings, applauded their bravery, thanked them for the manner in which they had successfully maintained the valuable portion of that empire to which they had declared themselves so proud to belong, and, above all, promised them *assistance and support*?

Animated by such a vote, the militia of our North American provinces would have at once formed an impenetrable phalanx of defence; but after having thirsted so long for the approbation of parliament, it is really melancholy to reflect, that in cheerless silence the session should have passed away without our affording these brave men the nourishment they had so richly deserved, or without either house responding in any way to the votes and resolutions of the colonial legislatures. When the *heart* of the British oak shows this decay, how inevitable must be the fate of its *branches*!

V. *Lastly*, let us consider whether her Majesty's government and the Imperial Parliament have duly resented the repeated invasions of British territory by American citizens, or have duly noticed those who have fought and bled in defence of the empire and its institutions?

It is with the deepest regret that we enter upon this portion of our inquiry. If we could be guided merely by our feelings, we would readily pass over the documents to which we are about to refer, but a sense of public duty impels us to the task of laying before our readers what it is impolitic that the country should refrain from considering.

The emphatic representations of Sir John Colborne, of Sir F. Head, of Sir George Arthur, and of Mr. Fox, our minister at Washington, having been most culpably disregarded by her Majesty's ministers, on the 20th of November, 1838, Sir George Arthur made the following desponding appeal to the Colonial Secretary:—

'It is not in my power, my Lord, to retrieve the almost withered hopes of Upper Canada; nor will the suffering inhabitants be able of themselves to sustain their fortitude in the immediate neighbourhood of
a powerful

a powerful hostile population, and in the rear of a rebellious province. I see very clearly that if the present state of things be suffered to continue for a much longer period, *there must be a general wreck of property.*

‘The means, my Lord, of averting these impending evils are not to be sought for in the province, BUT IN THE MOTHER COUNTRY; and all will depend upon the opinion of the British government as to the desire and power of England to retain the country in the face of all opposition.’

There are many other published despatches, especially from Mr. Fox, her Majesty’s Minister at Washington, most earnestly calling the attention of her Majesty’s government to the enormities committed upon our North American colonies by American citizens. We pass them over, however, in order to quote the following passages of two reports from the constitutional representatives of the people of Upper Canada, in provincial parliament assembled, transmitted to her Majesty’s government by two successive governors.

On the 17th of March, 1838, the Lieutenant-Governor transmitted to the Colonial Secretary the following communication, which has been laid before both Houses of Parliament :—

‘To the Queen’s Most Excellent Majesty.

‘Most gracious Sovereign,—We, your Majesty’s dutiful and loyal subjects, the Commons of Upper Canada, in provincial parliament assembled, most humbly beg leave to transmit to your Majesty certain resolutions passed by this House, having reference to the state of affairs between this your Majesty’s province of Upper Canada, and the United States of America (a nation held to be in peace and amity with your Majesty’s government), which have transpired since the commencement of the late most foul and unnatural rebellion in this province; and we do most humbly and earnestly beseech your Majesty most graciously to be pleased to take such steps as shall in your Majesty’s wisdom be deemed necessary and effective in obtaining *fit reparation to the British empire for the insult and injuries committed on your Majesty’s loyal subjects of this province*, as well as to protect them from similar aggression and injury for the time to come.

‘Commons’ House of Assembly,

ALLAN N. M’NAB,

‘15 Feb., 1838.

Speaker.’

This appeal to her Majesty having been productive of no beneficial result, the Commons House of Assembly transmitted the following year, through a different Lieutenant-Governor (Sir George Arthur), a second address to their Sovereign, in which, after most affectingly appealing for assistance against the renewed invasions of the Americans, they added—

‘It is not for your Majesty’s subjects in these colonies to point out to your Majesty the means that should be adopted to put an end to these outrages; but, as the representatives of the people of Upper Canada, we venture humbly, but confidently, to declare that these outrages never

will cease until your Majesty shall have announced to the government of the United States *that your Majesty holds it responsible* for the conspiracies and invasions formed and conducted by the citizens of the republic to overthrow your Majesty's government on this continent, and to murder and destroy your Majesty's subjects, *for no other reason than that they are loyal and faithful to their Sovereign's person and government,*' &c. &c.

Not satisfied with this, the Commons House of Assembly of Upper Canada—(as if determined that, before they surrendered to democracy, nothing should be wanting on their part to satisfy the civilised world, as well as posterity, that they had made every constitutional effort in their power to maintain their exalted station, to resist the tyranny of mob government, and to maintain on the continent of America British institutions)—addressed to the Queen and to the imperial parliament a most able and powerful report, in which, at very great length, they detail and describe the series of unparalleled aggressions committed against their persons and property by American citizens.

This report, after referring to the invasion of Navy Island, to the occupation by the Americans of Bois Blanc Island, and to the cruel attack upon the town of Amherstburg, states,

'On the 22nd of February, 1838, upwards of 400 American brigands, armed and openly organised and recruited in the state of New York, assembled at a place called French Creek, from whence they marched in military array and *took possession of Hickory Island*, within the British territory.

'About the same period 300 or 400 pirates from the state of Michigan *established themselves on Fighting Island* (belonging to her Majesty), and on being repulsed by Colonel Townsend, of the 24th regiment, assisted by the militia, they left behind them a field-piece and a large number of muskets, perfectly new, bearing the mark of the United States army, and known to be the property of the government of that republic: shortly afterwards about 400 or 500 men, headed by an American of wealth and influence, *invaded her Majesty's Island of Pointe-au-Pelé*: the brigands, upon taking possession of this island, besides making prisoners of the British inhabitants, robbed them of their cattle, corn, and other property, which they transported into the United States: on the approach of a small detachment of British troops, who came to defend them, these brigands *commenced a fire upon our soldiers, thirty of whom out of ninety they shot down*, besides killing one of the Canadian militia—and on reaching the American shore, these ruffians were received with acclamation by their fellow-citizens.

'On the 30th of May, the British steamer the Sir Robert Peel, a new vessel, valued at 10,000*l.*, was, in the middle of the night, boarded from the American shore by a party who, armed and disguised, rushed into the cabins, hurried the ladies from their beds, with brutal violence drove them on shore, and after pillaging the passengers and the vessel,
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towed the latter into the stream, burned her, and then returned to the United States.

‘Although the majority of these assailants were well known in the state of New York, only one or two were arrested, who, being placed on their trial, were, notwithstanding the plainest evidence of their guilt, almost without hesitation acquitted by the jury empannelled to try them. Shortly afterwards 150 brigands invaded the township of Pelham, where they burnt the buildings of those who had defended themselves from their murderous attack, and after robbing these Canadians of their property, they stripped them even of their clothing.

‘In the month of July a party, supposed to consist of about fifty, crossed the St. Clair river from a place called Palmer in the United States, robbed and imprisoned the Canadians, and then returned.

‘About the same time a British subject of the name of Carey, an officer of militia, was shot in the night by a set of murderers, who it was well known were from the opposite shore.

‘In the month of November the dwelling-house of Sheriff Hamilton at Queenston was attempted to be destroyed; Captain Usher was attacked in the night and murdered; and both these outrages were committed by American citizens living in the neighbourhood of Buffalo, where they are well known, and where it has been credibly affirmed that the murderers of Captain Usher have openly boasted of the bloody deed.*

‘It had been clearly ascertained that within the jurisdiction of the United States a secret combination or conspiracy of vast extent, *including many of the most wealthy citizens of the republic*, as well as officers of the general and state governments, and possessed of great resources in money and military stores, was, and for some time had been, in active progress for the purpose of waging war upon the Canadas; that this association extended to every town and village along the frontier; that the lowest estimate of the confederates was 40,000; that a pretended bank was organised, to be established and maintained by the seizure of public and private property in the Canadian provinces, and that the chief officers who had been chosen to compose the “new republic” *were all citizens of the United States*.

‘A body of about 600 of these conspirators, having obtained the assistance of the largest American steam-boat on Lake Ontario (called the United States) and two large schooners, embarked at Oswego and from other American ports, with artillery, muskets, ammunition, and provisions, all of which were put on board the different vessels publicly, and in open day, without interruption by any magistrate or other public officer: with this force, headed by an American citizen named Birge, a descent on the 12th of November was made *upon her Majesty’s territory near Prescott*, where they killed and wounded a considerable number of British subjects: about the same time an armed body of about 400 brigands embarked from the United States in

* In an American newspaper it has lately been admitted that Lett, the murderer of Captain Usher, in passing through Rochester, New York, had exultingly shown the carbine with which he had assassinated his victim.

a steam-boat called the Champlain, and cruelly attacked the village of Windsor,' &c. &c.

The Commons House of Assembly of Upper Canada, in closing their observations on the cruel invasions which the province had suffered since their last unsuccessful address to the Queen, with mingled feelings of pride and indignation inform her Majesty and the imperial parliament that they

'feel it due to the honour and character of their fellow-subjects in this province to record the fact, that in no instance that can be traced did a single resident of Upper Canada, of any class or origin, unite himself with the assailants after they had landed in the province. Not only were the brave defenders of the province shot down and deliberately murdered by their fiendish assailants, but their dead bodies were mangled and mutilated and hung up as objects of scorn and derision to these inhuman monsters. The body of an intrepid and promising young officer, Lieutenant Johnson, of the 83rd regiment, was thus treated at Prescott, and the lifeless remains of Doctor Home were exposed to similar indignities in the west, where also a noble-minded negro, who probably had escaped from a land of slavery to one where he hoped long to enjoy British freedom, was cut down and slaughtered, because he refused to join the band of murderers who called upon him to assist in the destruction of his benefactors.

'And these deeds of wickedness and deepest crime,' (the Canadian House of Assembly justly observe to her Majesty's ministers, whose consciences should have writhed under the remark,) 'were perpetrated by men claiming to be citizens of the most enlightened nation in the world, and *who professed to enter the province for the purpose of conferring freedom and equal laws,—general happiness and prosperity upon its inhabitants!*

'It is now an admitted and notorious truth that, in every one of the numerous instances of invasion of these provinces by the brigands, *the arms of the United States were used by them, and found in their possession*: while the steam-boats and schooners belonging to their most wealthy merchants were publicly employed in conveying hundreds of men and quantities of military stores and provisions from their chief cities and towns along the frontier to the places of attack. It is equally certain, that during the last summer and autumn, the preparations which were making to invade the provinces and murder its loyal inhabitants *were known and encouraged by officers of the general and state governments, by justices of the peace, and by citizens of all classes and denominations*. Public meetings were called in many places, and attended by persons of the description mentioned, who harangued the populace, calling upon them to aid in overthrowing British authority in the colonies, and subscribing money to accomplish that object. Not long before the attack on Prescott, a meeting of this description occurred in the city of New York, at which two of the principal officers of the customs, persons *who held their appointments from the president and government of the United States*, took an open and active part,

part, one of them acting as vice-president, the other as secretary of the meeting;—yet no notice appears to have been taken by their superiors, of conduct which, in England at least, would have led to their immediate dismissal and punishment.

‘Notwithstanding the repeated invasions that have taken place, the murders that have been committed, the acts of piracy and arson that have been perpetrated by thousands of persons who are well known, and who are now living unmolested in the adjoining states, openly boasting of their infractions of the laws of the Union as well as of this country, not one of them has been subjected, so far as your committee are aware, to any legal punishment. Neither does it seem in any degree probable that any of them will be molested.* In like manner the conspiracy so extensively organised during the last summer and autumn, for the overthrow of the government of the country, although undoubtedly known to hundreds of persons holding official situations, was not only not suppressed, but received direct encouragement and support from those whose duty it was to break it up, and to expose and punish all engaged in it.’

Now, if such an affecting memorial of sufferings—if such a simple tale of unjustifiable persecution had been addressed to the ancient Romans, even by their slaves, what splendid orations would have burst from the mouths of the indignant senate, and with what noble eloquence would the dignity, the pride, and the power of that mighty empire have been displayed! But the people of the Canadas are our fellow-subjects—their fertile soil is as much an integral portion of the empire as St. James’s Palace, or as the site of the houses of the imperial parliament—while the loyalty they have lately evinced entitles them, perhaps *more* than the inhabitants of any other portion of the empire, to the especial protection of the sovereign. Yet what notice have the imperial parliament taken of the appeal which before the civilised world has so emphatically been submitted to them? What measures have they taken to redress the insults and the enormities which have been brought before them by the Governor-General, by two Lieutenant-Governors of the North American colonies, by her Majesty’s minister, Mr. Henry Fox, by the legislatures of these provinces in general, and by the representatives of the people of Upper Canada in particular? **NONE!**

We have heard occasionally during the session of parliament of the Vixen, and of the forcible abduction of a foreign pilot from under our flag at Vera Cruz, but who has heard a question asked, or a remark made in the British parliament from the beginning

* Since this report has been printed, the notorious M’Kenzie, having become unpopular in the state of New York, has been brought to trial. Instead, however, of receiving the punishment awarded by the laws of the United States for an infringement of neutrality, namely, a fine of 3000 dollars and imprisonment for three years, the sentence passed upon this criminal by the American judge was a *fine of ten dollars*, with eighteen months’ imprisonment, but *without hard labour*.

of the session to the end, about the destruction of the valuable steamer the Sir Robert Peel—the plunder of her cargo—the violence to her passengers?—and who has even talked of demanding reparation for the atrocious conduct of 300 American citizens, who in open day came armed from a populous city of the United States, and burnt the Thames steamer? Who has heard one word of regret—a single expression of indignation, or a demand for retribution for the thirty British soldiers who were so barbarously *shot down upon their own soil* by a horde of American citizens? Among the many naval and military officers who are justly the pride of our country, and the ornament of our House of Commons, was there not one to stand up publicly to mourn over the untimely fate of her Majesty's troops—to demand what provision had been made for their widows and their orphans, and, regardless of majorities or minorities, to appeal to the honour and the character of mankind for retribution?

However dead the House might have been to this appeal, the very attitude of a veteran officer standing up alone in such a cause would have been enthusiastically applauded by every military nation on the globe; and—though he had but one arm left to raise against them—which of her Majesty's ministers would have dared before the people of England to have opposed him, or even recreantly have attempted 'to cough him down'?

'Go, my son,' said the old Vicar of Wakefield to his boy, 'and if you fall, though distant, exposed, and unwept by those that love you, the most precious tears are those with which heaven bedews the unburied head of a soldier!' But, her Majesty's ministers deem it '*liberal*' to declare '*Nous avons changé tout cela*;' and as a melancholy illustration of their miserable maxim, let us for a moment consider how they have been permitted by the imperial parliament to deal with Captain Drew and Lieut. M'Cormack, R.N., who performed *under orders* the first brilliant naval exploit of her Majesty's reign.

Could language, we humbly ask, be stronger than the official recommendation to the government which has been submitted to parliament from the late Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, for their promotion? Could the petition of the latter officer who, desperately wounded by five gun-shots, has lost the use of an arm, upon which his family in the back-woods depended, be more unassumingly and more affectingly worded? Could any address to her Majesty have been more generously conceived or more forcibly expressed than the following?

'*To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty.*

'Most gracious Sovereign,

'We, your Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the Legislative Council and House of Assembly of the Province of Upper Canada in
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Provincial Parliament assembled, most respectfully represent to your Majesty that it would be a source of unbounded satisfaction to us, if it should graciously please your Majesty to confer some mark of your royal approbation on a brave and gallant naval officer who performed with equal skill, bravery, and discretion, a most important public service, whilst an island belonging to your Majesty was invaded from the United States of America by the citizens of that country while professing to be at peace with your Majesty. These daring and desperate adventurers, *having occupied a portion of your Majesty's territory, held it in utter defiance of your Majesty's right and authority*, by the employment of a piratical vessel called the *Caroline*, which was carrying to this lawless assemblage of men arms and munitions of war from the said States, for the purpose of continuing a contest against your Majesty's possessions and authority. The destruction of this piratical vessel was confided by the gallant officer who commanded the frontier of your Majesty's territory, to *Andrew Drew*, Esquire, a Commander of the Royal Navy, whose bravery, skilfulness, and intrepidity, were the theme of general admiration. And we, your Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, would be highly gratified, should it comport with your Majesty's gracious wishes, that *some mark of the Royal favour should be manifested towards an officer who proved how well he knew in what manner to support the glory of the British arms, and the honour of his country!*

In the face of such solemn appeals from the three branches of the provincial legislature, what must be the feelings of the loyal inhabitants of our North American provinces when they observe not only that these two officers have been denied their promotion, but that, as if to drive the Canadas to desperation and despair, her Majesty's ministers have seized every opportunity of publicly complimenting and treating the Americans with marked distinction, as if to prove to them the truth of their own two favourite axioms, that the harder they strike Great Britain, the more malleable, or in other words the softer she becomes, and 'THAT THERE IS NOTHING UNDER HEAVEN MORE CONTEMPTIBLE THAN THE ASS-BORN POLICY OF THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.' *

Her Majesty's ministers, who have treasonably promoted over the heads of the Queen's loyal subjects, Papineau, Bedart, Debartz, &c. &c., and who would willingly also have raised above them Bidwell and O'Connell, obdurately turn from the claims of Captain Drew and Lieutenant M'Cormack. When

* 'If England' (says the 'Monroe Democrat' in informing its readers of the shameful pardon which had been granted by British ministers to notorious Canadian rebels) 'deems it *impolitic* to punish its own subjects, all of whom have pleaded guilty to the charge of treason, and some of whom were taken in arms against their country, it can hardly be deemed necessary by our government to punish with severity the individuals who have been unfortunately found guilty of merely attempting to get up an expedition against one of England's colonies.'

Esau exclaimed 'Hast thou but *one* blessing, my father? Bless me, even me, also, O my father!'—the parent's benediction followed the appeal; but the curse of the British government still rests upon Drew, and it certainly cannot be denied, that for her Majesty's ministers all of a sudden to promote a man for *defending* British institutions would be an act totally inconsistent with the whole course of what they have termed their '*liberal policy*.'

Accordingly, no sooner did the Queen's government lately learn that Captain Sandom, whom they had ungenerously put in command on the Canada lakes over the head of Captain Drew, had put that gallant officer under arrest, merely for leaving his vessel to pay a short visit to his wife and children in the backwoods—(although, be it stated, Captain Drew solemnly declares that he had previously obtained Captain Sandom's leave to do so)—than the Admiralty, grasping at this opportunity to court favour with the republican party, ordered Captain Drew, who has been fourteen years a commander, and gained every step in his profession by actions, TO BE SUPERSEDED, and to be placed upon half-pay!!! In vain has he solicited to be tried by a court-martial! in vain has he respectfully remonstrated at being thus punished by the government of his country without trial or defence!—but when Parliament meets the hour of retribution will arrive.

This un-British '*policy*' has at last driven our North American provinces to the desperate remedy of preparing to desert an empire which, in a manner unparalleled in history, *has deserted THEM*. The British parliament offers them no protection—the British flag waves, or rather hangs, above them, the emblem of weakness and vacillation. Our colonists are *ashamed* of their parent state—there remains nothing for them to suffer but the death-struggle which is to sever them from us for ever—the silence of parliament has been to their revered institutions that of the grave!

In England, extraordinary circumstances may have placed in power men who are either not sufficiently sensible of the honour of the nation, and of the protection due to its subjects, or who, to say the least, have not courage to maintain them; and circumstances may still continue them in office contrary to the wishes and feelings of the great body of their fellow-subjects;—but surely before the close of the late session it ought not to have been left a matter of doubt either to this country or to the world, that if the British nation submitted to such indignities, there were those in the imperial parliament who submitted to them with impatience and with shame, and who had at least the *will* to serve our colonists, though they unfortunately wanted the *power*.

If our North American colonies, which have scarcely yet attained

attained the age of political puberty—impatient under the salutary restraint imposed upon eager passions by good laws and by time-tried institutions—were endeavouring, under the influence of young blood, to form a thoughtless connexion with Democracy—which every reflecting man must be aware would soon subject their properties as well as their lives to the misery and tyranny of mob-government—it would surely be the duty of the parent state, for *their* welfare rather than for its own, to admonish them with that inflexible firmness and with that unalterable kindness which in domestic life we all know are rarely exerted in vain. But there is something not only dreadful, but unnatural, in the reversion of the picture, which, however imperfectly we may have portrayed it, too clearly shows that it is the YOUNG country which is fighting to live under virtuous government, while the parent state, grown grey and wealthy under monarchical institutions, has become not only blind to the noble exertions of its offspring and deaf to its soul-stirring appeals, but is actually forcing it to ruin, by openly encouraging the very republican harlot whose proffered embraces the young victim repudiates and abhors!

How infamously have her Majesty's ministers behaved even to the Queen on the subject of the Canadas, and how unaccountable it is that their conduct in this instance should not have drawn down upon them the indignation of the imperial parliament!

On the 5th of February last, the Queen in her opening speech from the throne was advised by her ministers to say,

'I recommend the present state of these provinces (the Canadas) to your serious consideration; and I trust that your wisdom will adopt such measures as will secure to those parts of my empire the benefit of internal tranquillity.'

In direct opposition to the above recommendation, which the ministers had put into the mouth of the Queen, Lord Melbourne in one House, and Lord John Russell in the other, deem it advisable to turn round and say 'Pooh! pooh! I recommend you NOT to take the present state of the Canadas into your serious consideration; and I trust that during this session you will NOT adopt *any* such measures as will secure to those parts of the empire internal tranquillity.'

Again, three months after this, the same ministers advised their youthful and confiding Sovereign to send down to both houses of parliament the following message:—

'Her Majesty thinks proper to acquaint the House that it appears to her Majesty that the future welfare of her Majesty's subjects in Lower Canada *will be promoted* by an union of the said provinces into one province, for the purposes of legislation, from and after a period to be fixed by parliament, and her Majesty therefore recommends the House to consider such measures as may be submitted to them for
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this purpose ;—her Majesty being persuaded that the House will combine a due regard for peace and security in those provinces, with such provisions as shall be conducive to the permanent freedom and prosperity of her North American possessions.’

In direct opposition—in the very teeth of the foregoing recommendation, which ministers had *themselves advised*, Lord Melbourne in one House, and Lord John Russell in the other, turn round and say ‘Pooh! pooh! *I recommend the House not to consider such measures as may be submitted to them for an union of these two provinces. I recommend them to make no provision on the subject—in short, I repeat the advice I offered to the House in opposition to the recommendation contained in the Queen’s opening speech, namely, I advise you all to do nothing at all.*’ ‘But how,’ it was asked in the House of Commons, ‘if you ministers have changed your minds, can the Queen’s message to us, *recommending the union, be dealt with?*’ ‘Pooh! pooh!’ replies Lord John Russell, ‘leave the thing unanswered!—take no notice of it!—never mind about precedents—never mind about treating the Crown with contempt: our sole object is to keep our places, for the maxim of a “liberal government” is, and ever shall be, “*let those laugh who win!*”’

The excuse offered by her Majesty’s ministers for suddenly abandoning the Queen’s solemn recommendation for an union of the Canadas was, that the House of Assembly of the Upper Province had *unexpectedly* disapproved of the measure. The fallacy of this subterfuge is, however, unanswerably proved by the following short despatch, which, a year ago, was laid before parliament, and which clearly shows, not only that both houses of the legislature of Upper Canada were deliberately averse to an union of the Canadas, but that the late King and the present ministers absolutely declined to recommend to parliament that fatal measure which a young unsuspecting Queen was afterwards induced to propose, and then left to abandon.

‘*Downing-street, 21st April, 1837.*

‘Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge your despatch, No. 26, of the 4th ultimo, in which you transmit to me an address to his Majesty from the Legislative Council and House of Assembly of Upper Canada *deprecating an union* between the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. I beg leave to acquaint you, that, having laid this address before the King, his Majesty has been pleased to receive the same very graciously, and to command me to observe that the project of an union between the two provinces has not been contemplated by his Majesty *as fit to be recommended for the sanction of parliament.*

‘I have the honour, &c.

‘GLENELG.

‘*Lieut.-Governor Sir F. Head, Bart.*’

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It is almost impossible to record such gross misconduct without exclaiming—

‘ Age, thou art shamed ;

‘ Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods ! ’

The last act of the tragedy we have been detailing yet remains to be recorded. One would have thought that her Majesty's ministers, having successfully administered to our North American colonies the Durham poison, would have been contented with allowing it to effect its deadly object, and that with feigned affection they would even have pretended to succour the fainting victim of their guilt—but the immense importance *to them* of subverting British institutions in America has induced them, perfectly reckless of their characters, to annihilate by a last desperate blow the quivering existence of this noble portion of the British empire. ‘ While there is life there is hope ; ’ and, though the Canadas had been mortally wounded, yet it was well known to the Queen's government that these provinces, even at the point of death, felt attachment to our institutions, and were still sensible of the commercial as well as political advantages which they would enjoy, could they but be spared to exist under our laws: it was necessary, therefore, that *both* these hopes should, like Captain Drew's professional prospects, be extinguished—and accordingly her Majesty's ministers determined on the close of the session to exchange Sir John Colborne, whom they had already found it necessary to remove from the government of Upper Canada, for a gentleman who was not only distinguished for his antipathy to the Canadian timber-trade, and for his attachment to Baltic interests, but who, to the astonishment and regret of every loyal inhabitant in the Canadas, had openly and unblushingly voted for *the ballot!!!*

This astounding appointment was no sooner known to the public, than the Colonial Association of British Merchants in London appealed to Lord Melbourne, and even addressed the Queen, most earnestly requesting that this unlooked-for calamity to the Canadas might be averted ; but, though their language was complimented by the minister, their prayer was denied—the remonstrances of the Liverpool, Glasgow, and Birmingham merchants were also rejected—and, as if to prevent all further complaint, Mr. Poulett Thomson, whose delicate health had made it necessary for him to retire from the atmosphere of the House of Commons, was hastily despatched with his medicine-chest and instructions to a climate and to duties which every man knows require the fullest measure of both physical and moral strength. Now, when Nelson and Wellington were strenuously contending against the enemies of this country, if the ministry of the day had ventured not only to recall them, but

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to supersede each of them in their commands by an officer who was notoriously a worshipper and would-be slave of Napoleon, how desperate would have been the remonstrances of our army and navy, how indignant would have been the exclamations of the British nation at such a treacherous sacrifice of the interests of the country!

Whatever may be the private virtues of Mr. Poulett Thomson, we beg leave to ask of what value will they be to the people of the Canadas, when they recollect the unceasing opposition he has offered to their trade?

When they reflect upon the immense influence which the political principles of their governor-general must unavoidably have upon the struggle which is taking place in their country between monarchical institutions and democracy, what encouragement have the British population to rally round their flag? And what have its republican enemies within the provinces, as well as without, to fear in attacking it, when they know that in the castle of St. Louis—in the British citadel of Quebec—there reigns a representative of their sovereign who, whatever may be his outward professions, is inwardly in his heart *a regicidal advocate of the ballot*?

Proud of our English liberty of speech, we can raise no objection to opinions, however inimical to British institutions, which any individual may deem it proper to assert in either house of parliament; but we do protest—and we feel confident that the nation and the civilised world will join us in solemnly protesting—against *the selection* of a gentleman who has voted for the ballot to be the representative of the British Sovereign in the Canadas; where, thanks to the treachery of her Majesty's ministers, an army of 17,000 men is at this moment under arms to repel the very republican measure of which Mr. Poulett Thomson, like his colleague our new Secretary at War, has been the open advocate.

But what are our provinces to think of the *other* changes that have simultaneously been effected? Mr. Labouchere and Lord Normanby have scarcely had time to learn the names of the five-and-thirty colonies over which they were called upon to preside, when the ministerial pack is dexterously shuffled, the nine of diamonds suddenly flies to the top—the Queen goes to the bottom—'Jack' is removed from the centre—the handsome King of the cards is slipped under Pope—and at the words '*Presto! hi! pass and begone!*' 'little Cass' is declared by the jugglers to have flown from the pack, and to be already on the ramparts at Quebec!

In a company of strolling players, Othello has scarcely time to wash

wash his face before he has to re-appear before the audience in the character of Diddler,—the Ghost, still coughing from the fumes of brimstone, with equal alacrity buckles on Falstaff's belly,—Pizarro turns into Harlequin,—and before a brief hour has elapsed, the jaded creature is seen with convex shins and dromedary back, starting from his sleepless pallet, to exclaim '*A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!*'—But this ludicrous transmigration of souls is surely not suited to men who are presiding over the destinies of the British empire.

The mother country, as well as its colonies, are deeply sensible of the embarrassment to the public service which inevitably follows every sudden change in the ministers of state; and though liberal allowance for inexperience is always made when such changes are absolutely *necessary*, yet nothing can be more unsatisfactory to the nation, and more distressing to our colonies, than to witness a company of worthless ministers changing parts among each other, for no other reason than because the public, tired of their performances, from pit, gallery, and boxes, are vociferously exclaiming to them '*OFF! OFF! OFF!*'

Having concluded this imperfect examination of the disorder which throughout the late session of parliament has paralysed our colonial policy, we will now endeavour to extract from the melancholy evidence before us a plain useful moral.

If this gross misgovernment of our North American provinces were to end merely in the financial, political, and commercial loss to the empire of those most valuable possessions, with the painful reflection that by treachery and neglect we had driven a virtuous, industrious, and high-minded portion of our fellow-subjects from the shelter of British laws to democracy, it might perhaps be argued that, the penalty of our offence being inevitable, it is as unmanly as it is useless to stand now vainly lamenting over the past. 'If,' we have indeed heard it argued, 'the sun, which once could not set on our empire, is henceforwards never again to rise upon British territory in America, we have nevertheless daylight enough—and we had therefore better look before us and make the most of it, instead of allowing our minds in deep mourning to brood over dark reflections which may frighten, but which cannot assist us.' This reasoning, however, is fallacious: for the disease that has affected us in North America has proceeded not from the extremity, but from the *heart* of the empire; and, as the amputation of a limb is no cure for corruption engendered in the system by vicious habits, so we must alter our life, or, to drop the metaphor, change our policy, if we seriously desire to maintain the blessings which still remain with us.

There

There can be no doubt that, not only in England, but throughout Europe, there have always existed two antagonist parties, one of which has been striving to secure property to all who have either inherited or industriously acquired it, while the other has been endeavouring to make the will of the majority stronger than the security of the law. Both of these parties have been liable to the accusation of having been actuated by self-interest, and, indeed, in both cases we believe the allegation to have been correct; but there is this important distinction, that, while the self-interested object of the one has been the encouragement of national honesty and industry, the self-interested object of the latter has been the nefarious profit attendant upon wholesale riot and plunder. Now, although, in England, men of education and talent have always been struggling to grasp the reins of government, yet the high character and unparalleled prosperity of the British empire must undeniably be attributed to the fact, that until lately the advocates for a revolution of property, like atheists, have been by common consent, both of Whigs and Tories, so disowned, repudiated, and despised, that their principles have been harmless, and, indeed, have, generally speaking, been very prudently concealed. But we need hardly observe to our readers that the government of the British empire has lately fallen into the hands of men who, availing themselves of the inexperience of a youthful Queen, have not only had the wickedness to conceive, but the reckless temerity to carry into effect, the policy of encouraging the levellers of law, rank, and property, and of publicly adopting their scheme.

When the enormous wealth of the British empire is compared with the condition of the many millions who in a crowded population must inevitably look to labour alone for their daily bread, it would be idle to lose a moment in speculating upon the mischievous effect likely to be produced upon the labouring and manufacturing classes in Great Britain and Ireland, on finding, to their astonishment, that the Queen's ministers were outwitting avowed subverters of the monarchy in offering to them unhallowed concessions in return for the terrific assistance of the mob; but alas! the result is already before us! A 'National Convention' is *already* formed—pikes, pistols, and muskets, in considerable numbers, have *already* been amassed—printed treatises on street-firing, and on rural defences, have *already* been distributed—the advantages of 'grappling with the national debt' have *already* been expounded—and the inhabitants of Birmingham, a city whose intelligence and industry in amassing wealth are the admiration of the world, have already, by the lurid flames of their own dwellings, read, during the midnight conflagration of their



their property, a frightful moral, which the remainder of their lives will probably not efface from their minds! And is not this *revolution*? 'Oh no,' her Majesty's ministers reply; '*the inscription on our new banner is "VICTORIA AND REFORM!"*'

Now, we hope our readers, be they Whigs or Tories—be they secluded in the palace, or be they open observers of the public mind—will shudder when we inform them, that upon the large red bunting flag, now in England, which was captured from the rebel M'Kenzie on the very day on which he actually set fire to the east end of Toronto, with the object, during the confusion, of plundering the banks, there is inscribed, in long white letters, the identical motto of her Majesty's ministers, namely, 'VICTORIA AND REFORM!!!' and yet, M'Kenzie, execrated by the people whose 'grievances' he had pretended to redress—outlawed as a traitor by the institutions he had undertaken to 'reform,' is, by the sentence even of a republican judge, now lying in gaol in the State of New York; while the real promoters of his rebellion—the real inventors of the flag, which, under the name of a youthful Queen, concealed the dagger and the torch—the real authors of the 'National Convention,' and the real encouragers of the Chartists—are at this moment revelling under their new banner in the palace of their Sovereign, as thoughtlessly as if there was no such thing in existence as the awakened indignation of a powerful nation—no such punishment as the general execration of mankind—and no such thing above us all as an Omnipotent power, which sooner or later demonstrates that, even on earth, there can be no resting-place for the wicked!

The danger, however, is imminent, and it is useless to conceal that, unless the friends of good government, the protectors of life and property, without delay act upon fixed principle rather than on their late fluctuating policy, we shall inevitably be ruined beyond human relief.

If the administration of the government of the British empire continued to be conducted as it hitherto has been, on the maxim, or rather truism, that ministers should, with becoming dignity, retire from their posts whenever it becomes apparent that they have lost the confidence of the country, it would follow that, according to the old-fashioned strategy, the opposition ought, under the direction of their leaders, to act together in a firm phalanx, in order to drive the government into a minority, and thus dislodge them from their posts. But this honourable maxim is no longer the rule of our warfare, for the country is but too well aware that it is by *unconstitutional*, instead of by constitutional support, that the present ministers have determined to stand, and that, accordingly, whenever they are opposed by the House of Commons, they
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make up their loss by appealing to O'Connell and the Chartists, just as, when resisted by the House of Lords, they infamously determine by a batch of new peers to endeavour to obtain an ascendancy—in short, their plan is to recruit, by a fresh conscription of physical strength, whatever they lose before the country in moral power; or, in still plainer words, to vie with the Chartists in the diabolical principle of letting loose upon a refractory parliament, upon uncompromising laws, and upon honest and industrious landowners and merchants, the unbridled passions of the multitude.

The effect, therefore, to the Conservatives, of obtaining a constitutional victory in either house, is to a certain degree frustrated; and under this unnatural calamity, we must declare, it appears to us that, regardless of majorities, minorities, or of the violent passions which her Majesty's ministers so artfully excite, we ought, by straightforward conduct and fearless language, steadily and unceasingly to appeal to the good sense, to the sober judgment, of the British nation.

Although the leaders of the Conservatives, during the last session, might have felt that *they* could not attempt to resist by a majority the various measures we have detailed, besides innumerable others to which we have not alluded, yet if, apparently regardless of parliamentary defeat, every friend to British institutions had manfully and independently expressed the opinions which we know they inwardly entertained respecting, for instance, the insulting presentation by ministers, to parliament, of Lord Durham's Report—the unfounded allegations it contained—the insults we had suffered from the Americans—the affecting appeal made to us by the Governor-General, Lieutenant-Governors, and legislatures of our colonies—the neglect of Captain Drew, &c. &c., there can be no doubt that, whatever might have been the parliamentary result, the sound feelings and good sense of the country would have been awakened—the indignation of the community would have been excited—and the light of truth would thus gradually have been concentrated in a focus upon her Majesty's ministers, until it would eventually have consumed them.

If the government, firmly standing within the fortress of their policy, would, according to old English customs, receive the open assault of their antagonists with a gallant determination to conquer them or *die*, it would in that case be prudent for the opposition to act under discipline, and not to fritter away ammunition and men which could only be advantageously expended by regulated volleys and a well-organised approach; but, under their unprincipled system, whenever they are beaten, they retire, not from their offices, but from the institutions it was their duty to defend.

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Their parliamentary defeat produces, therefore, nothing but a fresh abandonment of the monarchy: in fact, with the objects they have in view, they are but too happy to be driven to ally themselves with notorious agitators, and with well-known leaders of the Chartists.

We repeat, therefore, our opinion, that during the late session the discipline of the Conservatives has been too closely maintained; they waited for orders which it was not deemed prudent to promulgate, and thus, instead of firing their muskets independently whenever they got a glimpse of their irregular enemies, they patiently and in mute silence stood before them to the very end of the session with 'ordered arms.'

'The Earl of Chatham, with his sword drawn,
 Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan.
 Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
 Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham!'

The result, not only to our colonies, but to *every* department of the State, has become apparent to us all, and it certainly is lamentable to reflect that her Majesty's ministers, who acknowledge that they dread a dissolution of parliament, and who, whether they acknowledge it or not, are notoriously opposed by the Army, by the Navy, by the Church, by the Peers, by the landed interest, by our merchants, and, generally speaking, by 'a bold *yeomanry*, their country's pride,' should nevertheless be permitted almost with impunity to influence the destinies and to undermine the constitution of an empire which the civilized world had been accustomed to regard with admiration and respect.

We have reason to believe, indeed, we may say, practically to *know*, that in no portion of the globe is our policy more deeply regretted than by men of property in both continents of republican America.

The liberty of the press, and the freedom of speech—the enormous wealth, with the unrestrained power of spending or bequeathing it as its owners may desire—the protection of life and property, and the virtuous submission to the law, which characterise our empire, are *facts* which unanswerably proclaim the inestimable value of its time-tried institutions. In the countries to which we have alluded, it is, of course, too much to expect that these facts should be publicly referred to, but among men of property in America, who have been severely suffering under the tyrannical domination of the multitude, there are many who have not only been long living in silent hopes that the moral of our prosperity would eventually be triumphant, but who do not hesitate to declare to any respectable Englishman that British institutions, like truth, *must* eventually prevail; but when all of a sudden

they see the ministers of the British Crown not only insensible to the blessings which surround them, but actually attempting to destroy them, their own case becomes hopeless, and their minds are filled with astonishment and despair.

The conduct of the Queen's government is an infatuation which those Americans we have alluded to are totally unable to comprehend. They justly say—'How can we possibly, even ever so indirectly, argue in praise of your institutions, when we see that, like spoiled children tired of their toy, you are openly trying to destroy them; and, again—'How can we possibly dare to argue in our senate against the disgraceful aggressions which we are aware our citizens have committed upon your territory, when it appears that, deeply as *we* feel them, *your* government and *your* parliament set us no example, and lend us no assistance in the complaint?'

Similar arguments and similar observations are daily made against us in India, and indeed in every quarter of the globe. By all civilised nations the British constitution is looked upon with reverence and esteem; and yet, to the astonishment of mankind, the ministers of her Britannic Majesty are observed openly and sedulously at work during seven days in every week in levelling it to the dust, *the parliament and the nation standing silent spectators of the scene!*

The British nation hate treachery—hate hypocrisy—hate men who can bow before a throne they are secretly undermining, who can beckon to their foes, and who can turn their backs upon their friends—hate men who, lest the enemies of the empire should be offended, are *afraid* to reward officers that have shed their blood in its defence—hate men who can deliberately recommend a young Queen to lay before parliament allegations which they *know* to be libellous—and, above all, the British people hate men who, when they have sunk fairly overwhelmed by public opinion, can 'like drowned bodies rise when they have rotted,' re-appearing to public view to be floated from quarter-day to quarter-day, not by the buoyancy of their own characters, but by the political inflation of their women's petticoats—who, when 'they fight, run away, that they may live to fight another day,' and who, when boldly *bearded* by their political antagonists, not only for eight-and-forty hours prudently retire from their reach, but, during this interval, cunningly thrust forwards to meet the rude attack—*THE SMOOTH CHINS OF THEIR LADIES!*

With such a ministry to contend against, all that appears necessary is, that the Conservatives, and those of other parties who equally despise them, should steadily persevere in 'showing them up,' in 'stirring them up,' in 'cutting them up,' in 'sewing them up,'

up,' in 'screwing them up,' in 'rooting them up,' and, as they won't sink downwards, in 'blowing them up,' until the nation, disgusted with their unmasculine characters and performances, indignantly hisses this epicene company from the stage.

In the pursuance of this plain old-English system it must be surely self-evident, that for no mysterious reason whatever should the leaders of the Conservatives ever confound the country, by being seen supporting their antagonists, in order to prevent them from being completely beaten !

There may be, we are aware, a certain hidden danger, which by a sudden antic of this nature may, for a short period, be dexterously averted ; but, estimating this advantage at whatever it may be worth, it can in no degree compensate for the irreparable loss which the Conservative cause sustains by it. The human countenance has not been made to frown and smile at the same time ; and, although nothing is nobler than mercy to an enemy, yet never should it be extended to him *until he has surrendered*.

' *Parcere subjectis at debellare superbos !* '

The British people, perhaps, better than any other nation on earth, can clearly appreciate a stand-up fight between honest and dishonest principles ; but in the middle of the struggle they can allow no sudden exchange of colours—no interchange between the parties but hard fair blows. Now, the main charge against her Majesty's ministers is, that for the sake of holding *their* offices, that is to say, *for value received*, they have wickedly agreed together to ruin the empire ; and that accordingly, as a bribe to the multitude for their support, they are traitorously opening to them the gates of the fortress which contains the nation's public and private wealth. If, therefore, for the sake of averting a difficulty, or to obtain any other equivalent, the Conservatives are seen *also* to agree to do what is wrong, or what is tantamount to it, openly to support those who they *know* are doing wrong, they at once place themselves in the very predicament of their antagonists : they lose their caste—they sully their character—they puzzle the country ; and, after all, the peace they purchase being but momentary, the danger they have avoided remains at last to be encountered.

If our difficulties, by being hidden, could be annihilated, it would then no doubt be proper for us to adopt the policy of the ostrich, who hides his small head whenever he thinks that his large body and long shanks are in danger ; but as our political dangers, cloaked as they may be, must still exist, there surely ought to be no doubt that the sooner they are boldly met the better. The sunken rock is always more dreaded than

that which protrudes from the waters; and, as there should be no undecipherable hieroglyphics on the political chart that governs our course, the sooner the British nation knows what it really has to fear the more readily will it be disposed to obey the Conservative helmsman. In spite of her Majesty's ministers, and in spite of Chartists, a noble feeling pervades the country: all that is necessary is, without fear, guile, or artifice, steadily to bring it into action; and, far from shrinking from whatever we may have to contend against, there is nothing, we feel confident, that would sooner rouse the English lion from his slumber, and make him shake the dew-drops from his tawny mane, than the very appearance of real danger.

The British nation has nothing to fear from open attack from whatever quarter it may advance. The constitution contains within itself a remedy for every disorder that can assail it: but the most impregnable fortress may be taken by treachery, or lost by neglect; and as her Majesty's ministers are notoriously betraying *their* trust, others should not forget that in time of war the soldier sleeping at his post is liable to the same punishment as he who has been found guilty of having joined the ranks of the enemy.

The people of England are, we know, not only ready, but *anxious*, to rally round the British standard, if they could but see it, even by an individual, fearlessly unfurled and firmly planted; and we are quite certain that, if our Conservatives, instead of cautiously feeling their way step by step, doubtful about attacking, and doubtful about defending, anything at all likely to involve them in parliamentary defeat, would in the sacred cause of truth and justice actually *seek* to place themselves in difficulty and in danger, in order that the British people might clearly see what is really the case—namely, that nothing but *their* assistance can save the country—the appeal would be enthusiastically responded to; and the intelligence, wealth, and property of the country would, *en masse*, rise in its defence.

On the other hand, every timid concession to vicious principles demoralises, debases, and hardens the public mind, until it ceases to shudder at the expression of sentiments, or at the pursuance of policy, which it would once virtuously have abhorred; and, in one word—if the country be allowed much longer to become familiarised with the unrebuked sentiments and conduct of unprincipled ministers, the loss of our noble North American colonies will accelerate—not retard—the destruction of the remaining portion of the empire.

- ART. IX.—1. *Post-office Reform: its Importance and Practicability.* By Rowland Hill. London. 1837. pp. 104.
 2. *Du Service des Postes et de la Taxation des Lettres au moyen d'un timbre.* Par M. A. Piron, Sous-Directeur des Postes. Paris. 1838. pp. 148.
 3. *First, Second, and Third Reports from the Select Committee on Postage.* 3 vols. fol. 1838.

POST-OFFICE Reform, as it is called, has excited of late a great deal of interest, though but very little attention. No question has been more talked and less thought about. It has never been publicly discussed, nor even so much as fairly stated; and the sudden vote of the House of Commons on the 12th of July last seems to us one of the most inconsiderate *jumps in the dark* ever made by that very inconsiderate assembly, whose natural proneness to every change, and particularly to any which promises a reduction of taxation, was (in this instance as in so many others) instigated and enforced by that curious combination of alternate errors—weakness and rashness, delay and hurry, obstinacy and inconsistency, which distinguish—from any other that ever existed—Lord Melbourne's enigmatical administration.

But the question is too important, not merely as to its financial results, but in its possible effects on our social system and the statistical and moral interests of mankind, to be allowed to pass without further examination, on such slight and *ex parte* authorities as Mr. Rowland Hill's pamphlet, the partial, yet inconsistent report of the Committee of the House of Commons, and the vague and contradictory speech of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, adopting a proposition which he evidently disapproved, and refusing to provide any specific guard against a danger which he foresaw and admitted.

We therefore think it a duty to lay before our readers a history of this very singular affair, its origin, its principle, its details, and its promised, and, as we conceive them, its probable results.

The management of the Post-office had been for a series of years a subject of general approbation. It was always said to be the best conducted department in the state; and though this praise was in truth somewhat indiscriminate and excessive, yet undoubtedly the celerity, the certainty, the security, with which so vast a machine executed, with so few mistakes, such an infinite complexity of details, were admirable. The merits of the Post-office administration would, however, not have been so long and so generally acknowledged but for the fortunate provision of the law, which excluded all its efficient officers from the House of Commons, and even from voting at elections. This,
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in a great measure, released the department from the cavils and criticisms of *party*; and Sir Francis Freeling was as acceptable to Mr. Fox as to Mr. Pitt, to Lord Grey as to the Duke of Wellington. At length, however, it began to be suspected that the administration of that excellent public servant had, perhaps, lasted too long. Sir Francis had been himself, in early life, a post-office reformer, and to his last hour professed to be, and we are satisfied was, sincerely desirous of continuing the system of improvement and advance on which his early reputation was founded; but as improvements proceeded, there would be every day less room to improve, and the hourly increasing complication of duties and interests rendered every change of more doubtful expediency, and of more uncertain result. There is no branch of the public service in which alterations, apparently slight, may produce such extensive derangement; but the great impediment to changes in the post-office did not arise within the department itself, but from the Treasury. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was naturally averse to any risk of such an important revenue; and there is no doubt that, under this apprehension, the rates were kept too high, and some inconvenient delays and anomalies were suffered to exist; but that these considerations produced or protracted any culpable neglect or serious abuse, we think we may confidently deny—and inquire what serious grievances have been remedied, or what substantial improvements have been made, since the men and doctrines of the new school succeeded to Sir Francis Freeling?

We, at least, in a pretty extensive correspondence, find none; and, on the contrary, more mistakes and delays have fallen under our personal knowledge in the three years since Sir Francis's death, than had occurred in ten years of our previous experience. Not that we blame the new administration for these accidents. We believe their increase is mainly attributable to an over-anxiety to attempt improvements which could not, even under the most cautious guidance, be effected without some temporary derangements, and of course still less in the utterly inexperienced hands of *Lieutenant-Colonel* Maberly, who was so strangely selected to succeed Sir Francis Freeling in this very peculiar and technical department.

But even Lieutenant-Colonel Maberly's good intentions, when he had acquired experience enough to form any, were defeated by the mingled negligence and rashness of the ministry. One instance is too remarkable to be passed over. Postage, as all our readers know, is now paid by distance; not, however, as one would have thought, the distance of the place where the letter is posted to the place where it is delivered, but the distance through

through which the post-office may, for its own convenience, cause the letter to pass; so that the letters addressed in a town thirty miles from London on one road to another only five miles distant on a parallel road, would be sent up to London and down again, and, in addition to the vexatious delay, would be charged with sixty miles of postage instead of five. This grievance Colonel Maberly proposed to the late Chancellor of the Exchequer to remedy, at the calculated risk to the revenue of 80,000*l.* This proposition Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer rejected. He could not spare so much revenue:—but a year or two after, in the last dying moments of his own official life, he on the sudden, and in the most irrational hurry, abandoned—not 80,000*l.*, but 1,600,000*l.*—the *whole* post-office revenue—to the perilous chances of Mr. Rowland Hill's plan, and against the advice of his own selected officers, the postmaster-general, the secretary, and all the officers of the department.

It is one of the characteristics of the reformed parliament—(and indeed it was foreseen as one of the consequences of such a reform as was inflicted upon us)—not only that the House of Commons are prone to usurp into their own hands the executive administration of affairs, but that individual members are led to seek distinction, to acquire importance, or even to gratify a personal taste, by appropriating to themselves some special business—

‘ Within whose circle none dare walk but they !’

It is not our business to inquire with what motive, or by what accident, Mr. Wallace, the member for Greenock, was induced to take the Post-Office in hand. We find him, soon after his appearance, and ever since, making from time to time motions for papers and returns from the Post-office, for which, as far as we can discover, there was no rational ground, and from which we know not that any good has been, or could be, produced. They seemed to us to have been, for the most part, of that kind of random motion with which a member *fishes for abuses*, but is still more anxious to *catch notoriety*.

We must here observe on a very serious inconvenience which the *insouciance*, and still more the desperate weakness of the ministry, has of late years produced in parliamentary practice. In the good times of the constitution, the minister never consented to the production of any public documents, unless *primâ facie* grounds were expressly stated to justify the proposed inquiry. Without some special motive, it was justly considered that the House of Commons ought not to interfere with the executive government. This was a wise and wholesome regulation, and, though it may at first sight seem paradoxical to say so, produced more publicity, discussion, and inquiry, than the present

present system of allowing any individual member, often without notice, and generally without comment on either side, to move for any papers he may have a curiosity to see.

In Mr. Wallace's case, for example, if he had been obliged to state each alleged abuse to which his motions pointed, and if, as was their duty, the Chancellor of the Exchequer or the Secretary of the Treasury had inquired into the facts, and come down prepared either to remedy the grievance, if true—or to defend and vindicate the department, if unjustly arraigned—Mr. Wallace would not have been suffered to have gone on for six or seven years hammering away about post-office abuses until, by the unchecked accumulation of motions and papers, the House and the public were deluded into an impression that the government could not have sanctioned such a waste of official labour and public time, unless there were really 'something rotten in the state of' St. Martin's-le-Grand. If the matters had been sifted in debate, the truth must have been elicited.

But the parliamentary apathy of the ministers was even worse than it at first sight appears; for while all this was going on, there was sitting a commission of general inquiry into the Post-Office, composed of three members of the government, Lord Duncannon, Mr. Labouchere, and Lord Seymour, whose *official* labours—which seem to have been diligent and useful—should have rendered Mr. Wallace's *officious* interference worse than superfluous. But with so narrow and precarious a majority in the House of Commons, the ministry cannot venture to incur the risk of offending any one of their supporters, and having, moreover, adopted for their own use a perversion of Lord Nelson's celebrated signal—by 'expecting every man to do *their* duty'—Mr. Wallace was allowed to continue without interruption what looked very like a course of probation for the place of *Commissioner* of the Post-office in the *new Board*—for the creation of which a bill passed (more than once, we believe) the House of Commons, but which was rejected by the House of Lords, chiefly by the testimony and authority of the Duke of Richmond, the active and intelligent postmaster-general of Lord Grey's ministry.

But while Mr. Wallace was thus tinkering away, there suddenly arose a very different kind of post-office reformer, who threw Mr. Wallace and all other petty grievance-mongers into the shade, and who, without making any complaint of the former management, opened new views and new principles on the general system of post-office communication, which have given to that subject, not only in England, but all over Europe, an entirely different aspect, and may be productive of very important results, be they good or evil.

Early

Early in 1837, Mr. Rowland Hill—originally, we understand, a schoolmaster, and afterwards secretary to the South Australian Commission—observing that the post-office revenue had remained stationary while the population and all other measures of public prosperity had greatly increased, and attributing this fact, as had been already done by some competent authorities, to the excessive rate of the postage; observing also that the charges of management bore what he thought a very great and excessive proportion to the gross revenue—and finding, according to his calculation, that the actual cost of the conveyance of letters was infinitely small as compared with the rates of postage—Mr. Hill, we say, imagined a scheme for sweeping away the whole of the financial and account branches of the Post-office, and reducing its duties to the mere *mechanical* functions of receiving, conveying, and delivering letters, of which the postage should be collected by anticipation, at the Stamp-office, by means of a stamp to be affixed to the letter, and which, at the *uniform* rate of *one penny*, was to convey it, free of any other charge, to *every part of the empire*—and all this, as he promised, without any permanent loss, nay, with a probable future advantage to the revenue.

The apparent justness, in point of fact, of most of the preliminary considerations on which the scheme was founded—its obvious simplicity—its alleged economy—its practical convenience, and above all, we believe, its bold novelty, tended to create an immediate and considerable sensation in its favour; and we confess that *we ourselves* were dazzled by the brilliancy of a theory supported, as at first sight it seems to be, by a sober and candid statement of financial and statistical details. But, after the first moments of surprise, when we came to examine these details more carefully, to consider whether the facts did really justify Mr. Hill's conclusions as to the present management of the department, and his predictions as to the future results, we found, or fancy that we found, that both his inferences and his expectations involved a great deal of gratuitous assumption—that many of the facts seem to lead to exactly opposite conclusions—and that this brilliant theory was after all but a *theory*, on which, in the present state of our information, and without much more consideration and some kind of *experimental test*, it would be highly imprudent to risk such vast and vital interests as might be seriously impaired if the abolition of the old system were to be followed by the failure of the new speculation.

The inquiry that did take place in the course of last year, by a Committee of the House of Commons, was in our opinion very unsatisfactory—we might almost say illusory. That Committee was moved for, and, we suppose, selected, by Mr. Wallace. It

was

was entirely composed of gentlemen belonging to what—though some of them were members of the government—may be called the *Movement** party—with only two exceptions—Sir Thomas Freemantle, who seems to have seldom attended and never voted, and Lord Lowther, who, Conservative as he is on all other points, happened also to be a post-office reformer,—a moderate, cautious, and conscientious one, but still having so strong a predisposition to change the system of the post-office, that he was assuredly no exception to the general complexion of Mr. Wallace's Committee.

The reference of the House to this Committee was in these words:—

'Ordered, That a select Committee [*select with a vengeance*] be appointed to inquire into the present rates and mode of charging postage, with a view to such reduction thereof *as may be made without injury to the revenue*; and for this purpose to examine especially into the mode recommended for charging and collecting postage, in a pamphlet published by Mr. Rowland Hill.'—*Votes*, 23rd Nov., 1837.

In old times we might have felt some surprise at this parliamentary notice of a pamphlet, and still more at such a devolution upon a Committee of the House of Commons of the obvious duties of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—but we are habituated to much less excusable evasions of ministerial responsibility. Mr. Rowland Hill's plan was certainly worthy of parliamentary consideration, and we only complain that the tribunal was so very *select*.

Mr. Hill's scheme was not only thus dignified by parliamentary notice, but it also acquired a still more powerful, though somewhat concealed auxiliary in a combination of some extensive merchants and bankers in the City of London, who, as we learn, formed a Committee, and subscribed and expended a very large sum, and were prepared with a still larger if necessary, to organize (as has been the most approved mode of carrying political objects ever since we have had a mock government) an *agitation* in favour of Mr. Hill's plan.

This agitation produced that enormous number of petitions which loaded the table of the House of Commons during the two last sessions, and which has been so triumphantly displayed—no doubt at the expense of the City Committee—in some of the public papers; but which, as in the case of all petitions thus got up, really expressed little more than the wishes of the directing Committee. We readily admit that there is not a man in the empire who would not, as an abstract proposition, prefer paying a penny rather than sixpence for a letter; but, assuming that a mil-

* For instance—they all, we believe (but Lord Seymour, a Lord of the Treasury) have voted for the *Ballot*!

lion and a half must be *somehow* raised for the public service, we very much doubt whether the City Committee could, with all their zeal, have got ten individuals to agree in a petition for transferring that charge from postage to any other *specific* object of taxation: they therefore very prudently, though not very candidly, kept altogether out of sight the possible defalcation in the revenue, or, when the point was at all alluded to, insisted that there would be increase rather than diminution.

But it will be said, and with great *primâ facie* justice, that the very combination of these eminent, intelligent, and experienced merchants, is of itself the strongest evidence in favour of the plan. We fully admit it, and should readily accept the evidence of Baring, Brothers, and Co., or of Messrs. Glynn and Co., as worth more, single-handed, than thousands of such petitions as we allude to—if that evidence were wholly unbiassed by individual considerations; but when we are told that some of the houses who were most active for this post-office reform, now pay such (to us almost incredible) sums as 6000*l.*, 8000*l.*, 10,000*l.*, and even 11,000*l.* a-year in postages, we cannot receive their testimony in favour of a uniform *penny* rate as altogether disinterested. It is true that these great houses, like smaller traders, are very certain to recover their postages from their customers, and with interest too, in one shape or another. In some businesses the postage is *specifically* charged against the correspondent, and the proposed change would therefore no otherwise affect *them* than by relieving them from so serious an *advance*, and by the general impulse which might be given to trade; but there is another class to which we are informed that the most zealous members of the agitating committee and many of the most decided witnesses belonged:—namely, those with whom it is not usual to make *direct* charges against their correspondents for postage, and for whom, of course, the reduction of the taxation would be nearly, if not altogether, so much *clear gain*. Every one who has paid even the slightest attention to the practical operations of finance knows that, in the long run, all taxation falls on the consumer, and that, on the other hand, the greater share of any sudden reduction falls, in the first instance, into the pocket of the dealer. So, if we are rightly informed that a firm, one of the most active promoters of the penny rate, pays 11,000*l.* per annum in postage, and repays itself by its general profits, it is clear that the adoption of Mr. Hill's plan would put something like 10,000*l.* per annum clear into *their pockets*; and to make up for that defalcation in the Post-office revenue, the people of England must be taxed to exactly the amount that shall be conveyed by this reform into the private purses of Messrs. *This or That*.

Far

Far be it from us to insinuate—what we really do not suspect—that the respectable gentlemen of the agitation committee were actuated by narrow and merely selfish motives:—they saw clearly that a great and immediate advantage would accrue in their own concerns, and they may reasonably have inferred that similar advantages would be felt by others, as well by the direct saving of the out-goings on postages as by the general extension of correspondence:—all we mean to say is, that neither their individual authority, nor the evidence which they so carefully prepared and so cleverly produced before the Committee of the House of Commons, can have the weight which belongs to a disinterested testimony; and we think that the great and immediate profit to themselves has intercepted or obscured the views that they might otherwise have taken of the serious difficulties and disadvantages to which many other individual as well as public interests may be subjected.

We have read the whole of that voluminous evidence with great care, and certainly without prejudice—for our first impressions were in favour of Mr. Hill's plan, and we still are most zealous friends, on the same general principles as Mr. Hill, to the greatest possible reduction of the postages which the state of the revenue and of the country would permit—but we are bound to say, after the perusal of the evidence and a mature consideration of all the arguments of Mr. Hill and his advocates, that, whatever may be thought of the *abstract* advantages of a general penny-postage, *Mr. Hill's specific plan* has broken down on almost every point, both as to the facts on which it professes to stand, and on the results which it promises. The plan may be good, and Mr. Rowland Hill may be eventually a public benefactor, but certainly not for the reasons stated either by himself or his partisans, as we shall now endeavour to show.

In the very outset, the first, most prominent, and most important ground and basis of Mr. Hill's proposition has already failed, and worse than failed, for it operates against him. The *first* paragraph of his pamphlet is as follows:—

'The last quarterly accounts [the date of writing is January, 1837] show that the present revenue of the country *greatly exceeds* the expenditure; there is therefore reason to hope that a reduction of taxation may shortly take place.'—*Post-office Reform*, p. 1.

And he proceeds in a very summary way to decide that any such reduction of taxation would be most beneficially directed to *postage*. Now we admit that, *if* a great reduction of taxation were to be made, a considerable proportion of it ought to be allotted to the postages, which are in many cases too high, and in many more clogged with vexatious anomalies, such as that we before

before noticed, of the charging by the circuitous instead of the direct distance, and several others. These are matters which in any state of the general revenue might, and should, be remedied; and would, we confidently believe, have been so if Sir Robert Peel's government had lasted, and Lord Ashburton and Lord Lowther remained at the Board of Trade. It is rather a curious circumstance that the two persons on whose experience and judgment the Whigs lay the most stress in this great commercial question are the very two whom they ousted in 1835 from the Board of Trade, to be replaced by Mr. Poulett Thomson and Mr. Shiel!

We entirely concur in the fair and legitimate meaning of an axiom which the penny-post reformers have, we think, grossly perverted, namely, that the *revenue* derived from the Post-office is a *secondary* consideration—the public convenience and general facility of intercourse being the *first*. This axiom, advanced most prominently by Lord Lowther, who has taken, both in and out of office, an active interest in Post-office reform—has been much relied on by the advocates for a universal penny-post; but we shall show hereafter that they push Lord Lowther's authority a great deal further than, either in his Lordship's meaning or in sound argument, it ought to go, and that it has been, as we have just said, perverted to what we think a very dangerous conclusion.

No one can rate higher than we do the paramount advantages of a cheap, rapid, and certain post-communication, to the commercial, intellectual, and social interests of mankind. *That*, we repeat, is the first object—the consideration of revenue is subordinate—very important, no doubt, but subordinate. If, therefore, Mr. Hill's fundamental statement were true—if there were an excess of income to be disposed of—we are not prepared to say that it could be more beneficially applied than in the *alleviation* of postages.

But what turns out to be the fact?—there is no '*great excess*' of income—there is no excess at all; on the contrary, a great and growing *deficit*—which threatens, even without any help from Post-office reform, to disarrange our whole financial system—to endanger the security of the public creditor—and, need we add, exposes us to all the risk of the worst species of anarchy. This deficit began the very year (1837) in which Mr. Hill speculated on a surplus: by the close of that year the deficit was no less than 655,760*l.*: upon which, in the next edition of his pamphlet, (1838,) Mr. Hill quietly observes, 'that the depression of the revenue is, there *can be little doubt*, temporary;' and with this comfortable confidence he persists in arguing on the imaginary surplus.

surplus. But at the close of 1838, the deficit was further increased by a sum of 345,227*l.*; and now, Mr. Rice has gone out of office bequeathing to his successor an estimate for the year 1839 of a further deficit of 860,000*l.*—being an accumulated defalcation of 1,860,987*l.*

Here, then, was an argument founded on Mr. Hill's own preliminary admission, by which a wise and honest government ought to have resisted with its whole power an experiment which risked no less of annual revenue than 1,600,000*l.*—which was the net produce of the Post-office for the last year.

But the government is neither wise nor honest—in fact, they are not even a government—their situation is so precarious and *squeezeable*—to use the happy vulgarism of one of the *squeezers*—that they are at the mercy of any two or three of their supporters; and the radical section of their narrow majority having, for motives sufficiently obvious, insisted on the concession of the penny-postage, the ministers submitted—with, however, to do them all justice, as much reluctance and as bad a grace as if they were doing some constitutional and meritorious act.

But although this preliminary objection is one which ought to have been decisive with the government against making so perilous an experiment *at such a crisis*, we do not rest this question on grounds so narrow as the temporary pressure of financial difficulties. If no such difficulty had supervened, we still think, and we expect to be able to show, that Mr. Hill's project is in itself very problematical—*by the means and for the purposes* which he proposes, and that the report of the Committee which pushes Mr. Hill's *principle* still farther than he *at first* pretended to do is still more objectionable.

After Mr. Hill's preliminary postulate of an *excess of revenue*, (which so unfortunately for him and for us has failed him,) he proceeds to lay more general and more solid grounds for his proposition, by showing that the Post-office revenue is not so great as it ought to be—that this is attributable *solely* to the excessive rates of postage, and that a diminution of these rates, after perhaps a slight temporary depression, would tend, according to all analogy, to an ultimate and progressive increase in the revenue.

We have already stated our long-formed opinion that the rates are in some cases too high, and the practical service in many instances imperfect and anomalous; and that these defects ought, even at some sacrifice of revenue, to be immediately amended,—and we believe that *such* improvements would probably soon repay the loss—but Mr. Hill pushes this principle to an extent in which we cannot concur.

He begins by stating the very startling fact, that since the year
1815—

1815—during twenty-four years of unexampled internal progress in population and general prosperity—the post-office revenue has rather diminished than increased: this he illustrates by the following table:—

| Year. | Population. | Net revenue actually obtained. | Revenue which would have been obtained had the receipts kept pace with the increase of population from 1815. | Comparative loss. |
|-------|-------------|--------------------------------|--|-------------------|
| | | £ | £ | £ |
| 1815 | 19,552,000 | 1,557,291 | 1,557,291 | |
| 1820 | 20,928,000 | 1,479,547 | 1,674,000 | 194,453 |
| 1825 | 22,362,000 | 1,670,219 | 1,789,000 | 118,781 |
| 1830 | 23,961,000 | 1,517,952 | 1,917,000 | 399,048 |
| 1835 | 25 605,000 | 1,540,300 | 2,048,000 | 507 700 |

In addition to this he shows, by a similar table, that, compared with what he considers the strictly analogous case of the stage-coach duty, the loss on the Post-office is still greater, for as this revenue has increased from 217,000*l.* to 498,000*l.*, the Post-office would, in the same proportion, have reached 3,550,000*l.*, which implies, he says, a positive loss of upwards of *two millions*; and then he quotes the opinions of Sir Henry Parnell and Mr. McCulloch, that this stand-still can only be accounted for by the excessive rates of postage. The fact is striking—and the high rate of tax has probably been a considerable, though we cannot think the only, cause of this remarkable result—so remarkable indeed as to appear to us unaccountable, even on Mr. Hill's hypothesis: for we certainly do not live in an age in which either business or pleasure is much impeded, even among the lower orders, by considerations of petty economy—under which the denying oneself a useful or agreeable letter might be classed; but there are some circumstances which alleviate, if they do not altogether remove our surprise, and which it is at least right to suggest in explanation of what, on Mr. Hill's statement, would appear an inexplicable phenomenon.

In the first place, we wonder that it did not strike so sharp an accountant as Mr. Hill, that when his two calculations gave such very different results, one of them must be erroneous. One of his tables shows a loss of 500,000*l.*, the other a loss of *four times* that sum: it is therefore clear that one or the other must be a fallacious criterion; and we believe that both are attempts to measure things which are not commensurable. In the next place, Mr. Hill takes as his standard that remarkable and glorious year 1815, which, from the overthrow of Buonaparte and the astonishing events which immediately preceded and followed it, created a universal stir and excitement, and gave a general movement to every

every kind of affairs, unparalleled in the annals of the world : whereas if he had taken the account, as in *fairness to the argument* he ought, from the period at which the *largest increase* of the tax was made, viz., 1801, he must have shown that the net post-office revenue of the United Kingdom had just *doubled* ; the sums being—

| | |
|--------------|------------|
| 1801 | £ 772,675 |
| 1835 | £1,540,300 |

while the population was, according to the census nearest the two periods—

| | |
|--------------|---------------------|
| 1801 | 16,338,102 persons. |
| 1831 | 24,271,763. |

So that the post-office revenue had nearly doubled, while the population had increased by not quite one-half. This, which completely overthrows Mr. Hill's statements, seems even to justify an opposite conclusion, namely, that the post-office revenue may occasionally appear stationary, or even retrograde, by happening at periods of peculiar excitement to have outrun the natural average of its duties.

But, in addition to this positive refutation of Mr. Hill's tables, we have some general considerations to urge why, independently of the rates of duties, the post-office revenue has not arisen to a greater amount. First, the gratuitous conveyance of forty-four millions of newspapers, the estimated number now conveyed, of which the letters are made to pay the expense ; and moreover, who can compute how many *letters* of news, of announcements of births, deaths, and marriages, or of mere business, may not have been retrenched by this enormous circulation of *printed* intelligence. Again ; it seems natural that, as population thickens, the average distance, and of course the average produce of correspondence, will diminish. Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, Leeds, &c., are become so many minor Londons, which communicate with their own vicinities, at the lower rates of postage, and instead of one heavy letter to London costing a shilling or one shilling and sixpence, two or three fourpenny letters will be written to the provincial metropolis—thus increasing the number of letters two or three fold, while it tends to diminish the revenue.

Nor will an increase of population produce for some time a proportionate increase of correspondence—a population which should, by natural increase, double itself in twenty years, would not within the twenty years have doubled the number of letter-writers ; and finally, Mr. Hill's own statement of the enormous increase of stage-coach passengers militates, *pro tanto*, though the *tanto* be not great, against an increase of correspondence. *Ipsæ venit*—the man who comes in person has no need to write,
and

and one journey to town may save a country shopkeeper twenty letters. We say, then, that we have, in the first place, overthrown Mr. Hill's statistical tables, and in the next have suggested some not unimportant reasons why, even if the increase of the post-office revenue did not keep exact pace with the increase of population, it would not be a satisfactory proof that the high rate of duty was the sole cause of such a stagnation.

But Mr. Hill supports his theory on this head by the examples of the post-offices of America and France, which he says have progressed rapidly, while ours has been at a stand-still. It is very likely that America and France may have gone on increasing their postages for reasons which do not apply to England. England grows rapidly in population and wealth; but America grows still more rapidly in wealth, population, and, above all, *space*—and space is the peculiar aliment of post-offices. Ten thousand inhabitants added to New York would have little effect on the inland postage, but the ten thousand men pushing themselves in long lines down into the West must needs become customers to the post-offices; and when we read how great commercial cities spring up in the interior, where there was a few years before an uninhabited wilderness, we see sufficient reason why the increase of postage in America should be no measure for England.

In the case of France, Mr. Hill is more particular, and produces figures to show that the *gross* receipts of her post-office have increased from 24,000,000 frs. (960,000*l.*) in 1821 to 37,000,000 frs. (1,480,000*l.*) in 1831. Is it not strange that Mr. Hill, when instituting this comparison between England and France, should have chosen to exhibit the English income in *net*, and the French in *gross*, a difference which, in such a revenue as the post-office, renders all comparison impossible? Why did he not take the trouble to exhibit the English *gross* or the French *net*?—but instead of doing so, he says that it is '*highly probable*' that the French net produce would afford a still more rapid increase, and corroborates his inference that the effective loss to the English post-office is 'even more than *two millions per annum.*'—p. 5.

This style of argument from one country to another so dissimilar—from *gross* to *net*—and finally on a '*probability*,' where the actual figures might and ought to have been produced, would authorize us in throwing the whole deduction aside; but we think it worth while to examine it a little further, to show what sort of foundations Mr. Hill builds upon. Between the two terms 1821 and 1835—which Mr. Hill thus compares, to show the *natural* increase of post-office circulation, arising from the gradual progress of population and business—there happened

in France, as we find from M. Piron, three gigantic improvements, sufficient to account for a much larger increase than he quotes :

1st, Up to 1821, through a great part, and particularly the west and south of France, there were posts but *three times a-week*—in that year those posts were made *daily* : this alone produced an increased circulation of five millions of letters in the very first year. (*Piron*, p. 6.)

2nd. Since the year 1821, the conveyance of the French mails has been accelerated by means of *malles postees*, and other rapid conveyances, in the ratio (as exemplified by the correspondence of Paris with Marseilles) of 156 hours, where before 254 hours were consumed—a saving of 2-5ths.

3rd. In 1829, there were established in France a system of rural posts, answering to the bye and penny posts in England, which in the first year produced an increase of, according to M. Piron's calculation, about four millions and a half of letters. These improvements (like every other that we know of in the French post-office) were borrowed from our system, in which they existed *long before* the period quoted by Mr. Hill ;—and of course the sudden *increase* which *they* produced in France could have no corresponding item in the English period—though such an *increase* might be found in the former periods, when these several improvements were introduced in England.

Mr. Hill tells us that there is a *high probability* that the *net* French produce would show a still greater increase. If they did so, under the influence of these improvements—recent in France, but old with us—it would prove nothing but that our old system was a tolerably good one ; but we find in the last French budget a remarkable fact, still more creditable to our system, though somewhat at variance with Mr. Hill's conjecture, and which we cannot help suspecting may have been the reason why Mr. Hill did not give us the French net produce in *figures* rather than by *guess*. It is there stated that the whole produce of the French post-office for the current year was estimated at 44,350,000 frs. (1,774,000*l.*), and that the charge of management was no less than 24,110,000 frs. (965,400*l.*), or about 55 per cent.—while the English revenue is collected at a charge of 26 or 27 per cent.

But to apply these statements to his purpose, Mr. Hill finds it necessary to attribute the more flourishing condition of the French revenue (which, as we see, he is far from having proved) to another assumption, which seems equally gratuitous. It arises, he says, from the French postages being '*less exorbitant* than with us.' Certainly the French postages are nominally lower than ours, the highest charge on a single letter being in England 14*d.*, and

and in France 12*d.*, and so in proportion; but M. Piron, in making a similar complaint against the *exorbitancy* of French postages, says, 'A workman from the Arriège is almost interdicted from a communication with his family: for a *postage of 10d. is the day's wages of his father or his brother.*'—p. 17.

Now we need not take much trouble to prove that the daily wages of the worst paid workmen in England bear a proportion to the French wages of 10*d.** much higher than the ratio of the postages of 14*d.* to 12*d.*: both may be exorbitant; but the whole gist of Mr. Hill's argument is, that the French are *less so*, which is clearly not the fact.

We have quoted this passage of M. Piron's book to show that the English postages are not so much *more exorbitant* than those of France as to justify Mr. Hill's argument; but it opens another consideration. The Committee states,—

'Of the inability of the working classes to pay the expense of even a single letter, as now taxed, out of their earnings, little proof is necessary. "Sixpence," says Mr. Brewin, one of the Society of Friends, "is a third of a poor man's daily income. If a gentleman, whose fortune is 1000*l.* a-year, or 3*l.* a day, had to pay one-third of his daily income, that is, a sovereign, for a letter, how often would he write letters of friendship?"'—*Report*, p. 21.

This M. Piron—whose book is little more than an echo and illustration of the English publications, adapted (not always with due acknowledgment) to the meridian of Paris—enforces by asking what a man of 10,000 *frs.* a-year would say if you were to charge him a day's income, 274 *frs.* (about 11*l.* sterling), or even half a day's income, 137 *frs.* (5*l.* 10*s.*) for a letter. Here M. Piron, by an error of his pen or of the press, magnifies the grievance *tenfold* in favour of his and the Committee's argument: for the sums he states are the day's and the half day's portion of an income of 100,000 *frs.* a-year, whereas 10,000 *frs.* would give only 27 *frs.* 4 sous, and 13 *frs.* 7 sous, or about 1*l.* 2*s.*, and 11*s.* sterling. We conclude this blunder was unintentional; but it is repeated *three* times over, and makes—as such a result might be expected to do—a striking figure in the arguments. But whether applied to a case of 1000*l.* or 10,000*l.* a-year, the principle is, we admit, the same, and begging pardon of Mr. Brewin and M. Piron, a more short-sighted sophism we have seldom met. These wisacres wholly forget that a man of 1000*l.* a-year would probably receive

* M. Piron states in another place the wages of a workman at 20*d.* This difference from the first statement is not explained, but it may mean that the average of wages is 10*d.* in the rural districts, and 20*d.* in *Paris*; but, even then, we may assert that the wages of workmen in *London* bear a greater ratio to 20*d.* than 14 to 12, and every article of expense bears in England a more than proportionable ratio over the price in France.

thirty or forty letters for every *one* which could be addressed to a poor labourer. There can be no doubt that, generally speaking, the number of letters which any man receives bears some proportion to his business, that is to say, his income; and if so, even on Messrs. Brewin and Piron's own argument, the tax falls pretty equally on all. But why confine this philanthropic principle to so slight and rare an incident in a labourer's life as the receipt of a letter? Why not apply it to matters which really and deeply affect every hour of every day of his existence? Why not put the case thus: 'Is it not monstrous that a poor workman should pay for a loaf of bread half his daily income? What would a man of 1000*l.* a-year say if you were to charge him 1*l.* 10*s.* for every loaf of bread consumed in his house?' The same reasoning would apply to the pot of beer, the yard of cloth, the pound of leather—ay, and a *thousand times* more forcibly, we think, than to postages, and would, in short, require the repeal of all taxes that tend to exact from a day-labourer for *any* article, either of use or luxury, a greater *proportion* of his income than it would cost a man of fifty thousand a-year.

But even in the insulated case of the postage, it would not remedy the theoretical grievance; for one penny would still be the eighteenth part of the poor man's daily income, while it would be but the seven hundred and twentieth part of that of the gentleman of 1000*l.* a-year. In principle, and in fact, the comparative hardship would remain the same.

But we must not forget that there are also other circumstances which alleviate the burden of postage to the poor. Their letters are not encumbered with envelopes or inclosures, and the circle of their intercourse is narrow. 'The short and simple annals of the poor' are written at the lowest rates. One great and interesting class of such correspondence—that of soldiers and sailors with their families and friends—is already at a penny postage, and the very limited use that is made of this privilege shows that it is not the high rates of postage alone which restrict the correspondence of parties in that rank. The Duke of Wellington—always remarkable for the sound practical good sense with which he treats every subject—stated that, although no account was kept nor could be rendered of the exact extent to which this privilege was employed, it had lately been proved by the incident of a judicial inquiry, that in a *Scotch* regiment—and the *Scotch* are remarkable, above all our population, for education and for attachment to home—this privilege produced in six or seven months but sixty-three or sixty-four letters from about 700 men.* This fact,

* There is an account of the number of soldiers and sailors' letters which passed through

fact, and, we believe, the experience of every man who watches the details of such matters, will be a sufficient answer to the vague and problematical evidence of some witnesses who deposed before the Committee as to the yearnings of Irish and other migratory labourers and servants for a correspondence with their native homes. That these respectable witnesses had seen many such instances we readily believe; but their error, we think, lies in arguing *à particulari ad universale*, and of applying these occasional incidents to help out their own pre-adopted theory for a penny post.

These arguments, therefore, as to the *peculiar* hardship on the *poor* of the present system, on which the Committee lays such stress, appear to us to be a mere *ad captandum* exaggeration. But connected with it is a more important consideration, which we may as well take this opportunity of examining—namely, the effect of the high rates of postage on the *moral* condition of the people. Mr. Hill says,—

‘The loss to the revenue is, however, far from being the most serious of the injuries inflicted on society by the high rates of postage. When it is considered how much the *religious, moral, and intellectual* progress of the people would be accelerated by the unobstructed circulation of letters and of the *many cheap and excellent non-political publications* of the present day, the post-office assumes the new and important character of a powerful engine of civilization, capable of performing a distinguished part in the great work of national education, but rendered feeble and inefficient by erroneous financial arrangements.’—p. 8.

The Committee asserts that—

‘The present high rates of postage are extremely injurious to all classes, both in their individual and social capacity, interfering as they do with their progress in *moral and intellectual* improvement, and, in some degree, with their physical welfare. . . . They either act as a grievous tax on the poor, causing them to sacrifice their little earnings to the pleasure or advantage of corresponding with their distant friends, or compel them to forego such intercourse altogether: thus subtracting from the small amount of their enjoyments, and obstructing the growth and maintenance of their best affections.’—p. 6.

And M. Piron is still more particular and pathetic:—

‘Those who have had occasion to consider the moral progress of the youth of the inferior classes who go into service know that when the son begins to neglect his correspondence with his family; when the daughter ceases to write regularly to her mother; when her letters become short and few, the demoralization of the absent child is, *if not already accom-*

through the London office in one week of February, 1838; but, as there is no kind of intimation as to the numbers of men which produced the number of letters, it is of no use to our inquiry.

plished,

plished, close at hand. Society, says an English author, that prepares tread-mills for clerks that rob their employers, and infamy for the girl who commits a *faux pas*, owes it surely to justice, not to disserve, but, on the contrary, to draw as close as possible the salutary ties of family affection, the best guarantees of morality.'—*Piron*, p. 18.

Now, God forbid that we should not feel as strong a desire as Mr. Hill or M. Piron, or even the Committee, can do, to improve the education, and to promote the domestic morals of the people; but we believe that they all exaggerate the importance in these respects of the rates of postage.

Mr. Hill assumes it as an axiom that 'the religious, moral, and intellectual progress of the people would be accelerated by the unobstructed circulation of letters and *non-political* publications;' and we should agree with him, if he could prove his other assumption, that the matters so circulated should be all *excellent* of their kind; but is that the fact? Is there no danger that, instead of '*excellent non-political publications*,' which only, Mr. Hill assumes, are to be thus circulated, there might be no inconsiderable proportion of political publications, and of political publications of no excellent character; and of *non-political* publications whose moral tendencies might not be '*excellent*;' nay, which might be deleterious? Is Mr. Hill aware of the predominant character of the unstamped periodical papers that now swarm in our towns? Does he suppose that good order or good morals would be promoted by their almost gratuitous circulation into every remote corner of the empire? And is it the fact that the public appetite, freed from all restraint, will accept only the wholesome and nutritious, and steadily reject the pungent, the luscious, the exciting?—Need we urge this point farther?

But observe his practical inconsistency. It is admitted that already *forty-four millions* of newspapers are gratuitously (so far as the post-office is concerned) circulated, and that *any* periodical print which will subject itself to a penny stamp may be conveyed to any part of the empire at the very rate which he contends for, of a penny. So that the only difference that would be made as to the power of transmitting these prints would be the relieving them from the slight but, as far as it goes, salutary control of the Stamp-Office. But this is not the worst of his inconsistencies. In support of another class of his arguments, he instances the distribution of the '*Penny Magazine*':—

'The magazine is sent to every part of the kingdom, and in considerable towns is delivered at the houses of the subscribers; but the penny charged for the magazine includes not only the cost of distribution, but the cost of eight large pages of letter-press and wood-cuts; and yet it is well known that the undertaking is a profitable one.'—p. 41.

This—

This—which is stated to show that the cost of the conveyance of a letter may be less than a penny—overthrows the supposed necessity of opening the post-office to such publications : for the ‘ Penny Magazine ’ makes its extensive distribution independently of the post-office. If, after the reduction of the postage, the ‘ Penny Magazine ’ shall be distributed as it now is, it is a proof that it does not need the assistance of the post-office : if, on the other hand, it should employ the reformed post-office, the price of ‘ that powerful engine of civilization ’ would be doubled—that is, in fact, the distinctive character of that ‘ excellent ’ enterprise would be entirely destroyed.

The Committee, in a tone which seems to us rather hypocritical, lament that the present postages

‘ tends greatly to circumscribe the operations of different Societies instituted for the spread of *religion*, the advancement of *morality*, and the promotion of *charitable* objects.’—*Report*, p. 6.

To which we reply—first, why should it be so?—They do not circumscribe the circulation of the ‘ Penny Magazine,’ nor even of the ‘ Times;’ but secondly, we ask of the Committee, as we did of Mr. Hill, are there no societies in this country which have *other* than *religious*, *moral*, and *charitable* objects—are there no societies which might wish to spread disaffection, irreligion, or faction? or is it improbable that such societies might be formed?—Was the Committee ignorant—we think not—that the radicals in politics, and the sectarians in religion, have been the warmest advocates—and indeed (except the mercantile body we have alluded to) the only very zealous advocates for this penny post? The reason is obvious; because at present such parties cannot circulate their venom without some kind of machinery and agency, which, though it might perhaps cost no more than the penny postage, would attract observation and create a degree of responsibility, and which, besides, can only operate where there has been some preliminary demand from parties desirous of receiving such papers. The printers are responsible—the publishers are responsible—the agents are responsible—the whole proceeding must be public, and liable therefore to the interference of the authorities: whereas, through the safe and sacred medium of the post-office, an illegal society may not only affiliate itself, without possibility of interruption or detection, with similar societies in different quarters, but may *force* their incendiary publications upon parties who had never before heard or thought of such mischief: nor is the power that would be conferred of organizing with celerity and security the simultaneous *movements* of the population in distant districts to be wholly disregarded; and on the whole we feel that, so far from the *exclusive* benefits to ‘ *order*, *morals*, and *religion*,’ which Mr.

Hill .

Hill and the Committee put forward, there is, at least, as great a chance of the contrary mischief, and that the proposed penny post might perhaps be more justly characterised as '*Sedition made easy*.' And, finally, let it not be forgotten that checks on useful productions may be removed by a little address and activity (witness the '*Penny Magazine*'), and at worst can amount only to an inconvenience: whereas the facility given to mischievous publications is a positive evil, dangerous to the very existence of society.

M. Piron enters into smaller details, and tells us that children out in service are in great danger of demoralization when they cease to write home—but in the same sentence he admits the obvious truth that the demoralization is the *cause* rather than the *consequence* of the interrupted correspondence. Dr. Moore, as good a judge of human motives as M. Piron, exhibits his Zeluco, not as falling into vice because he gave over writing to his mother, but as not writing because that filial duty had grown irksome to a depraved mind; and M. Piron overlooks the fact that the case, *as he states it*, proves unluckily the very reverse of what he intends: for, under the present system, the child has nothing whatsoever to pay on posting the letter to the parent—whereas, under the *new plan*, he or she would have to buy the stamp; which, trifling as both the cost and trouble may appear to us, will we apprehend be of some importance to the poor, whose time lost in looking after a stamp would be often more valuable than the old postage.

After all, no one can doubt that the low postage will considerably increase the amount of general correspondence, and nowhere, we believe, so much as in letters of friendship amongst the middle and lower classes—a great advantage—a great increase to individual happiness, and in some cases, perhaps, a preservative from evil by maintaining the family tie; but even this advantage will not be unmingled. Will clerks write only to their fathers, and girls to their mothers? Will not letters of romance or love, intrigue or mischief, increase in at least equal proportions? Does any rational mind doubt that there will be, on this point of the question, a balance of good and evil? And even admitting—what it would be hard to prove—that there should be a preponderance of good, can it be shown that the preponderance will be so great as to compensate the other, as we think, inevitable disadvantages?

But these moral considerations, though so prominently urged by the Reformers, and therefore requiring the foregoing observations on our part, are mainly, as we have said, *ad captum vulgi*. We now approach the more solid motives which have operated with the most

most influential of Mr. Hill's supporters, which has prompted all the evidence, produced all the petitions, and finally seduced or intimidated the Government—the *mercantile* convenience and advantage.

No one can feel more strongly than we do—and from the very first days of our publication have always done—the vast importance of the mercantile interests of this great commercial empire. We admit it to the largest extent that either Mr. Hill or the Committee can desire. We admit, also, as a general thesis, that the removal of every species of restriction on free commercial intercourse must be *pro tanto* desirable, and that the reduction, and still more the total abolition, of the post-office duties, would have a direct, a general, and, as to the extent and facility of mercantile transactions, a beneficial effect. But, on the other hand, we are prepared to contend, that as long as it is necessary to collect a revenue—as long as it is necessary to maintain that system of public credit, which has created, supported, and developed to their present importance those very mercantile interests—as long as *any* species of taxes or duties are to be levied, there is none more legitimate in principle, or more fair and equitable in practice, than the post-office revenue; nay, none—no, not one in our whole financial system—so much so! This, we think, we shall be able to prove; but much more easy would be our task if the post-office reformers, or the Government, had condescended to intimate from what *other* less objectionable source they would propose to raise an annual net revenue of £1,600,000!

Mr. Hill, indeed, professes that his plan will eventually rather increase than diminish the revenue; and he felt so strongly the danger, and, when he opened his scheme; the unpopularity with all thinking men, of giving up the post-office as a source of revenue, that, although some of his arguments and most of his propositions tend that way, he never openly avowed it: but the Committee—though especially instructed by the House to ‘consider of such a reduction as may be made *without injury to the revenue*,’ and though they recommended a *two-penny* rather than a *penny* rate as necessary to cover the actual cost—appears to us to have had little solicitude about the revenue, and in the principles which they advance to have thrown it over altogether.

They begin by perverting, as we have already hinted, the axiom, for which they quote Lord Lowther and other respectable authorities—that the public convenience was, and ought to be, the first object of the Post-Office, and that *revenue* is but a secondary consideration, or rather, as their whole argument inculcates, of no consideration at all; and this they support by the authority of the preamble of the act of the 12th Charles II. establishing the post-office—that ‘its object was the advantage of trade and commerce’

merce' (Report, p. 10), without any allusion to or consideration of *revenue*, and 'such,' they conclude, 'ought to be the objects with a view to which the Post-Office should be now managed.'

Now this proposition is, we assert, as an historical fact, totally untrue:—the public convenience, no doubt, was, and is, and ought to be, in one sense, 'the *primary consideration*,' the most important, the most essential, because it is the basis on which alone the revenue can be raised; but it never was the *primary consideration* in the sense of having been the first creative motive. On the contrary, in every country we believe, but assuredly in England, the post-office was originally an enterprise of individuals—sanctioned no doubt by the royal authority, without which they would not have acted at all—for private profit; and was so conducted till the growing income induced the State to take it altogether into its own hands as a branch of revenue. We find in Rymer (xix. 650) a curious proclamation of Charles I. authorising one Thomas Withering, a private grantee, to establish a post to Scotland, to Ireland, and to the West of England, at the following rates: Under 80 miles, 2*d.* for the single letter; between 80 and 140 miles, 4*d.*; above 140 miles, 6*d.*; and to Scotland, 8*d.*; and if more than one letter in a packet, then to pay according to the number and bulk of the inclosures; and the postmasters (that is, the persons who kept horses for riding post) were to furnish Withering with horses at 2½*d.* per mile each horse. So that the present rates are not more than double what they were at that early time, even in nominal amount; but, in fact, greatly diminished by the altered value of money. The Long Parliament took this business into their own hands, as a source of revenue, and afterwards farmed it, and it was not till the Restoration that it took its present form. The same was the case with the penny-post both in France and England—invented in Paris in the reign of Louis XIV. by a M. de Velay, and conducted for his own profit—in England also, and about the same time, a Mr. Dockwra set up a similar establishment as a private speculation:—so that the pretence so ostentatiously and artfully put forward by the Committee to lead the public mind to this extravagant innovation is a downright misstatement. The House of Commons may, if it pleases, give up the revenue, but it must find some better reason than the silly *pun* on the word *primary*. As well might it be said, that, because shops and markets are established for public convenience, the public has therefore a moral right to have all the articles sold in shops and markets at *prime cost*.

But, after all, this point is of no practical importance, and we notice it only to set right an historical fact, and to afford a specimen of the spirit of delusion in which Mr. Hill's project has been advocated. No one can doubt that it is equally the duty
and

and the interest of the Post-Office to afford to the public every possible convenience and accommodation, subject only, as far as we at present see, to two limitations,—1. that the convenience should be of the nature for which post-offices are designed—for example, the post-office should not become common carriers; and 2. that the revenue should not be essentially impaired, and, above all, not to the advantage of any individual class of interests. Now we believe we can show that the main grievances put forward in the Reports of the Committee arise from the just and proper, as we think, attention of the post-office to these two conditions; that many of the new accommodations required are not fit objects of post-office service—and, if granted, would essentially impair the revenue, to the chief advantage of individual interests.

A very, indeed the most, prominent grievance is the practice of charging as *double*, letters containing any inclosure. It may at first sight be thought hard that the sending a line of advertisement cut out of a newspaper, or an inch of lace to be matched, neither weighing more than a grain, should involve a double charge. Now that hardship might be remedied, without any other change in our system, by charging by *weight* of quarter or half ounce as in France, instead of by single and double letters as with us—a change which we shall consider on its own merits by and by—but this would not meet the object of the agitators, nor the principles of the Committee. One person contemplates the sending parcels of patent medicines (5657); another a box of pills (7791): one ingenious witness exhibited to the Committee a parcel of two pills and two plasters, which, under Mr. Hill's plan, might be transmitted through the post-office. This clever person forgot that, unless the penny envelope could be made large enough to transmit a *doctor* also to judge whether the medicines were proper for the case, it would be more prudent in the patient to send to his own country apothecary; but instead of sending either pill, plaster, or doctor, why not send the *prescription*, by which a single letter would suffice to physic a parish? Another desires to send samples of agricultural seeds (7928), and, for example, 'clover' (7879), which would greatly, he says, benefit agriculture; but, of course, if 'clover' is so indulgently treated, wheat, beans, and, the most valuable of all, *potatoes* could not be rejected. Mr. Warburton, a member of the Committee, and an eminent timber-merchant, suggests that 'grafts of *trees* might be sent.' 'No doubt,' replies the witness, and 'here are 2400 seeds of larch-fir made up in a half-ounce packet' (7980). Every manufacturer agrees in the advantage of sending patterns of *his own* particular ware. One *very prominent* and important witness, whose name the Committee discreetly veils under the random initials of E. F., and whose
abode

abode and trade are left in blank, is very desirous of being able to send from fifteen to fifty patterns of goods. We know not what he may deal in—we hope not in ironware or woollen: for we presume the Committee had not yet arrived to such a pitch of post-office reform as to contemplate sending samples of nails or blankets by the post; and yet, why, in strict and equal justice, should the manufacturers of hardware or broadcloth; why even glass or china makers; or the importers of wine or fruits; or Mr. Warburton himself, the timber-merchant, be excluded from an advantage—so great an advantage we are told—as is to be given to other traders? If the principle be once admitted, where are we to draw the line? Weight alone will not do it, for at 1d. per half ounce the conveyance would be still so cheap for long distances that many bulky articles might be intruded on the Post-Office.

If our object were merely to amuse our readers, we could fill pages with examples of the trivial, the ludicrous, the extravagant, and discordant propositions which the Committee gravely received, and, as it seems, countenanced, in this portion of their inquiry, which really reads more like the questions and answers in a commission of lunacy than as a discussion between intelligent traders and sober legislators. One circumstance, however, is worthy of notice, as a proof of how impossible it would be to satisfy expectations of this class and character. In the first year of her Majesty's reign, her ministers, under, we have no doubt, the pressure of the same influence that has governed their subsequent proceedings, were induced so far to relax the strict principle of post-office taxation as to pass an act (1 Victoria, c. 34, § 28), 'That packets or covers containing *patterns* or *samples*, not exceeding *one ounce*, without any writing but the name of the sender, his place of abode, and the price of the inclosed article, should pass for the postage of a single letter;' but mark the result. That act is declared by the only two witnesses who were examined on the subject to be 'inoperative' (6674), and 'of very little value' (6897), because of the restriction of the quantity of *written* information. So here is an instance of the reduction of a *triple* to a *single* postage, which has proved to be 'inoperative,' and 'of very little value.' We are satisfied that a calm consideration, not merely of the *rationale* of the subject, but even of the evidence itself, will establish the impolicy, and eventually the mischief, of endeavouring to make the post-office a carrier of parcels, or of any species of merchandise, or of diverting it from its natural and generally understood duties.

This brings us back to the question of rates, and whether they are really so high as to impede, in any such degree as is pretended, the *legitimate* correspondence of the country.

'The

‘The present rates,’ say the Committee, ‘by restricting the transmission of letters of advice, invoices, orders, &c., produce a most serious injury to commerce, and consequently to national prosperity’ (*Report*, p. 6); and this assertion is supported by a vast body of evidence, unquestionable in its details, but exceedingly deficient when tried by general principles, and by a large and impartial view of the essential spirit of mercantile enterprise, and the relation between the commercial and the other general interests of the state. Does any one doubt that Custom-house regulations and duties fetter foreign commerce? that the Excise restricts internal consumption? that tolls on roads and canals impede the transport of goods? that light-house duties enhance freights? that the window-tax presses on shops? the coal-tax on comfort? the soap-tax on cleanliness? and even the income-tax, when it existed, on industry and the employment of capital? What branch of our revenue is innocent of that restrictive influence on all the businesses of mankind which is at this moment so prominently objected to the post-office? on which is it that we could not accumulate as great a body of accusatory details as against the post-office? Let rival petitions against the *malt-tax*, and against *postage*, canvass all England for signatures—can it be doubted that the complaint against the malt duties would meet most general countenance?

We do not forget that no species of taxation ought to be *prohibitory* or even *exorbitant*; and if it can be shown, and as far as it can be proved, that the postages are, *in comparison with other public burdens*, excessive, we decidedly agree that they should be reduced: but is there any such proof? There is not even any such allegation. We must here repeat that most important fact, that it is under the present system of post-office revenue—less increased, since its origin, two centuries ago, than any other scale of duties—that all the great commercial interests of the empire have grown to their present unexampled and incalculable prosperity: but, again, we say, if the rates be irregular or exorbitant, let them be revised and reduced: they need not, on that account, be totally repealed.

The Committee complain that letters inclosing ‘invoices’ and other mercantile documents cannot be sent but under a heavier rate of postage than a common letter: on what possible principle should they? They are actually heavier, they are of greater value: why should weighty and valuable parcels be conveyed as cheaply as a few idle lines of news or the like? Mr. Hill and his co-operators enter into many minute (and, as we shall see presently, very erroneous) details to show that the cost of conveying a letter is *comparatively* nothing: now what is the *comparative* charge on an invoice? We will take the highest possible case:
a letter

That we may not be suspected of being tender to our own craft, we must notice the equally unreasonable complaints of authors, editors, and publishers, who produce a mass of evidence to show that it would be a vast convenience to them to be able to transmit their manuscripts and *proofs* backwards and forwards at a penny postage. No doubt—but, even as the case stands, we think they manage the matter pretty well. Look at all the ‘Libraries of Useful Knowledge,’ ‘the Penny Magazine,’ ‘the Saturday Magazine,’ ‘Chambers’s Journal,’ ‘the Penny Cyclopædia,’ and so forth. Within all country towns they could be *now*, if the editors found it worth while, sent at 1d.—in London for 2d.—

* A couple of years since some post-office reformer, to prove the absurdity of the *single* and *double* system, circulated letters on single sheets as large as table-cloths—at least we received such a one. He was clearly one of those who would have wished to send the same weight in samples of goods.

and all through the country they may be sent by coach parcels,—a mode of conveyance so cheap and so rapid, that Mr. Hill and the Committee rely mainly on it as a proof of how cheaply the post-office might do its work : where, then, is the need or advantage of a change for *them* ?

In the 11,654 questions and answers which the Committee put and received on these subjects, we find two or three which are a conclusive refutation of some thousands which refer to these complaints against mercantile postages, and these are elicited from the most anxious advocates of the new system. Mr. Dillon, a partner in the great haberdashery house of Morrison and Co., says—‘ We charge the postage on orders below a certain amount.’ (3539.) The Committee, it seems, did not think it worth while to ask the ‘ certain amount ;’ but the next witness, Mr. Whittaker, the respectable publisher, states (3693), that ‘ unless the order extends from 2*l.* to 3*l.* they charge their correspondent with *postage and commission.*’ Now here is irrefragable proof that postages are, in fact, so insignificant compared with general transactions, that, except for *very small* orders, they are covered by the dealer’s profit, and that even when the order is so low as 3*l.*, there is still profit enough to cover both ‘ *postage and commission* ;’ and this elucidates with equal force why the very witnesses that give such evidence are amongst the most anxious to get rid of a charge so small as not to be worth making to individual purchasers of 3*l.* worth of goods :—it is simply this, that, charging their goods at the wholesale price, they make a profit which silently covers the postage, even when, as in the cases of the two houses just mentioned, their annual postage should be above 1000*l.* Now if the postages were abolished, the amount would be too insignificant to make any alteration in the price of the article to individual customers, and Messrs. Dillon and Whittaker would each put 1000*l.* a-year of the present post-office revenue into their own private pockets, and we, the public, must be called upon to make good the 1000*l.* thus comfortably realised by Messrs. Whittaker and Dillon. We are no longer surprised at the zeal and subscriptions of the great city houses in this cause, seeing that they expect to pocket a new and net profit—each according to their scale of business—of from 500*l.* to 11,000*l.* a-year, with no other risk, cost, or trouble, than their share in getting up this agitation ; but we are surprised that the honourable and intelligent Committee did not see that these two admissions were very complete answers to a great majority of the 11,654 questions which they so diligently put. We confess that we admire their industry more than their sagacity or candour.

In short, we see no evidence and no reason to induce a belief
that

that the amount of postages can trammel in any serious degree the great mercantile movements of this country. It is a disagreeable thing to merchants to have to pay in hard cash and on the instant, one, two, or three pounds sterling a-day, when the return must be so distant, and so merged in the general profits, that the postage feels as if it is an immediate and actual loss; but it is quite clear that it falls at last on the consumer, and is, beyond doubt, the lightest of all the fiscal burdens with which any article of general consumption is charged.

The persons on whom postage falls really heaviest are a class that Mr. Hill and the Committee hardly notice—the smaller gentry, who are immediately below the influence of the franking privilege, and who correspond for pleasure, for courtesy, or the petty businesses of life. They, unlike the trader, have no customer on whom eventually to lay the burthen, and we confess that the favourable impression which we originally felt towards the penny-rate was chiefly influenced by a consideration for this class; which, however, being somewhat of a higher order, attracts no sympathy whatsoever from post-office reformers. But, on the other hand, letters are, with this class, a kind of luxury for which they can afford to pay, and which they may, in a considerable degree, if not altogether, regulate at their own option, and according to their circumstances.

We have no means of estimating what the amount of this class of correspondence may be in this country, and the Committee, so minute on other very minor points, give, and perhaps could give, no data upon this; but we were surprised to learn from M. Piron that the number of private letters—that is, not upon mere business—is in France so inconsiderable that he throws it altogether out of consideration. In England, no doubt, a great portion of such correspondence passes under franks; but a very considerable quantity must, we should think, be taxed, and it is for that portion (including the domestic letters of the lower orders) that we should be most anxious for *some* reduction of the rates. The *men of business*, we are well assured, can look after their own interests, and recover, as we have said, with usury, the advances which they are obliged to make.

We have thus touched—slightly and imperfectly, we are aware, but as far as the limits of such a paper as this allow—the general arguments in favour of a reduction of postage, on the score of justice, morality, or commerce; and we think we have indicated (and we pretend to do no more) considerations which tend to show that these arguments are in some instances wholly unfounded, in all the rest very much exaggerated, and certainly not sufficient, on our present information, to warrant so serious an experiment as is about to be made.

We

We now proceed to an examination of the peculiar characteristics of Mr. Hill's plan :

1. The justice of a uniform rate, and the sufficiency of that rate's being only a penny.

2. The economy and convenience of the uniform penny rate.

3. The prospect of an equal amount of revenue derived from economy of management and increase of correspondence.

Though, for the sake of clearness, we divide Mr. Hill's plan into its three great features, it will be seen that in detail they all hang together, and that the reasoning for or against them cannot be kept entirely separate. We shall, however, endeavour to follow each head with as much distinctness as we can.

There is something startling to the common sense of mankind in the proposition that a letter ought to be conveyed 500 miles for the same charge as for five miles ; but really Mr. Hill makes out a most ingenious, and, if his premises were sound, a very forcible case. His argument lies in a nutshell.

Taking the Edinburgh mail, which he selects as one of the longest and most important, he finds that the cost of conveying the mail of any one night is, by contract, without any reference to its weight, 5*l.* ; * that the average weight of letters and newspapers is 6 cwt., and of the bags 2 cwt., which, deducting the weight of the bags, gives for the cost of conveying a newspaper—at an average weight of 1½ oz.—1-6th of a penny ; and of a single letter—at the average of ¼ oz.—1-36th of a penny. Then 1-36th of a penny being the full cost of a letter from the longest distance, and such a fraction not practically admitting of any proportionable division for smaller distances, he assumes, fairly enough, that no substantial injustice can be done to any party in rating the conveyance of all distances at the uniform rate of 1-36th of a penny. Then, as every letter, whatever be the distance it has travelled, will have been put in at one post-office and delivered at another, the expenses of the two offices are common to all letters, and may, therefore, whatever the amount is, be added to all ; and the result will be that the total expense of conveyance and delivery is, for every practical purpose and with reference to any possible denomination of coin, the same all over the empire ; and so his case is proved with all the accuracy of arithmetic.

Common sense is astounded at such a result, and refuses to believe it—though it cannot at first sight discover where the fallacies lie ; but a little examination will show that, as usual, common sense is right even against the assumed accuracy of arithmetic.

* There is, we think, some subsequent evidence that it is still less, but it is simpler to adopt Mr. Hill's original calculation.

The first fallacy is that, though the cost of the Edinburgh mail be truly stated at 5*l.*, that sum, small as it seems, is not a fair average of the expense of the mails in general in reference to the number of letters conveyed.

The charge being made for the *trip* without reference to weight or number, the heavy-laden mails convey individual letters cheaper than the light. If the mail carried but five letters, each letter would cost 1*l.*, while 1200 would cost but a penny each : Mr. Hill, therefore, in the apparent fairness of selecting the Edinburgh mail as being the *longest*, really took an unfair instance, as it is also one of the *heaviest*—that is, one in which the individual cost of a letter is *lightest*. The Louth (Lincolnshire) mail, for instance, which is one of the light mails, costs *above* 1½*d.* per letter for 148 miles : on a new contract which had just come into operation, at the time of the evidence of Lord Lichfield, the Postmaster-General, the expense of that mail would be increased by about 1-6th ;—and the average of the kingdom cannot be taken, according to the evidence of the Postmaster-General (2786), at less than 1*d.*, instead of 1-36th, as Mr. Hill states. So vanishes his whole fabric at one blow ; for the naked cost of conveyance, without any other charges of management, equals the whole of his proposed postage. Another great source of Mr. Hill's error is, that he reckons, as we have seen, the *newspapers* as bearing their proportionable share of the burden at the rate of 1½ oz. weight, and 1-6th of a penny charge, and he has further deducted the weight of the bags ; but, instead of *deducting* the sums equivalent to these respective weights, he should, in fact, have *added* them, for newspapers go free, as do a large number of franked letters : the *paying* letters—which to Edinburgh average about 1500 only in number—must pay for both newspapers and franks, as well as for the weight of the bags ;—and the result, as stated in the very clear and clever evidence of Lord Lichfield, is, that the average Edinburgh letter, instead of being, as Mr. Hill assumes, 1-36th, is, in truth, above 3-4ths of a penny.

But this is not all. The mail-coaches are exempted from *tolls*, a privilege which Mr. Hill says that his brother reformer, Sir Henry Parnell, estimates as of itself a sufficient public remuneration for the conveyance of the mail *—an opinion in which he seems to concur. Nor yet is this all :—

The superior certainty and security which the superintendence of the government gives to the mails, the protection of the government guards, and other similar advantages, enable the mail-coach

* Mr. Hill indeed says that the stage-coach duty may be set off against the tolls ; but this is absurd, as the stage-coach duties fall on all coaches alike, and would be paid, together with the *tolls*, by these coaches, even if they carried no mails at all.

owners to charge higher rates for passengers (5285) and parcels (6887) than ordinary coaches. We have taken the trouble of inquiring what this advantage may be in the Edinburgh mail, and we find that a passenger by the best stage-coach is charged 6*l.* 10*s.* only, whereas by the mail he pays 7*l.* 7*s.*, or about 12 per cent. in favour of the mail; and a parcel under 12*lbs.* costs by the mail 6*s.* 2*d.*, and by the ordinary coach 5*s.* 2*d.*, being near 20 per cent. in favour of the mail; and so well understood is all this, that a mail-coach contractor who has a bad bargain still offers to do the work if the post-office will allow him to take another passenger. It is clear that all these advantages to the mail-coaches come eventually out of the public pocket, and tend additionally, if any addition were necessary, to the discomfiture of Mr. Hill's calculation of the abstract expense of the conveyance of a letter. But a very remarkable circumstance, strongly elucidatory of this part of the subject, and which alone ought to have suspended the Government's confidence in Mr. Hill's argument, has lately occurred. Stage-coaches plying for the conveyance of passengers between place and place were always anxious, for the sake of the advantages we have alluded to, and to secure so constant and important a customer as the post-office, to assume the character of *mails*, and to convey the bags at very moderate rates indeed—rates which bore but an imperfect proportion to the actual benefit derived by the public. But lo! *railroads* came into the market—they were susceptible of no subsidiary advantages from the post-office, and would only carry their mails at what they considered the real value of the accommodation;—and that value was so *excessively* beyond what the post-office was in the habit of paying the coaches, that the government were obliged to pass an *ex post facto* law to oblige the railroads to convey the mails at a rate to be settled by arbitration. This was a violent remedy; but even under it we understand that the post-office is obliged to pay to the railroads *six times* the sum it used to pay to the coaches. After this fact, what becomes of Mr. Hill's ingenious calculation that this cost of the conveyance of a letter is a sum too minute to be perceived? Need we say a word more on this part of the subject? Of all the witnesses that approved of the system of a uniform penny rate, there are but two (whom we shall notice presently) who do not rest their approbation on Mr. Hill's proof that 'the conveyance costs next to nothing,' and is, therefore, the same for all distances. Lord Ashburton—by far the weightiest authority in its favour, and indeed the only one of all the favouring witnesses who treats the subject with perfect candour and common sense—repeatedly says that he speaks only on the 'calculations' and '*ex parte* statements of Mr. Hill, showing that distance made, in

fact, no perceptible difference in the expense.' (8167, &c.) Mr. Browne (7021) 'assumes that Mr. Hill's calculations are correct,' (6625), 'and takes them for granted.' Mr. Brewin says, 'I follow Hill; I have no means of testing his calculations.' (7972.) Dr. Birkbeck 'takes Mr. Hill's estimate, that the conveyance of a letter to Edinburgh costs but 1-36th of a penny.' (8040.) Mr. E. F. 'knows nothing of the expenses of conveying letters other than as is given in Mr. Hill's pamphlet, and has no means of knowing whether it is correct.' (4280.) Mr. Murray 'takes the statements of Mr. Hill's pamphlet for granted,' (5822) 'and has himself made no calculation as to the cost'—(5851); and so on.

We have shown, however, that these calculations are substantially and importantly erroneous; and so fall to the ground all the evidence, the reasonings, and the opinions thus avowedly founded on them, and on them alone. Our readers will observe that we are not now inquiring whether a uniform rate of *two-pence* or *three-pence* might not cover the expenses—that is another question: our *present* business is with Mr. Hill's specific calculations; and these, we say, have in this particular entirely broken down. Of any modification of his plan we are not now giving an opinion; but *THE specific plan* has, we assert again, failed in another of its main foundations.

But there are two witnesses who are advocates for a uniformity of rate on abstract principles, without troubling themselves with Mr. Hill's calculation of the identity of cost in all cases; and—as we have no doubt that *now* that the *fact* has broken down under Mr. Hill's paradox, he and his supporters will fall back on the abstract justice of a uniform rate of postage, even though the rate of conveyance should vary—we think it worth while to notice these, otherwise only ridiculous, evidences. Mr. John Dillon says,—

'So far from thinking that it is reasonable that the tax upon letters should be in proportion to the distance, it has occurred to me that the *contrary* might, with advantage, take place, and that the tax on letters should be *inversely* and not directly in proportion to the distance. Persons living near the metropolis have already sufficient advantages and facilities of intercourse; and I believe the tax on postage is the only tax which a man at Edinburgh pays at a higher rate than a man living in the neighbourhood of London.' (3574.)

This gentleman, who must, we think, be a countryman of Sir Boyle Roache's, is obviously of opinion that it is farther from London to Edinburgh than it is from Edinburgh to London; and that a man in Edinburgh pays more for a London letter than a man in London for an Edinburgh letter. Yet the Committee listened with all respect to this Hibernian stuff, and asked this

this clear-headed witness no less than 170 questions, without thinking it necessary to remind him that a man in Edinburgh receives letters from all Scotland—the natural sphere of his business—and from the north of England, and from the north of Ireland, and, by way of Glasgow, ship-letters from America and the West Indies, and directly from Holland and the north of Europe, at rates considerably lower than the inhabitant of London. The other witness, a Scotch metaphysician, surpasses the last witness in absurdity. Mr. Dillon only confounds distance; Mr. Simpson first confounds, and then annihilates it. Dr. Lardner, who had been previously examined, had, though a zealous friend to the penny rate, too much good sense to maintain the abstract justice of a *uniform* rate. He had stated—

‘that he thought a uniform rate, when viewed as *a matter of convenience*, was desirable; but *per se* it is unjust: it is wholly disproportionate to the *value* of the thing you get, and has nothing to recommend it but its simplicity. (5553.)

‘Q. You do not think that, looking at it on the ground of justice, an uniform rate is required?—A. Certainly not; quite the reverse: it makes the short distances pay for the long. To a person who has large correspondence with different parts of the country, it is of no consequence, for he gains as much by the long as he loses by the short; but there are many persons, all whose letters are short, and they manifestly pay the postage of those whose letters are long.’ (5554.)

In order to rebut this plain and common-sense state of the case, Mr. Simpson, who describes himself as ‘a Scotch barrister, author of the *Philosophy of Education*, and a *Lecturer* on that subject,’ is produced, and when he is asked whether it would be better to have a uniform rate, *or* a rate proportionate to the expense of conveyance, the philosophical author and lecturer replies,—

‘It appears to me that there is a fallacy at the bottom of *that* proposition.’

Two opposite propositions had been, we see, propounded, to which he replies as ‘*that proposition*,’ without specifying which of the two he means; but we guess from the context that he considers the fallacy as lying ‘*at the bottom*’ of the proposition for fixing the rate in proportion to the *distance*. After this little stumble at the threshold, the philosopher proceeds:—

‘I conceive *distance* and *nearness*, as to this question, is the *same all over the country*—that a locality is near one place and distant from another, and *vice versa*.’

Pro-di-gi-ous!—Dominie Sampson would have exclaimed, had he lived to witness the wonderful discoveries of Dominie Simpson; who proceeds to state,—

‘that

‘that in a correspondence, which implies that an answer is to come back, the advantage is thrown into *each hand alternately*.’

This, we see, is a luculent version of Mr. Dillon’s problem, that if a letter goes a *long* distance, the answer can have only a *short* one to come back; and that the *same* correspondence is thus *alternately long and short*, and compensates itself; whereas we should rather have thought that a *correspondence* which ‘implies,’ as Mr. Simpson accurately and ably observes, ‘that an answer is to come back,’ also implies that the letter and its answer will travel the same distance. There may, indeed, be some doubts whether, by ‘each hand alternately,’ Mr. Simpson means—as at first sight he seems to do—the hands of *one* individual, and is not rather speaking of ‘each hand’ as the hand of two different and unconnected persons; for he proceeds:—

‘If one (hand) has the advantage of being near Edinburgh, another has the advantage of being near London; but the one near London is distant from Edinburgh; and as correspondence means a circle—[in what language, Dominic?]*—it means letters and answers; the thing [what thing?] is brought to an equality.*’

This, we think, settles the question, that ‘each hand’ belongs to a different *body*; for there is no man alive, we suppose, except the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose hands are long enough to be in London and Edinburgh at the same time; but if this be so, what becomes of the promised ‘*alternate compensation?*’—for the lecturer will hardly convince Dr. Lardner that a man who lives twenty miles from town, and pays dear for a short correspondence, will be adequately *compensated* because another man, who lives 200 miles off, and whom he never saw nor heard of, pays cheap for a long correspondence. But all this is rational and intelligible compared with the proposition with which the lecturer winds up and concludes his brilliant argumentation:—

‘I do not see, therefore, that there is any difficulty in the way of making those who are *near* pay for those who are *distant*, because—[what, for a ducat?]*—because there is no nearness and distance absolutely, but only relatively; and those who are near to one place are distant from another place, and vice versâ.*’ (9820.)

It may be from the imperfection of our *education*, never having had the advantage of Mr. Simpson’s instruction; but we fairly confess that we have not the slightest conception of what—in any view, either of individual justice or general principle—this profound—to us unfathomably profound—philosopher can possibly mean; and there we must leave it.

But let us try the question of distance by a practical example. The carriage of a small parcel from London to Barnet may be 1s.; to Edinburgh, 6s. 2d. It makes not the slightest practical difference,

difference, in point of outlay, to the coach-owner whether that individual parcel goes to Edinburgh or Barnet; its weight is not perceptible: it must be received and delivered, whether at Barnet or Edinburgh; and its relative share of the expenses of the whole coach establishment (instead of being 1-36th of a penny, as in the case of a letter) is probably not 1-360th; and to use the words which Mr. Hill applies to the case of letters,—

‘It is not a matter of inference, but a matter of fact, that the expense to the post-office (or *coach-owner*) is practically the same whether a letter (or *parcel*) is going from London to Barnet, or from London to Edinburgh: the difference is not expressible in the smallest coin we have.’—*Evid.* 114.

But is there any man so insane as to say that it is consistent with justice or common sense that the parcel should be delivered at Edinburgh for the same rate as at Barnet? The proposition is really too absurd to be reasoned upon. Those who can believe in it must also believe that a man has a right to have his *person* conveyed from place to place, be they Paddington or John o’ Groat’s House, at the same uniform rate as his parcels and letters. We, on the contrary, so far from discarding all consideration of distance, assert that *distance* is the chief ingredient—indeed, we might say, the very *sine quâ non* and essence—of any and every system of post-office charge. It is the *constant*, as it is called, of every proposition on the subject. If it were not for *distance*, there would be no post-offices at all. The *intrinsic value* of the conveyance of a letter is a very different thing from its *cost*, and, as Dr. Lardner suggests, the *value* is exactly equal to the time, trouble, and expense which is saved to the correspondent—of which the best, if not the only measure is *distance*; and as the difficulty of private conveyance increases (even to impossibility) with increasing distances, so must increase, in gradations proportional to the distances, the *value* of the conveyance. The gods must annihilate both time and space before a uniform rate of postage can be reasonable or just.

That there would be a certain degree of convenience to the public and to the post-office (though even that is overrated) in a uniform tax, we shall not contest; but there never can be, even under Mr. Hill’s own views, a strict uniformity. All letters of above half-ounce weight, and of as many classes as half-ounces, all foreign letters, all ship letters, and all the letters delivered in local districts from central offices, which Mr. Hill calls a ‘secondary distribution,’ all these are, even on his own view, exceptions to the uniform rate; and the moment that *any* exception to the principle of absolute uniformity is admitted, it follows that the several post-offices cannot be reduced to that condition of mere *machines* for receipt and distribution,
or

on which so much of the simplicity and economy of the whole plan depends. The post-offices must be all maintained just as at present; the charge on all those exceptional classes of letters must be, as now, collected by pre-payment, or by the letter-carriers from door to door, and must be accounted for to, and afterwards by, the several postmasters; and though the sum-total will be greatly reduced, no particle of the system of account and control can be abandoned, even in the poorest village office. So that all the expense will remain, with not a tithe of the profit.

We cannot give a stronger instance of the impossibility of carrying the principle of uniformity into practice, than to state the clumsy and absurd shift by which in one very important class of cases Mr. Hill endeavoured to overcome the difficulty. His principle being that all letters should be *pre-paid* at the rate of 1d., and distributed mechanically without further demand or delay, it was asked how foreign letters, arriving in England and already charged with heavy postages, were to be dealt with? This was a puzzler; and will it be believed how Mr. Hill proposed to surmount the difficulty?—why, by abandoning the foreign postage altogether! the letter to be delivered *free*, and the postage to be paid to the *foreign state*, out of the *public purse*. No wonder the great houses engaged in foreign trade should approve a plan by which the British community were to pay their postages, and pay them, too, into the treasuries of France or Belgium. Monstrous! ‘O but,’ said Mr. Hill, ‘I can so arrange it that the British community shall suffer no loss, for though I must needs deliver the *incoming* letter free, I will charge all *outgoing* letters double.’ Admirable *uniformity*! One batch of letters is to be charged double in order that another batch of letters shall go free. But if there could be any semblance of rationality in such a plan, the British community would have to pay both ways, for why should any individual sending a letter abroad be called upon to pay the postage of those which some other persons may perchance receive? Mr. Hill seems to imagine that the foreign correspondents shall pay both ways, but he does not tell us how he can obtain it from the foreign correspondent.

And, after all, this clever device is only the old story of the world, the elephant, and the tortoise: for, though it gets rid of the difficulty of keeping up the post-offices on the existing system for *delivering* incoming letters, it does necessitate their maintenance for *receiving* the postages on the *outgoing* letters—and so here again we come back to the difficulty which we made these monstrous and ridiculous shifts to avoid.

Thus vanish all hopes of economy from the total abolition of the cash and accountant departments of the post-office.

But another supposed source of economy was the reduced number

number of hands that would be sufficient to manipulate a uniform and *pre-paid* system. Letters would require no examination, no taxation, no check—a mere blind *counting* of the *number* would suffice for all purposes; and indeed we know not for what useful purpose even the counting could be necessary:—of course, then, all the examining, taxing, checking clerks may be dismissed at once. Not so fast! In the first place, Mr. Hill computes that there will be five or six times more letters to deal with—some witnesses say ten or twelve times more—this would require five or ten times the quantity of manual labour, which would more than counterbalance any possible reduction of the other class; but, moreover, we have seen that it is impossible to effect an absolutely uniformity of rate—the uniformity will exist only for a single class of letters, those under half an ounce weight: all exceeding that weight, all included in what Mr. Hill called the ‘secondary distribution,’ all foreign letters outwards—these will be all liable to varying rates;—and therefore every individual letter must be examined as at present, to detect those that may be liable to the additional charge; and these must be further, not merely counted, but weighed, taxed, computed, and carried to account exactly as at present, and with more haste and confusion: because, as all the delivery must be made at the same hours—for it is not, we presume, intended that those who pay most are to be served last—and as the course of the penny letters through the office is assumed to be so rapid, the excepted class must be managed with accelerated velocity to get them ready for delivery at the same time. There was some talk in the Committee about a *tell-tale* machine for counting and weighing, and Mr. Hill, and we think some other witness, mentioned that such a machine was, or was to be, attempted. We readily admit that such a machine might be made to give either *weight* or *numbers*, but we can hardly imagine how it could give *both*, which is what would be required; nor do we see how such a machine, if constructed, could be beneficially employed—and we believe that the general opinion even in the Committee ultimately was that no considerable saving of either time or labour could be produced in that way: and finally, we think there was not one practical man who conceived that any reduction in the personal establishment of the post-offices would be effected, while it is certain either that the Stamp-office is now very exorbitantly over-manned, or the additional duty of supplying and accounting for *four or five hundred millions* of stamps must require *some* additional hands.

Mr. Hill also supposes that a ‘considerable diminution should be made in the number of letter-carriers, whose salaries, small individually, are considerable by their numbers.’ Now the increased

creased facility of the delivery is the single point (we think) of Mr. Hill's whole plan to which we can agree without difficulty or reserve, and yet we cannot arrive at the same conclusion as to the diminution of the number of letter-carriers. It will certainly be a most convenient saving of time if it can be managed that the letter-carriers have only to deliver, with mechanical rapidity, the letters at the several doors, instead of waiting for payment, which involves an indefinite delay; but, as the exempted classes of letters must equally be delivered, and if the number of all sorts of letters is to increase four or five fold, we do not see how it can be expected that the number of letter-carriers should be reduced.

As to any diminution of the salaries of the post-masters or letter-carriers, we have no expectation that it could be realized. We think, on the contrary, they must necessarily be increased in *number* by the additional spread of correspondence, and probably not reduced in *amount* of salary to any noticeable degree—for we think their responsibility, and the necessity of having persons of character in that trust, will be very much increased: since (besides that they will still have money accounts on all letters of the excepted classes) there will be more liability and temptation to negligence or fraud, in dealing with an undistinguishable mass of penny letters, than at present. At present, all letters, being charged, must be accounted for, and the charge itself is a kind of *ear-mark* by which a letter may be traced, so that there is now a *financial check* and a *material check*, in addition to the *moral check*—whereas with the pre-paid penny letters there will be neither financial nor material check: therefore the moral check will require to be enforced rather than relaxed;—the characters of the post-masters and letter-carriers will become of more importance than ever; and, of course, the remuneration to a superior class of persons cannot be calculated at an inferior rate. Thus, we think, vanish any reasonable expectations of financial reduction in the establishment of the post-offices; and, indeed, Mr. Hill, in his later views, seems to admit that there will be a great increase on the charges of management.

But the other part of this subject—the mode of establishing any adequate check on the letter-carriers—is still more important, and appears to us the most difficult problem of the whole series. What security can there be for the delivery of letters for which the carrier is to bring back no return? ‘But,’ said Mr. Warburton, ‘newspapers now go free, yet are never lost.’ The fact we believe is not so; but if it were, Sir Robert Peel's answer to Mr. Warburton is conclusive—a man expects his newspaper, and will inquire after it if missing—not so with letters—their loss can only be detected in cases where answers are expected; and even then,

then, who could prove where or how the letter or the answer was lost?—but, moreover, the newspaper is not worth abstracting, and accompanying, as it now does, paying letters, there is no temptation and no opportunity for its abstraction. The case of letters is altogether different—there will be great temptation, unbounded opportunity, and no check. Mr. Warburton said something about a registration. What! a registration at every letter-box and a receipt at every door?—Nonsense! Ten times the number of hands and ten times the quantity of time now employed would not suffice for such a system. We confess we see no good answer to this difficulty.

We now arrive at the most plausible and most important consideration of the ‘public convenience.’ We beg leave to set aside in this part of the subject all idea of the *pecuniary* convenience, of which we have already treated: we are *here* to consider the mere convenience as to practical operations. The first great principle on this head, namely, *pre-payment* by means of a stamp or stamped cover, is universally admitted to be quite the reverse of convenient, foreign to the habits of the people, and likely, however slight the pre-payment may be, to excite some dissatisfaction in the poorer classes, and occasional difficulties to all:—but it would, we believe, be readily accepted as the price of the many other promised advantages. We will raise no objection about the practical details, however embarrassing they may appear. We take for granted that either by stamped *wafers*, by stamped *writing-paper*, or by stamped *covers*, the problem may be practically solved. We shall lay no stress on the danger of forgery, nor on any general difficulty in obtaining the stamps. We concede, for argument’s sake, all that Mr. Hill requires on this head; but, though we raise no argumentative objections on this point, we think it right to offer some suggestions on the advantages and disadvantages of each of the proposed modes of employing the stamp.

The most simple and perhaps convenient of all would be the *stamped wafer*, which should at once *seal* and *frank* the letter; but there is, we fear, an insuperable objection to this plan, namely, that there would be no security for the contents of the letter, as the wafer stamp could be easily removed and replaced by another, at the expense, to the *inquisitor* or *depredator*, of only a penny.

Wafer stamps—not to be used as seals, but affixed to the face of the letter—would also be convenient, and might be made of different colours to carry different weights; or by affixing two or more you might reach the extra weight of a more than half-ounce letter: to these there is no other objection, that we are aware of, than their liability to be rubbed off, if *carelessly* affixed; and no one who has not seen the interior of a post-office can imagine the amount

amount of carelessness and blunder which the public commit even now in the details of making up their letters.

To stamped *writing-paper* there are several practical objections. First, it will force one to keep a supply of the various classes of stamped paper at hand—a pecuniary advance which may be sometimes inconvenient—or else to send out to buy, on the sudden, the kind of paper you may want, which will be often troublesome, and sometimes, in the country, very difficult: secondly, all mankind must be *forced* to fold their letters in the same form, so that the stamp shall always come to the surface; thirdly, the length of your letter and the weight of any enclosure it is to contain must be *predetermined* before you begin to write, lest you should employ an inadequate stamp: fourthly, if, *inter scribendum*, you should make any error that should induce you to re-write the letter, the stamp may be lost, for it would never be worth while to trouble the Stamp-office to refund a penny for the damaged stamp.

The stamped *cover* seems the most popular of all these devices; but, while we allow to the principle the merit of great ingenuity and many plausible advantages, we must confess that we think it is also liable to considerable abatement.

M. Piron tells us that the idea of a post-paid envelope originated early in the reign of Louis XIV. with M. de Velay, who, in 1653, established (with royal approbation) a private penny-post, placing boxes at the corners of the streets for the reception of letters wrapped up in envelopes, which were to be bought at offices established for that purpose. M. de Velay had also caused to be printed certain *forms* of *billets* or notes, applicable to the ordinary business among the inhabitants of great towns, with blanks, which were to be filled up by the pen with such special matter as might complete the writer's object. One of these *billets* has been preserved to our times by a pleasant misapplication of it. Péliſson, Mde. de Seigné's friend, and the object of the *bon mot*, that 'he abused the privilege which men have of being ugly,' was amused at this kind of skeleton correspondence; and, under the affected name of *Pisandre*, (according to the pedantic fashion of the day,) he filled up and addressed one of these forms to the celebrated Mademoiselle de Souderi, in her *pseudonyme* of *Sappho*. This strange *billet-doux* has happened, from the celebrity of the parties, to be preserved, and it is still extant, one of the oldest, we presume, of penny-post letters, and a curious example of a *pre-paying* envelope,—a new proof of the adage that 'there is nothing new under the sun.' We venture to give, as a gleam of amusement in this tedious discussion, a fac-simile of this curious note: our readers will readily distinguish the words added with the pen in the original.

But

Mademoiselle,

Mandez-moy si vous ne sçavez point quelque

bon remède contre l'amour ou contre

l'absence,

et si vous n'en connoisez point, faites-moy le
plaisir de vous en enquérir, et, au cas que vous
en trouverez, de l'envoyer à

Votre très humble *et très-*

obéissant Serviteur,

Pisandre.

Outre le billet de port payé que l'on mettra sur cette
lettre pour la faire partir, celui qui escrira aura soing, s'il
veut avoir reponse, d'envoyer un autre billet de port payé
enfermé dans sa lettre.

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| | | |
| | <p>Pour <i>Mademoiselle</i> <i>Sappho</i> demeurant en la rue <i>au Pays des</i> <i>Nouveaux Sansonales</i> A Paris.</p> <p>Par billet de port payé.</p> | |
| | | |

But this device had been long forgotten even in France ; and we have no doubt that when Mr. Charles Knight, an extensive publisher, as well as an intelligent literary man, proposed, some years since, a stamped cover for the circulation of newspapers, he was under no obligation for the idea to Monsieur de Velay. Mr. Hill, adopting Mr. Knight's suggestion, has applied it to the general purposes of the post-office with an ingenuity and address which make it his own.

This part of the proposition is very popular, particularly with the higher and middle classes, because it is the fashion, and a mark of *bon ton*, to enclose one's letter in an envelope, even *though*; or perhaps *because*, it subjects it to double postage. A scheme, therefore, that enables all to indulge in this little aristocratic convenience is pretty generally acceptable: an envelope is, besides, more easily sealed, and more secure when *properly** sealed. But it also has its practical objections. The vast majority of letters (in the proportion of 700 to 52, 2nd Rep., App. 7) are letters written on single sheets of writing-paper, which sheets are little more than equal to two covers—so that the weight and expense of the paper of every single letter will be increased one-third ; and as it will not, we presume, be possible to write on the inside of the envelope, one-fifth of the quantity of writing-space afforded by equal weights of paper will be lost. This increase of weight and diminution of space, though next to nothing in an individual letter, may be of some consideration when we come to deal with *hundreds of millions*.

The stationers and paper-makers are in considerable alarm about the adoption of covers, which they fear may throw the whole supply into the hands of parties who have now a patent for a paper which defies forgery ; but this alarm we think groundless—there can be no serious danger from forgery, and none at all that the government will give a monopoly to any set of men. It will probably find itself obliged to adopt *all* of the three proposed modes, stamped *wafers*, stamped *covers*, and stamped *letter-paper*—which may occasion some slight difficulties in the post-office, and some accidental expense to individuals by the loss on stamps spoiled, misapplied, or applied twice over to the same letter—but neither, we think, to a degree worth consideration.

The convenience of the *cover*, however, would be equally given

* We say *properly*—because, if the cover be not so formed that the seal *shall attach itself to each of the four folds* which form the back of the cover—in other words, so that the *four points exactly meet*—nothing can be so easy as to detach one of the folds, extract the letter, and replace it without any possibility of detection. The covers now in use are generally very unsafe in this point.

to the public, without the stamp or any alteration in the post-office system, by adopting the mode of charging letters by weight, as is universal on the continent, instead of by *single* or *double*, as hitherto practised in England.

This change would be convenient in many respects, and remove many petty vexations, but we fear it might give rise to more than it would remove, and particularly with the lower classes. Every one knows what a *single sheet* of paper is, and that if he confines himself to a *single sheet*, whatever be its size or weight, he will be charged only for a single letter: this is a vast practical convenience and security against mistakes and squabbles with the post-office; but weights are liable to doubt and error, particularly weights so minute as to turn a half-ounce scale: a damp sheet of paper will turn it, when a dry one of the same size and quality would not. The addition of the seal, or the difference between a seal and a wafer, will often have the same effect, and even though every man were to carry scales in his pocket, mistakes would be frequent, and disputes and complaints about overcharges infinitely increased. And, after the best consideration we can give the subject, we rather incline to think that it will be found in practice that the *single and double* mode of charging is the least liable to error on the part of the letter-writers. So that here, again, we think the balance of convenience is rather against Mr. Hill's plan, with, however, we are bound to add, one important alleviation, namely, that any mistake which may happen, instead of costing sixpence as now, will cost but an additional penny. This, however, belongs rather to the money part of the question, to which we now proceed.

None of the witnesses, certainly none of any weight, pretend that Mr. Hill's plan could be adopted without a great present defalcation of revenue. Lord Ashburton, infinitely the most judicious of all, thinks that the reduction to a penny would wholly destroy the revenue: Lord Lowther himself, if we may judge by his votes in the Committee, is of the same opinion, and thinks twopence the smallest rate that would cover the expenses; and the Committee itself, after a long struggle, negatived both a *penny* and a *three-halfpenny* rate as inadequate, and finally recommended the adoption of *twopence*. But Mr. Hill and the great body of witnesses, many of them of great respectability and intelligence, think that the vast increase of correspondence would, in a few years, fully compensate, and finally increase the revenue. We, however, are, on the contrary, obliged to declare our concurrence on this point with Lords Ashburton and Lowther, the Committee, and the minority of the witnesses; and we do so the rather, because the witnesses who speculate on such prodigious
increases

increases are, with one or two exceptions, persons who have such an immediate and direct interest in carrying the new project, as cannot but influence their opinions.

The first circumstance we shall notice is the very remarkable suspicion which Mr. Hill himself showed of his calculations in this respect. There is a large and very interesting class of letters which are now distributed by *local* posts, and for which one penny each in addition to the general postage is charged—this Mr. Hill called ‘the secondary distribution;’ and in this he originally proposed that there should be no alteration—but that all those districts should continue to pay the additional penny. Here was *justice and uniformity* with a vengeance!—a small town or village in the neighbourhood of London, or any other post town, would have to pay for a letter which might not have travelled ten miles, *twice as much* as the postage of a letter from London to Edinburgh! and the extent to which this monstrous anomaly (which has nothing like a parallel in all the real or fancied grievances alleged against the present system) would affect the country, may be judged by the fact that the post-offices of *primary* distribution which are to pay only one penny are, in England and Wales, 856 : while the post-offices of *secondary* distribution, on which the double rate of twopence was to be inflicted, are no less than 1475 (2nd Rept. App. No. 28)—above *four times* the former number!!! The only imaginable motive for this otherwise unaccountable departure from all *justice and uniformity* is the conviction of the projector that the penny was totally inadequate even to meet the expenses, and that therefore it was convenient to eke it out by a double postage on the 1475 villages and their respective districts—which being small and scattered, and having been habituated to pay an additional postage, might not, it was probably hoped, have the spirit or the union necessary to defeat the imposition. And this was an item in the very same plan which proposed to relieve the *central post towns* from the penny which they now pay for internal distribution!—and yet all this was argued by Mr. Hill with at least as much force and plausibility and pertinacity as any other part of his scheme (pp. 55—59, and Evid. *passim*); but when he found that so scandalous an infraction of his own principles could not be tolerated, he thought it most prudent to slip quietly out of this proposition, and—after having been examined before the Committee four several days, and having persisted, in spite of a sensible cross-examination by Lord Seymour, in his scheme of the secondary charge—he at length addressed a letter to the chairman, ‘withdrawing the distinction between primary and secondary distribution,’ and of course all the calculations of expense which were founded on it. But mark

the effect of this manœuvre on the general question. Mr. Hill assumed that he had only to provide for the expense of the establishments and the *primary* distribution, which he estimates at 426,517*l.*, and if his plan should only *double* the present number of chargeable letters, the produce would, at the penny rate, be 738,400*l.*, which would pay all expenses and leave a net profit to the revenue of 276,000*l.*; but, now, the secondary distribution is abandoned, and its amount must therefore be added to the *expense* side of the account, and being 270,000*l.* will absorb (within a few thousand pounds) all the calculated surplus, and leave the Exchequer minus the whole of the present revenue of 1,600,000*l.*

We do intreat the attention of the public to these extraordinary circumstances, which cast, we think, a very considerable doubt over—if not Mr. Hill's candour—at least the whole of his calculations, or perhaps we should better call them speculations: this incident increases very much our apprehensions that he is very far from being a safe guide.

| | |
|--|-------------|
| The gross receipts of the post-office for the year | |
| 1837, were | £ 2,462,269 |
| Deduct repayments | 122,532 |
| <hr/> | |
| Real gross receipts | £ 2,339,737 |
| Total charges of management | 698,632 |
| <hr/> | |
| Net produce to the Exchequer | £ 1,641,105 |

We must here pause to observe, that, from the variety of views and forms in which the accounts are presented, and, perhaps, (as the Committee hint) from some official laxity, it is very difficult—all through Mr. Hill's pamphlet and the Committee's reports—to bring the results to a precise arithmetical agreement. We shall, whenever we can, adopt the figures of the Committee in their final report; but even there we meet with embarrassing variations: for instance, in this all-important article of the *net* produce of 1837, it is stated, at the foot of page 10 of the Report, at 1,641,105*l.*, as we have given it above, but at the top of the very next page, 11, it is stated at 1,658,479*l.*, being a difference of 17,000*l.*; which, though it may seem no great matter in the general amounts, becomes rather important when we recollect that it is equivalent to the postage, on the plan under consideration, of *four millions of letters*. We have adopted the smaller sum, that we may err, if we do err, on the sure side, and also because *some* of the net profit must be attributed to colonial and packet postages—how much we cannot discover—but if we may judge by the extraordinary bargain lately made for the West Indian

Indian and North American packets, that class of profits is not likely to be a very considerable amount.

The annual number of chargeable letters, including penny and twopenny posts, but exclusive of foreign letters, and 'reckoning double and triple letters as single,' on which the gross produce of 2,339,798*l.* arises, is a matter in dispute between Mr. Hill, the post-office authorities, and the Committee:—he first rated it at 88,000,000, but subsequently reduced it to 80,000,000—the second estimated it at 58,000,000, but afterwards raised it to 70,000,000—the Committee adopt 77,500,000. As the second post-office estimate of 70,000,000 was the result of the actual reckoning of three several weeks, *we* should have chosen it; but as a general rule, we abide by the estimates of the Committee—77,500,000, which gives the present average charge on each letter that passes through the post-office at 6½*d.**

To produce the same gross revenue as at present—2,339,798*l.*, say 2,400,000*l.*—would require, at a penny rate, 576 millions of letters—576 millions!

Now let us consider the probabilities of any such increase, or of anything approaching to it, from a uniform penny rate, as stated by Mr. Hill and the principal witnesses. The first item mentioned by the Committee is the only one of which we can have any certain measure, and it is that also which we receive with the greatest satisfaction—the abolition of parliamentary franks. The franking privilege, though it has been twice limited and curtailed, is still unreasonably large, and is, to nearly half its amount, a kind of legitimated abuse. The privilege ought properly to cease with the session; but by the doctrine that extends personal privileges to forty days before and after prorogation, and by the care that is always taken that the prorogation shall never be for more than forty days, that which was meant for a temporary privilege is converted into a privilege all the year round. In these days of professed reform, we should wonder that this abuse, and the concomitant and greater one which stands on the same ground,

* The Committee make a great parade of accuracy, but we confess that they sometimes seem to us to state their accounts in a very obscure and bungling way: for instance, in computing the number of letters, they say, '*reckoning double and triple letters as single*;' which may mean either that they '*reckoned double and triple letters*' as *units*, or that they reduced the *double* and *triple* letters into their *equivalent*, in single letters. If, as we presume, they meant the former, they need have said nothing about '*double*,' or '*triple*,' or '*single*,' for in counting *numbers* (without any regard to value) a *letter must be a letter*, whether charged *double* or *single*. Nor do they state on which of two or three views which they take of the *gross revenue* this calculation is made. But, after all, it is no more than justice to say that the general arrangement of the report—its methodical prolegomena, and its index *raisonné*, are executed with great industry and a praiseworthy degree of fairness and intelligence. It would be difficult, we think, to treat so complicated a mass of matter with more clearness and fewer mistakes.

exemption from arrest, had not been questioned, but that we know how apt those who are the most severe against any undue advantage to other men are the most tenacious of their own. We confess that this single advantage of Mr. Hill's plan would compensate in our eyes for many imperfections; nay, we anticipate that whatever becomes of Mr. Hill's plan, franking must be still further curtailed in extent, and limited to its proper time, the session of parliament; and we trust that the still more crying abuse of *exemption from arrest* will be similarly limited.

The total number of franks, parliamentary and official, is stated at 7,000,000, of which the parliamentary franks are calculated (p. 57) at 4,800,000. As the exercise of the whole extent of the privilege of peers and members would reach 10,000,000, Colonel Maberly thinks this comparatively small number 'a startling fact against the anticipated increase of correspondence.' We are not of that opinion: for, though franks are sometimes asked for with great indelicacy and impudence, yet, generally speaking, the station and habits of peers and members of parliament prevent ordinary persons from endeavouring to profit by their privilege; and in the next place it is for letters *sent* that strangers are most apt to use the franks of members—the franks *received* are, from the nature of things, generally confined to the use of the member himself or his near connexions; but—as the limit of franks to be *sent* is only 10, and the limit of franks to be *received* is 15—of the total privilege—estimated by Colonel Maberly at 10,000,000—the franks that could possibly be sent would be but two-fifths, = 4,000,000: so that it may be possible, nay, it is most probable, that a majority of the members do exhaust their full number of *outgoing* franks—which is a sufficient explanation of that fact that 'startled' Colonel Maberly.

The postage now lost by parliamentary franking may be estimated at about 320,000*l.*, which it is clear that the public at large pays in its general postage: this, with about 50,000*l.*, which the same number of letters is expected to bring into the Exchequer at the one penny rate, will make an eventual difference to the *public* of 370,000*l.* by the abolition of parliamentary franking.

With regard to official franks, which amount to above 2,000,000, we anticipate little or no saving: there is no doubt some occasional abuse, or rather laxity, in applying these franks to other than strictly official purposes, but not, we are satisfied, to any considerable extent; and if the number of ordinary letters be increased, we presume that official letters will increase at least equally to any saving made by the suppression of abuse; and as these postages are to be merely nominal—passing free through the post-office,
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but paid for by the other departments, we do not conceive that this head of the public service will have much effect on Mr. Hill's plan either way.

As to the general correspondence of the country, there can be no question that the increase will be very considerable—but nothing at all equal to the visionary expectations of many of the witnesses, or even the more mitigated, yet, still we fear, exorbitant calculations of Mr. Hill.

Mr. Hill, indeed, does not distinctly say what increase he expects; but he gave in his pamphlet a gradation of calculations, which carried it up from *twofold* to *sevenfold* on his own original estimate of the present number at 88,000,000—that is, to above 600 millions; but in most of his calculations he seems to content himself with a *fivefold* increase, or about 440,000,000—giving a gross revenue of 1,846,000*l.*; which would leave a net revenue of 1,198,752*l.*:—for which we, and we dare say the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, would be very willing to compound all the loftier promises of the witnesses who talk of twentyfold and fiftyfold; nay, one is bold enough to promise one hundredfold—but, to be sure, he is—an *auctioneer*!

In his later evidence before the Committee Mr. Hill varies these calculations in some very remarkable points. First he lowers, as we have already said, his estimate of the present numbers from *eighty-eight* to *eighty* millions; but, what is more important, he raises the rate per letter from *one penny* to *one penny halfpenny*, an addition of fifty per cent., which he justifies, no doubt, by the increased rate on the excepted classes of letters; but if these excepted classes be so numerous as to swell the total by *one-half*, what becomes of all the talk about uniformity, dispatch, simplicity, and so forth? The calculation becomes by one-half less incredible, but the principle of *a single and a uniform penny postage* is gone. But even these prudential variations from the original scheme do not very much mend the matter to our understanding. To produce a net revenue of 1,200,000*l.* would still require a fivefold increase on eighty millions of letters = four hundred millions: 1,540,000*l.* would require a sixfold increase, or four hundred and eighty millions of letters, and so on to sevenfold; and if we are to credit the witnesses, to twentyfold—fiftyfold!

These enormous speculations—*six hundred millions* of letters, *two thousand millions* of letters, *four thousand millions* of letters—advanced seriously and *as statistical evidence* by rational and respectable men, (we say nothing of the auctioneer's *eight thousand millions*,) bewilder the understanding. Our feeble mind has not capacity to follow them; but let us endeavour to comprehend a
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more moderate application of the principle to the single city of London. In order to maintain the present rate of revenue collected in London, Mr. Smith, superintendent of the Twopenny Post-office, shows that his department must be increased by *sixteen* millions of letters; and Sir Edward Lees, one of the secretaries of the Post-office, and an officer in whose experience the committee confides, calculates that, in order to equal the present revenue, the General Post must bring in 168,000,000 annually, and, of course, must send out an equal number—in all 336,000,000; adding to which the 16,000,000 of the twopenny post, we have a total for London alone of 352,000,000: so that every single person of the million of souls above mere infancy, which is about the population of London, would have to receive or send 352 letters a year, if Mr. Hill's plan is to make good the present post-office revenue. There would be of course, though Sir Edward Lees does not notice it, some deduction to be made, because foreign letters swell the amount of London postage beyond the inland average:—with every allowance that can be made, the number seems to us incomprehensibly enormous; but the committee make neither objection nor criticism on Sir Edward Lees's calculation, though they examined him two several times upon the point.

Now let us consider the other grounds on which *any* increase (whatever be the amount) is anticipated.

First, every man's own common sense and experience will satisfy him that the reduction of the tax to a penny must produce a large increase; but we think every one (except mere men of *business*, whose case we shall have to consider presently) will, on self-reflection, be inclined to doubt whether the increase will, *in his own case*, be so very considerable. The reluctance of almost every one to write when he can avoid it is proverbial; and indolence, and '*really having nothing to say*,' are, we are satisfied, much more effective restrictions on letter-writing than a generous consideration of the tax which your friend will have to pay, or even the more remote terror of the cost of the answer. Does any one believe that it will triple his own private correspondence? Which of ourselves, in common life, who write, let us suppose, seven letters a week, can contemplate without dismay the idea of writing *one and twenty*? But formidable as that may appear, it is really nothing to the task to which the great magician Rowland dooms us—'*slaves of the letter-box!*' Let us see our own week's work. One of our letters, being to a lady, must have an envelope, and pay 1s. 10d. as double; four single letters to various distances, at 7d., 8d., 9d., 10d.; one to Liverpool, 11d., and one to a friend at Edinburgh to inquire whether there really is, *in rerum naturâ*, such a philosopher as Dominie Simpson,

Simpson, 1s. 2d.—sum total *seventy-nine pence*. So that in our own individual instance, to make the scheme succeed, we must write seventy-nine letters a week. We humbly beg to be specially excepted from all benefit of the new act. We have not only neither time nor patience to write seventy-nine letters in a week, but we have not seventy-nine possible subjects for such letters, and we doubt whether we know seventy-nine different persons on the face of the earth to whom a letter from us would be welcome once a year, much less once every week in the year. And then the stationers' bills increased *tenfold*. England would become a real *Laputa*, where no man would have any other possible employment than pen and ink. So that the witnesses who so confidently promise that even *domestic* correspondence is to increase *ten* and *twelve* fold, are either utterly mistaken, or they would inflict on the country a worse than Egyptian plague. We are aware that it will be said that the great increase will be not merely of the letters which a person will write, but of the persons who will write letters; but there seems, as Dominie Simpson would say, 'a fallacy at the bottom of that proposition,' for no more persons can write than know how to write, and of each person who knows how to write how many are there that do not occasionally exercise that faculty? And of those who do now exercise it, how many, we ask again, can be expected to triple their correspondence, nay, even to double it?

Mr. Hill supports his views of the increase by the reduction of the tax by the following examples:—

'The price of soap, for instance, has recently fallen by about one-eighth; the consumption in the same time has increased by one-third. Tea, again, the price of which, since the opening of the China trade, has fallen by about one-sixth, has increased in consumption by almost a half. The consumption of silk goods, which, subsequently to the year 1823, have fallen in price by about one-fifth, has more than doubled. The consumption of coffee, the price of which, subsequently to 1823, has fallen about one-fourth, has more than tripled. And the consumption of cotton goods, the price of which, during the last twenty years, has fallen by nearly one-half, has in the same time been fourfolded.

'If we might safely infer a general rule from these facts, it would appear that, to say the least, the increase in consumption is inversely as the squares of the prices. And a calculation founded on this rule would lead us to expect that, if the proposed average reduction in postage, viz. from 6d. to 1d. per letter, were effected, the number of letters would increase thirty-six fold.'—*Post-office Reform*, p. 85.

But admitting, as we have done all along, that a reduction of tax must produce an increase of consumption, we ask how any sensible man can think that anything like the same rules of increase can apply to articles of personal comfort, gratification,

tion, or luxury, like soap, tea, coffee, or silk, and to a matter in itself troublesome, if not distasteful, like letter-writing. By taking off the duties on gin and brandy, the consumption might be enormously increased; but if all the drugs in the Pharmacopœia were to be duty free, would any one swallow any more physic than he could not help? When the halfpenny stamps were first put upon periodical papers, Dean Swift said, 'Me-thinks the picture is worth the money;' and we have no doubt that at the first burst of the penny covers, wafer-stamps, and all the rest of the novelty, there will be a very considerable increase: but when the correspondence shall have subsided into its natural channel, and be regulated by the wants or wishes of mankind, we doubt—from the view of the subject which our own, perhaps narrow, circle affords—we doubt whether social and domestic correspondence will be more than doubled, and we are satisfied that this class would be nearly, if not altogether, as much increased by a twopenny as by a penny rate, while the chance of maintaining a revenue would be doubled, and the risk of *actual loss* altogether avoided.

We do not remember to have seen in the evidence any calculation of the proportion between the *social*, as we may call them, and the *mercantile* letters: the impression seems to be that the former is comparatively small; but we are somewhat surprised, as we have already said, to find M. Piron stating that, in France, they are so insignificant a part of the general correspondence, that he throws them altogether out of his calculation. We are satisfied that this cannot be true to anything like the same degree in England. We believe, on the contrary, that the class of social letters is a very considerable element in our post-office communication, and that, with regard to it, Mr. Hill's anticipations will be signally disappointed.

His great *cheval de bataille*, however, is the mercantile correspondence, and here no reasonable doubt can be entertained that there will be a great and beneficial increase under both the heads into which the subject naturally divides itself;—first, the creating new correspondence; secondly, the bringing into the post-office a large correspondence which now passes through other—some of them illegal—channels.

On the first head, however, we again doubt whether the increase will be any thing like what is expected. Business is business, and even at the present rates of postage is, and must be done, whatever it may cost—the cost eventually falling on the consumer; but it is, as we have already shown, an item hardly perceptible; when mixed up in the immense value of commodities and the vast amounts of mercantile profits. We therefore do not believe that

that postage impedes, or can impede, *business*, so much as one part of the evidence endeavours to prove—for business, like steam, has an expansive power that overcomes all obstacles. That a penny rate should bring into the post-office a vast correspondence which now evades it, is another matter, to which we shall come presently: at this moment we are only considering whether any great spring will be given to business, and this again we venture to doubt. But the great increase promised by the evidence is not so much of *letters* as of what may be strictly called *parcels* and *advertisements*, things now sent in bulk into the country by coaches and carriers, for local distribution, but which, under a penny rate, will be sent direct to individuals. We have already said that this is not the legitimate duty of a post-office, and we think that great inconveniences and abuses will arise from the practice without any sufficient compensatory advantages. Of the witnesses who have spoken specifically of the items that are to contribute to the enormous increase predicted, the great majority contemplate the distribution of printed papers which are essentially advertisements; manufacturers, house-agents, publishers, venders of quack medicines, secretaries to insurance companies, and so forth, all profess that their missives will increase from five to fifty fold. In order to give this important point the fairest consideration, we shall at the risk, or we fear the certainty, of being thought tedious by some readers, examine in detail one of the practical examples produced by the committee of what may be expected; and for this purpose we shall select the evidence of Mr. Charles Knight, as one of the most favourable to the views of the penny-post advocates—himself, we may say, one of the projectors of the scheme—of course a zealous friend to it, but an intelligent and candid witness. He is an extensive publisher of cheap works, and is the publisher of the ‘Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.’ Mr. Knight’s house receives about ‘7000 letters a-year, of which about 4000 are commercial, and 3000 are literary—meaning (by literary) a supply of matter for the works he publishes; and he sends out about 4000, of which 1000 are commercial and 3000 literary: so that in the course of a year he receives and sends annually *through the post-office* 6000 letters connected with the literary conduct of his business. Of these works the most important, and involving the greatest correspondence, is the *Penny Cyclopædia*. The matter, wholly original, is supplied by from eighty to one hundred authors, of whom 4-5ths live within the twopenny post, and the other fifth in the Universities, Ireland; Scotland, &c. They invariably use the twopenny post for conducting this operation, avoiding the use of the general post, as

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' the transmission of a sheet or two of paper would be too expensive. The parcels are sent to the distant author by coach or other private conveyance, which prevents Mr. Knight sending to these authors *proofs* and *revises* [the printed sheets for the author's corrections] as often as he ought: all these, in case of a reduction of the rates to a penny, or even to twopence, would go by the post. If the reduction takes place, he expects to receive and send annually 7000 commercial letters, and 5000 literary ones.' (3223.)

On the 11,000 letters he receives and sends, Mr. Knight calculates (2234) his present postage at 297*l.* 18*s.*: the postage on the 12,000 letters he expects to send would be 50*l.*; so here would be an increase of 1000 in number, and a loss to the revenue of 247*l.* 18*s.*, or about one-sixth: this upon *letters* (including authors' proofs, &c.) But Mr. Knight adds, that 'if there were a penny rate, he would send *circulars* (that is, *circular advertisements*) to a large amount: for example, he has a list of 1860 respectable country booksellers, with whom he does not now communicate, *as they are supplied by the wholesale houses*: he would send them monthly circulars, say, 20,000. Then he has published the *Pictorial Bible*.* He thinks there would be no difficulty in *getting a list* of all the clergymen in England, and no great difficulty in obtaining a very complete one of all the dissenting ministers. To all those he would send a circular announcing the completion of the *Pictorial Bible*. That, on a rough calculation, alone would dispose of 20,000 circulars; and seeing that 100,000 circulars might be sent annually for about 400*l.*, he conceives that would be *by far the most efficient mode of advertisement*. So that, on the whole, he expects to receive and send, under a penny rate, 127,000, instead of 11,000, and, of course, to pay in postage 529*l.* 3*s.* instead of 297*l.* 18*s.*, nearly double.' (3234.) We wish Mr. Knight had also stated, on the other hand, how much of the *advertisement* duty would be lost.

This profusion of circulars, no doubt, Mr. Knight would send, at least *at first*; but as every other wholesale, and, perhaps, retail, house, would do the same, is it certain that in the general scramble Mr. Knight would do more profitable business than he now does? Is there not danger that the public should soon become disgusted at being overwhelmed with such masses of circulars, on all sides, from all quarters, and on all subjects? Would not the circulars fall into disrepute? and should we not

* He is also the publisher, and, we understand, the editor of the '*Pictorial Shakespeare*,' a work which does credit not only to his taste in the arts, but to his judgment as a critic, and his talents as a writer.

treat them as we already do those (comparatively few) which are now thrust under our doors or into our hands, that is, throw them unread into the fire or the kennel? And if such should be the result, how long, after the first burst of the novelty, would Mr. Knight think it worth while to spend 500*l.* a-year in forcing his circulars into people's hands? Will not respectable publishers, and traders of all sorts, revert to the old channels of advertisement, the '*Times*' and the '*Standard*,' the '*Courier*' and the '*Herald*,' where the very expense is a guarantee that the advertisement shall be worth something; and what, then, will have become of the post-office revenue?

We conclude, therefore, on this head, by repeating our doubts, whether, supposing the scheme to be in any great degree successful, the legitimate, social, and commercial correspondence should be exposed to the risks inevitable from such a deluge of *extraneous* matter—and whether this extraneous matter is, even on the showing of the projectors themselves, of sufficient *value* to justify so large an innovation, both on the principle and the practice of a post-office? We have abundant evidence that the parties contrive to do their business pretty successfully through their present channels; and we see no public reason why both the post-office and advertisement duties should be given up, or even risked by an experiment, of which the most immediate and certain profit would go directly into the private pockets of a limited number of wholesale traders, who would not, we are satisfied, and perhaps could not, make any adequate reduction on their prices, and which reductions, even if they should be made, would be too small to be felt by the ultimate purchaser.

We now arrive at the last, and, we believe, the most powerful argument in favour of the plan; one which probably has been, like the others, exaggerated, but which must, even after all deductions, be very important—we mean, the bringing into the post-office an immense quantity of correspondence which now passes through evasive or illegal channels.

Mr. Hill, and some of the witnesses (but the latter very sparingly), indicate some ingenious modes of evasion, which seem to us rather good stories than good arguments, *e. g.* :—

'Some years ago, when it was the practice to write the name of a member of parliament for the purpose of franking a newspaper, a friend of mine, previous to starting on a tour into Scotland, arranged with his family a plan for informing them of his progress and *state of health*, without putting them to the expense of postage. It was managed thus: He carried with him a number of old newspapers, one of which he put into the post-office daily. The post mark, with the date, showed his progress; and the *state of his health* was evinced by the selection of the
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name, from a list previously agreed upon, with which the newspaper was franked. "Sir Francis Burdett," I recollect, denoted vigorous health.'—*P. O. R.*, p. 91.

Now, as Mr. Hill seems to tell this story as from his own knowledge, we must not question the fact; but Mr. Hill's friend must have been a great fool, or the post-office authorities less sharp than we have usually found them. Think of a man, wealthy enough to indulge himself in 'a *tour* in Scotland,' encumbering himself with such a number of old newspapers as could supply a *daily* communication with his family; think of his making such a tour in such a precarious state of *health* that a *daily* bulletin should be necessary; for in the supposed case nothing was told but his whereabouts and his health; and think of the agony of his family and friends, if, when the writer had intended to announce *vigorous health*, Sir Francis Burdett had happened—*Teste* the Morning Post—to have a fit of the gout, or a fall from his horse. We can imagine the afflicted family posting down to Scotland in all speed at 2s. 6d. a mile, and double fees to the post-boys, naturally expecting to find their friend prostrate under an infliction similar to that with which his *Sosia*, Sir Francis, might have been visited. It would be rather an expensive parsimony, and at best a most clumsy and, for any real purpose, insufficient device: but it seems as if Mr. Hill had forgotten that in those days members' names were not *usable without their permission*; and if the post-office authorities had found him employing one day the name of Sir Francis, and the next that of Mr. Pitt, and the next that of Mr. Fox, and so on, they would have seen that all was not right, and Mr. Hill's friend might have found himself in a scrape, not only by his family's paying postage for the newspaper, but for his breach of privilege. There are other stories of the same kind, and even more absurd; but this instance may suffice. It is certain, however, that there is a great deal of this sort of fraud attempted, and more frequently—what is not fraud, though, if observed, it subjects the paper to postage—the making a mark to point attention to a particular paragraph; but the possibility of the fraudulent use of newspapers would be almost annihilated by a simple remedy suggested by the post-master of Exeter, and which *on other grounds* also ought to be adopted: that is, limiting the posting of newspapers to a few days after their publication, and prohibiting their being reposted; for it is with 'stale newspapers alone that these frauds are *practised*.'

But the three great classes of evasion are, 1. by coach parcels; 2. by carriers; 3. by bags or boxes conveying ship-letters.

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These are practised, according to the evidence, to a vast extent, and, as well as several minor modes of evasion (not worth specifying), might be cut up, without the aid of Mr. Hill's plan, to a degree that would, we are disposed to think, double the quantity of legitimate correspondence sent through the post-office. The witnesses rate the probable increase much higher; but we think there is evidence that they are over-sanguine as to their idea of the complete extinction of a large class of these frauds by the penny rate—for letters can be sent in parcels at *ten* for a *penny*, which will still afford, on large quantities, a sufficient profit to tempt evasion. Colonel Maberly says,

‘If I wished to send a parcel of letters weighing 16 lbs., containing 1000 letters, the number taken by Mr. Hill in his calculation by coach, I can send them, not for 2*s.* 6*d.*, as he says, but for 7*s.* 10*d.* : 1000 letters put into the post-office, at a postage of 1*d.* each, would come to nearly the sum of four guineas, so that there would be 1000 letters sent in a parcel weighing 16 lbs. by coach for 7*s.* 10*d.*, and I find, at the rate of 1*d.* each to the post-office, they would amount to nearly four guineas.’—(2895.)

As to the conveyance by carriers,—that prevails chiefly in the neighbourhood of the great manufacturing towns, and consists for the most part in what can hardly be called a fraud—the transmission, not of *letters*, but of little notes between the out-lying workmen who happen to live along the high roads travelled by the carriers, and their employers, relative to the works in hand : but here again it is doubted whether the carriers will not do for a *halfpenny* a service which costs them nothing, and at all events, whatever good is to be done in this way might and ought forthwith to be done by the establishment of local penny-posts in all those districts—which the post-office is always ready to do where there is any prospect of repayment, or even of only a moderate loss ; and where these posts are not established, we rather suspect it is because the numbers conveyed by the carriers are in fact inconsiderable : but be this as it may, one fact is undeniable, that local penny posts, to which there can be no possible objection, would do all that can be done to suppress this practice, without having recourse to the extreme and unnecessary expedient of a universal penny post. This is a *most important consideration*, because it is *solely* with reference to these *penny* conveyances in the manufacturing districts that the government seems to have adopted a *penny* as the universal rate, contrary to the report of the Committee itself, which recommended *twopence*. Nothing, say the witnesses on whom the government appears to rely most, can extirpate the penny fraud, but a penny rate : be it so ;—then why not try in the first instance the penny remedy
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in the districts where the penny fraud exists? We do not see what good answer can be made.

The third and last head of this class is also a very important one, not so much in the number as in the amount of postages lost to the revenue—we mean the letters collected at several counting and coffee houses, and conveyed to private ships, and by them to foreign parts, chiefly to America. This, again, is hardly a fraud; doubts are even entertained to what extent it is illegal; and there is evidence as well as reason to believe that the houses where it is chiefly practised, and which are some of the most respectable in England, would not countenance nor permit it, if they were satisfied of its illegality—let the law then be made clear and notorious and the greater part of this abuse will vanish. The house of Baring, Brothers, and Co., who, as Mr. Bates, their chief acting partner, states, send about 10,000 letters in boxes from London to be shipped in the Liverpool *liners*, would assuredly not continue this practice; and we are equally convinced that the great companies, whose steam-boats will now engross all the traffic in letters, would not lend themselves to a fraud. This matter, therefore, could be, we have no doubt, satisfactorily arranged without the necessity of a uniform inland penny post. We may add also that the number of ship letters is, compared with the general operations of the post-office, exceedingly small, as there seems reason to believe that these do not exceed 200,000 (the post-office witnesses think 120,000), of which about 90,000 pass through the post-office.

We have thus, to the best of our ability, stated the chief points of the case, and the arguments *pro* and *con*, with, as we hope and intend, substantial impartiality. We are conscious that we have omitted a vast number of minor considerations on both sides—and in such a vast and complicated subject, with such volumes of evidence, such masses of documents, and such a variety of witnesses, we cannot flatter ourselves that we may not have made some errors of detail; but we have at least, we hope, opened a more distinct as well as comprehensive view of the leading principles applicable to the case, than are to be found in any of the publications we have seen, which are almost wholly *ex parte* and in favour of the uniform penny rate. This latter circumstance has obliged us to exhibit the considerations on the other side, and may have given to our views an air of hostility to the plan which we really did not originally feel, and which, to the degree it may now exist in our minds, has been produced by the examination of the subject, and by the reasons which we have submitted to our readers. Our first and greatest apprehension is for the revenue; our next is for the safety of the legitimate corre-
spondence

spondence of the country ; and another and very important, though not easily measured one, is the possible political effect to which the post-office may be perverted.

But we cannot conceal our wonder at the conduct of the Ministers—at their long and pertinacious delay to make the most necessary and most indisputably advantageous improvements of the existing system, and then, on the sudden, running into the other extreme, and throwing away, like madmen, the whole revenue of which they before refused to surrender even an imperceptible fraction. Why have they not remedied various small and several more serious grievances, inconveniences, and *delays*, which have been reported against by their own Commissioners and officers? Why did they not, on the appearance of the first report of the Committee on Mr. Hill's plan, in April, 1838—or even earlier, on the report of Lord Duncannon's Commission—immediately get rid of the two greatest sources of fraud, by settling the question of ship-letters on some moderate scale, and by extending to the manufacturing districts, in which the carriers do so much alleged injury, the recognised and unobjectionable system of local penny posts? Why, above all, did they not take advantage of the proposition to which Mr. Hill was at one time favourable, and which the Government Commission had almost arranged with him (see Report, July, 1837!) of trying the experiment on the threepenny* post circle round London—that great and most important district, almost a kingdom in itself, where the experiment might have been made without any disarrangement of system, any innovation of principle, any alteration of popular habits, or much eventual loss in case of failure? Why did they refuse in July, 1837, the smallest, most reasonable concession, and in August, 1839, surrender the whole, bodily, as if under the influence of a panic?—And, finally, why, even after they had resolved on a small and uniform rate, did they not adhere to a *twopenny* rate, which *they themselves* had persuaded the Committee to recommend, as the lowest that would cover the expense?

In a panic, indeed, they might well have been—the prospect of the harvest, the defalcation of the revenue, and the state of the country, might alarm stouter hearts than theirs;—but their panic took the opposite direction from that which might be expected, and, as will sometimes happen to weak minds utterly bewildered, they

* To which, even, they might soon, if the experiment were successful, have given a new and important extension, by establishing a kind of local post-office at *every Station* of the various railroads, which would in a manner extend the London penny, or, as it rather should be, the *twopenny post*, along the whole line, and letters and answers be interchanged in a morning between London and Birmingham as now between Piccadilly and Aldgate.

rushed towards the very dangers that disturbed them : unless, indeed—which we on the whole rather believe—they acted under no other motive than an anxiety to propitiate a few radical votes by plunging the country into another perilous innovation, which, be the event what it may, stands, at present, on no sufficient grounds either of fact or reasoning. We fear the matter is now gone too far to allow us to indulge a hope that the experiment may yet be limited to the London district, and we have therefore only to wish that the result of this extraordinary affair may not prove a gigantic exemplification of the old proverb—*Penny wise and pound foolish !*

The ministers, indeed, to guard against this result, procured from the House of Commons a resolution that it would, in the event of failure, make good the defalcation of revenue. We put little confidence in such resolutions. The House that passed it will probably not be in existence when the time comes for the redemption of the pledge, and, in any case, we cannot imagine that any other source of revenue will be discovered which shall unite in a higher degree than postage all the recommendations which a tax can have. It is one of the oldest and, till the present agitation was got up, the only popular source of public revenue. Blackstone, in his Commentaries, after having observed on the Customs, Excise, and Salt duties, says, ‘ Another very considerable branch of the revenue is levied with greater cheerfulness, as, instead of being a burden, it is a manifest advantage to the public : I mean the post-office, or duty for the carriage of letters.’ (*Com. b. i. c. 8, § 4.*) And so little did this great constitutional lawyer imagine that it was not to be considered a legitimate source of revenue, or could be liable to such a revolution as now threatens it, that he ranks it under the head of ‘ *Perpetual Taxes.*’ It is, indeed, the lightest and fairest of all public contributions : it is in a great measure optional, and always bears a proportion to the use one makes of it, and the value one receives from it. It is, in fact, a *small, equitable, and nicely-graduated* INCOME TAX, with none of its harsh or inquisitorial circumstances ; and we are quite certain that no substitute will ever be found so just in its principle, and so easy and popular in its collection.

We therefore consider as of very little value the pledge of the House of Commons to find out a substitute ; but we are in some degree reconciled to the proposed change, or rather, we should say, our alarm is moderated, by a consideration—very obvious we think, but which we do not remember to have seen mentioned in any discussion on the subject—it is, that if the ministers shall take care in their experiment not to disorganise the post-office itself, there will be at hand a palliative at least of the fiscal mischief.

mischief. If the *penny* rate should, on a fair trial, be found to fail, we hope and believe that no House of Commons would object to trying the *twopenny* rate—or even, as a last resort, the *three-penny*—we say as a *last resort*, because threepence is the very extreme at which it would be possible to maintain the principle of *uniformity*—and indeed even to that rate the persons residing at short distances would hardly be brought to submit; but to the *twopenny* rate there could be no serious objection—except that of making *short* distances pay for *long*, which is inseparable from *uniformity*—and it seems certain that *it* would save the public from any present loss, and it might reasonably be calculated upon as affording—not certainly anything like the present surplus of *sixteen hundred thousand pounds*, but one which might tend (in comparison with our present prospects) to give some degree of consolation, if not confidence, to those whose greatest objections to the plan arise from its probable effect—particularly at such a critical and inauspicious moment—on that vast and vital class of interests which are involved in the comprehensive words—PUBLIC CREDIT.

Here we should have concluded, but there has occurred, while we are writing, an incident that crowns in the most appropriate manner all the preceding conduct of our Ministers, and forces itself on our notice: amidst all these serious errors and deplorable blunders, it was necessary to their consistency that they should make themselves—even in this domestic matter—contemptible and ridiculous in the face of Europe; and they have done it. *After* the collective wisdom of the Cabinet had adopted, and *after* they had induced the imperial legislature to sanction, the scheme of Mr. Rowland Hill, they bethought themselves that it might be expedient to provide some practical means of carrying it into effect; and accordingly the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasure assembled at a solemn board on the 23rd of August, 1839, issued a verbose and pompous proclamation, inviting '*artists, men of science, and the public in general*,' to devise the best means for bringing—its main feature—the pre-paying stamp into use; and, not satisfied with thus inviting 'the artists and men of science and public in general' of the British dominions to co-operate on this important, though rather tardy investigation, they solicit the good offices of all mankind, and desire Lord Viscount Palmerston to spread, wherever the voice of the Foreign-office can be heard, the glad tidings that the British Nation will give two prizes for the best and second-best solution of this interesting problem—the first prize of no less a sum than 200*l.*, and the second of 100*l.* sterling money! Truly, whatever

the world may think of our wisdom in this affair, they at least cannot but admire our national taste, dignity, and munificence !*

* 'Treasury Minute, dated 23rd August, 1839:—

'My Lords read the Act for the further regulation of the Duties of Postage, which received the royal assent on Saturday the 17th instant.

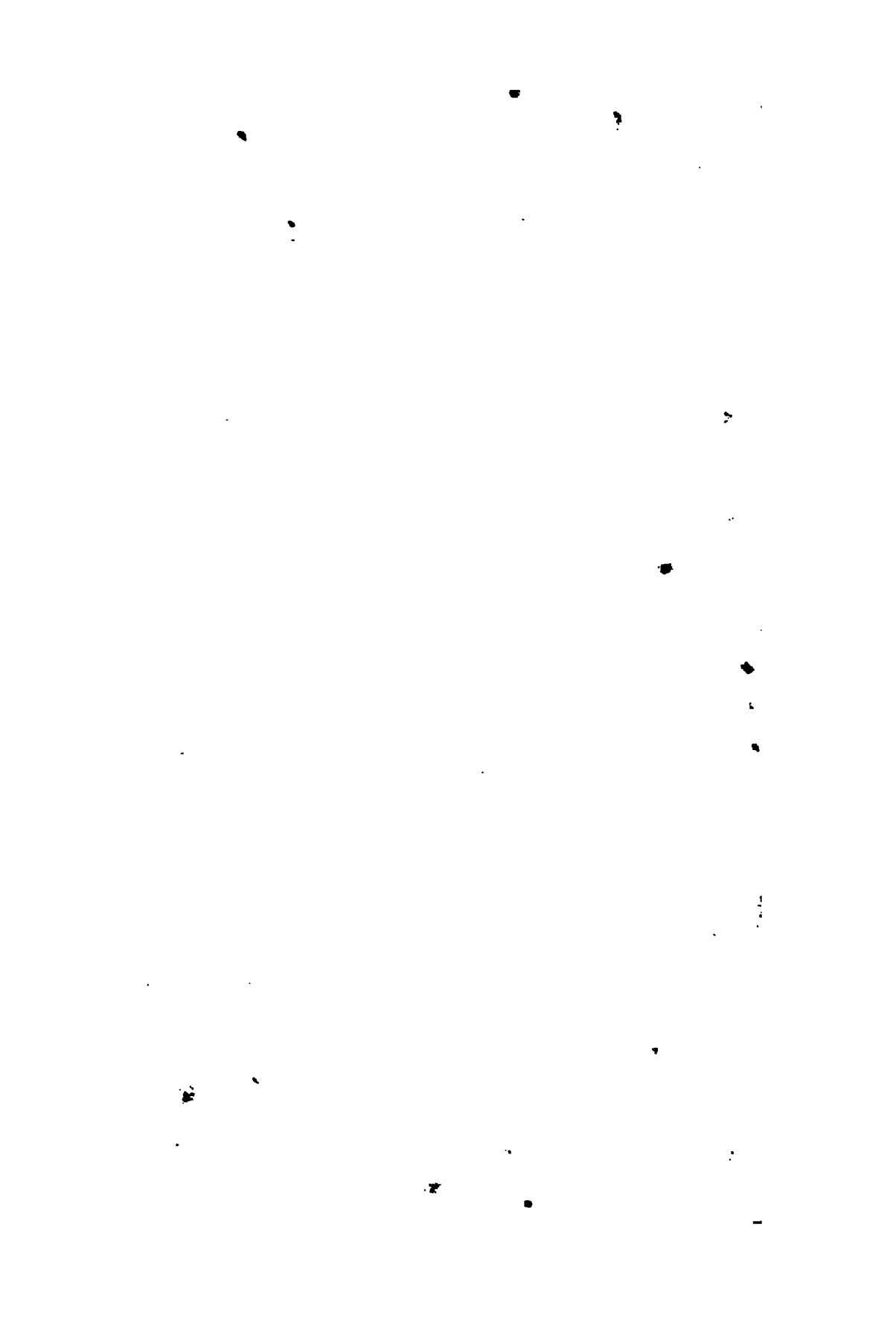
'By this Act my Lords are invested with a power of carrying into effect the reduced and uniform rate of postage contemplated by Parliament, either according to the present mode of collecting the postage, or by pre-payment, collected by means of stamps, compulsory or optional.

'Before my Lords can decide upon *the adoption of any course*, either by stamp or otherwise, they feel it will be *useful* that artists, men of science, and the public in general, may have an opportunity of offering any suggestions or proposals as to the manner in which the stamp may best be brought into use. With this view, my Lords will be prepared to receive and consider any proposal which may be sent in to them on or before the 15th day of October, 1839.

'All persons desirous of communicating with my Lords on the subject are requested to direct to the Lords of the Treasury, Whitehall, marked "Post-office Stamp."

'My Lords will be prepared to award a premium of 200*l.* to such proposal as they may consider the most deserving of attention, and 100*l.* to the next best proposal.

'My Lords will be prepared to receive and consider proposals from foreign countries; and they desire that a copy of this Minute be transmitted to Lord Palmerston, and that ~~his~~ Lordship should be requested to take such measures as he may deem most advisable, through Her Majesty's Ministers abroad, for the purpose of making known the intentions of this Board,' &c. &c. &c.





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The very pleasing picture of Lisa Puccini, alluded to in a note to an article on Lander's Pentameron, &c., was painted by Mr. J. Hollins. By mistake it was attributed to another artist.

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